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Literary Department.

HENRY J. BRABHAM, JR., EDITOR.

A SHORT SKETCH OF SOUTHERN LITERATURE

[Medal Essay for Calhoun Literary Society.]

For almost two hundred and twenty-five years after the settlement of Virginia, the South produced almost nothing at all in the literary line. Yet during that time, the North, the New England States especially, was fast building up a permanent and stable literature. What was the cause of this great difference in two sections of country otherwise so closely connected?

The literature of a country is influenced or determined by three things; viz., race, epoch and surroundings.

The first two of these influences were the same North and South. It is to the third, that we must turn to determine the cause of the non-productivity of the South. We will take the case of Virginia as typical of the whole South.

Virginia was settled in 1607 by English gentlemen of impaired fortune, who came to this country with the expectation of becoming rich in a few days and returning to their native land. But not finding gold, they had to provide for themselves in some way, and finding a good

agricultural land and a climate suited to the raising of all kinds of grain and fruit and vegetables, it was but natural they should turn to agriculture as a means for livelihood. But never having been used to work, they fared badly, indeed almost starving once. So when slaves were bought over and sold to them in 1620, they all bought them with pleasure. But some were too poor to buy, and so had to continue their work for themselves. This led to a division of the people in later years into three classes; the upper, or slaveholding class, the rulers and controllers of the country; the middle class, afterward known as "Tackies," or "poor white trash," and the lower class, the slaves.

Thus we see that it was only from the upper class that anything in literature might be expected, or who could do anything to create surroundings more favorable to literature. But they turned their attention wholly to two subjects: law and politics. Here and there might be found a literary man, but the vast majority were either lawyers or politicians, lawyers and politicians which compare favorably with any the world has ever produced.

The upper class, in their governing, thought not once of the two lower classes, and how their condition might be bettered. They provided no free schools for them, as had been done at the North from the first. They provided for their own children tutors, and sent them to England to complete their education; and these children followed in their father's and mother's footsteps literally.

With these facts in our mind, we are enabled to understand how the surroundings, the social conditions, and the employment of the controlling class hindered the development of literature almost up to the Civil War. It would have been hindered almost totally up to the Civil War, had there not been changes in the surroundings, producing results more favorable to literature. Pay schools were established here and there over the South, and the influence of Nothern literature began to

be felt. The material the South furnished at this time for literary purposes was both rich and abundant.

Our greatest writer before the war was that eccentric but undoubted genius, Edgar Allen Poe. "Within the limited range of his imagination, he was unsurpassed by any other American writer." His short stories, weird, fantastic, powerfully imaginative, are worked out with a finish and a realistic touch that makes us believe them, though impossible. His poems, gems of art as they are, "defy analysis." Their swing and rhythm secure a powerful hold upon the imagination. The literature, which Poe has given us, will survive long after its brilliant but wayward author is forgotten.

Another name of this period is that of William Gilmore Simms, who, a very voluminous writer, produced during his life "all kinds of writing; including poems, novels, dramas, histories, biographies, book reviews and editorials." He will be longest remembered as a poet and novelist. His poems and novels both deal mostly with South Carolina life and scenes. Some of his poems seems to partake of the natural scenery and climate in which he lived. His most popular novels have been the historical series dealing with incidents occurring during the Revolutionary War in South Carolina. They give a vivid presentation of life at that period of our history.

These are the two most important names of the *ante bellum* literature. Of the lesser writers were Longstreet, best known by his "Georgia Scenes," humorous sketches of Georgia life in the '50's. Kennedy, novelist, author of "Horse Shoe Robinson"; Timrod, whose sad life was shortened by the Civil War, but whose poems "are true and musical as his thoughts are pure and noble"; Preston and Legare, the scholars and lawyers; Allston, poet and novelist.

These all wrote before the civil war. The effect of that on Southern literature was greatly beneficial, and was felt in two ways; first, by being directly the cause of a great amount of literature being added to our

small quantity; secondly, by radically changing the surroundings and social conditions, making them much more favorable to the development of good writers.

To the first of these effects is easily traceable three different kinds of literature. First, there came out at the beginning of the war patriotic poems and songs by the score. Some of these have the stamp of genius upon them; no better in the history of the world have been written. First, among these, of course, is the stirring song of "Dixie"; another notable example is Randall's "My Maryland"; still another is Father Ryan's poems.

Second, after the war, many of the Southern leaders wrote accounts and personal histories of the war. Among these are Jefferson Davis's "Rise and Fall of the Southern Confederacy"; Stephen's "War Between the States"; Longstreet's "From Manassas to Appomattox"; Johnston's "Narrative of Military Operations." Under this head are also included the biographies of the leaders of the war; of Jackson, Lee, Davis, Beauregard and others.

Third, a class of fiction based upon the war arose. Chief among these are the war novels of John Esten Cook, which are based upon facts. His series of novels including "Hilt to Hilt", "Hammer and Rapier", "Out of the Foam", and "Capt. Mohun" take us from the beginning to the end of the war, giving the manœuvers of the Confederate army, the thread of the narrative being held together by a love tale. Several other minor writers also occupied this field, but did not achieve distinction.

Of far greater importance was the second effect of the war upon our literature. Beginning just after the war, there has been a gradual leveling of the classes. This has necessitated social and political changes, changes to a condition a deal more favorable to literary growth. Free schools have been established all over the South; immigrants, bringing in new customs and ideas to mix

with and support ours, have ever been on the increase; in many other ways have the Southerners accepted, and profitted by, the changes wrought by the war.

This accounts for the great number of young writers which have sprung up since the war. Perhaps it will be profitable to take a glance at some of these. Middle Georgia has produced a greater number of these than any other one section of the country. There are Joel Chandler Harris, best known by his "Uncle Remus", though he has written other books besides the ones in negro dialect, which have been popular; W. T. Thompson, author of the "Major Jones" books; Richard Malcolm Johnston, "The Dukesborough Tales"; Maurice Thompson, novelist and naturalist, whose sketches of bird life are delightful; Harry Stillwell Edwards, "Daddy Jake, the Runaway"; J. J. Hooper, "Capt. Simon Suggs".

From different parts of the South have come Sidney Lanier, one of the best poets the South has produced, Paul Hamilton Hayne, Thomas Nelson Page, "Charles Egbert Craddock", Henry W. Grady, Grace King, Madison Cawein, Mrs. Burton Harrison, "Marion Harland," and among the last and best, James Lane Allen, author of "The Choir Invisible", "The Kentucky Cardinal", and other works.

This is but a short and meagre sketch, but is sufficient to give an idea of the hindrances and consequent gradual development of our Southern literature. But in spite of all drawbacks, we have a literature today, of which we can be proud, and, in regard to the future, bright, bright indeed is the outlook.

J. A. NORTON.

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THE ADVANTAGE OF A PUBLIC LIBRARY.

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Better than free mail delivery, better than electric cars, more beneficial than electric lights or broad streets

is the free public library. For all these things and many others, although they are greatly to be desired, are but physicial conveniences; but a public library is an intellectual necessity, yet how few are seen in the South! Up to this time the dearth of public libraries in the South has been excusable because of her prostrate condition after the war, but with her growth into a new life there should be progress along this line. In South Carolina I know of but three public libraries and one of these is of very recent birth. In addition there is an excellent library in Darlington, but this has not yet reached the point of being public.

A public library is fully as useful in a community which has no demand for it or appreciation of it as in one more appreciated, for *it creates a demand for and an appreciation of itself.* It may be some time in doing this but sooner or later, to a greater or less degree, it will have a beneficial influence upon the whole community. I fully believe that a good public library properly controlled, would have fully as educating an effect upon any community as public graded schools. I also believe that in small towns and cities the benefit is more marked than in great cities.

The advantages to the individual are scarcely less than those to the community; and if proper influence is brought to bear upon the young people of a community to use the library and to use it thoroughly and systematically, the benefit is incalculable. If young men could be influenced to spend their spare hours in the library or the reading room instead of in hotel lobbies and pool rooms we might have more Laniers, Haynes and Timrods. A public library will not suddenly and at once be appreciated by all people. Slowly and with steady enlightening influence it must create successively respect, admiration, appreciation. The reading-room, I think, is a very important part of the library. People who would not be interested in books will read periodicals, such as magazines, newspapers, and reviews.

By thorough exclusion of all yellow literature the taste of this class of people will be cultivated so that they will soon be able to appreciate books. This is no theory; it has been proved in practice. A good reading room would draw young men who are inclined to loaf in "tough" places into a place where their loafing would do least harm.

The South is the natural home of culture and of literature and the public library will as surely be a product and a stimulator of the literary atmosphere as great writers are the product of great literary epochs. And when these libraries come, let us judge their utility, not by the handsomeness of the buildings, not by the handsomeness of their books, but rather by thumb-marked leaves and the well-worn steps leading into the building.

C. C. ALEXANDER.

———:o:———

THE NEED OF SCIENTIFIC SOCIETIES IN THE SOUTH.

Science Medal Essay.

In his opening address to that honorable body several years ago, a retiring President of The American Association for the advancement of Science suggested a striking line of thought. He called attention to the fact that to adequately understand nature we must use two very different methods: One, the method of the specialist, from which we obtain our means of defence against microbes and bacteria; the other, the mode of the Philosopher, which teaches us the great principles of gravitation and force.

The practical man of today is not often disposed to pour out his gratitude upon the experimental scientist. He does not realize the many benefits daily conferred by Science. It never occurs to him that a large proportion of the everyday comforts of his life are directly due

to scientific investigation; even the coat on his back costs him less because of improved scientific methods of manufacture and transportation. He hastens over newspaper accounts of the wonderful X.rays but, later his very life is saved by Routgen's discovery. He loudly proclaims his contempt for the indefatigable perseverance of the ambitious young student of electricity, yet depends upon the results of such study in travelling by day and working by night. He laughs at the patient chemist testing acids in the laboratory, but his face assumes a more serious expression when by means of that labor his property is saved from the flames.

To him unknown the united effects of the Philosopher and Specialist are even placing about him new luxuries and happier surroundings. If the seemingly trivial tasks of a neighboring experimental Scientist were suddenly ceased the effects would be farther-reaching than he ever dreams. To those minute and painstaking efforts,as well as to the tremendous principles enunciated by scientific authorities, the business man owes many of those things which he considers necessities of life.

It is this spirit of plodding investigation among such scientists that has characterized the knowledge and civilization of the nineteenth century. The same spirit has made men like Darwin, Liebig, Edison and the closely accurate poet, Tennyson, stand forth as the representatives of this age. With vastly improved opportunities the scientist has made his voice to be heard in every part of the globe. The organization movement that has so swept the world has been used by him to great advantage. The marvelous extension of learning, so evident in recent times, is largely due to the influence of our various leagues and clubs; and the knowledge of science has been wonderfully increased by the modern scientific society. So vastly beneficial to science in our time has been the growth of these organizations that an outline of their early history may be of interest.

Passing over Plato's Academicus, with a questionable right to that title, the first learned society, or academy, in the present sense of the word, was the Museum of Ptolemy Soter, which had for its object the collection of books, treasures of art, and so originated the great Alexandrian library. The beginning of most modern societies, however, was in the fruitful period of the Italian Renaissance. One of these, in the year 1560, Baptista Porta, founded at Naples, Academia Secretorum Naturae, "the first society for the study of Physical Science"? Its membership was limited to those who had made useful discoveries in natural philosophy or medicine. Great good might have been accomplished, had not an accusation of dealing in magic been preferred against them and a discontinuance of their meetings ordered by the Pope. Porta, going to Rome to justify himself, was admitted there into the renowned Accademia dei Lincei, a similar organization which met with greater success. To the Lynx the world is much indebted, for about the same time Galileo also became a member and the society staunchly supported him in his long controversy with the church, afterwards bringing several of his most valuable works to publication.

From that day to this the scientific society has constantly widened its sphere of action. Its work has been deemed so important that several of the greatest men produced by as many nations have thought it worth their efforts to form national societies. The name of the astute statesman Collert is indissolubly linked with the French Academy; the humbly born and eccentric Linnaeu has his most lasting monument in the Academy of Sweden; the German Academy was founded by the farsighted Frederick William I; while that of Russia owes it inception to the stupendous mind of Peter the Great.

Thus it has come about that civilized nations consider the Scientific Academy almost as essential an adjunct to any government as the standing army. Rightly are

they so considered, for through their agency have been discovered many new truths concerning the prevention and cure of diseases, improved methods for transportation and commerce, wonderful facts relating to the Archaean, or Palaeozoic eras of the history of the earth, and no less remarkable conditions of the Planets and Satelites circling around us. Greater than all this, however, has been the influence of such societies upon the people of various lands. The true spirit of scientific investigation has thereby been implanted. Who can estimate the impressions made by the Philadelphia institutions upon the young engineering mind of Edward Cope? What everlasting blessings the Albany Institute has conferred upon our country in leading towards science the first director of Smithson's magnificent bequest.

Since, however the Royal Society of London had so much to do with the foundation of our own societies, its history should be of peculiar interest to Americans.

This association, organized in 1645, was largely due to the influence of Bacon's "Novum Organum." Its founders generally being in sympathy with the Royalists, the extent of its work under Cromwell's administration was limited. With the restoration new life was infused and several lectures by Sir Christopher Wren during the first year of Charles II caused a revival of the organization. The king gave his hearty support to the project, thenceforth the growth was general along all lines. The society's "Transactions" were first published in 1665 and at present number about 185 volumes.

It "now holds the foremost place among the scientific bodies of England."

It has been intimated that such a society is a necessary adjunct to the government of any civilized nation. This argument is borne out by the relations of the Royal Society to the British government. In 1816 when the question of standard measures of length was under official consideration in England, the advice of this society upon the subject was deemed of importance. In

1817 an expedition in search of a northwest passage and eight years later Pauy's north polar expedition, were causes of anxiety and again the Royal Society rendered assistance to the governmental authorities. In '39 weight was attracted to its opinion concerning the planting of magnetic observatories in the colonies, in '62 about the Melbourne telescope, in '83 touching the borings in the Delta of the Nile, and at various other times has its consideration been asked on similar subjects. These instances only serve to show the delicate part played by the scientific academy in the machinery of a great government.

In the period immediately preceding the revolution, many Americans of scientific accomplishments were members of the Royal Society. Among these may be named Cotton Mather, several members of the distinguished Winthrop family, James Bowdoin, Benjamin Franklin. David Rittenhouse, John Baunister, Hugh Williamson, and from our own State Dr. Alexander Garden. America in that day had yet to gain her literary and scientific, as well as her political independence, and looked to England for assistance in every time of need.

To the keen foresight of Dr. Benjamin Franklin America owes her first organization for the advancement of science. In 1743 Franklin formulated his "proposal for promoting useful knowledge among the British plantations in America," wherein were set forth the advantages of binding together by correspondence "virtuosi or ingenious men residing in the several colonies" for mutual scientific research and discovery. The end of the society was that the members might communicate to each other the observations separately made, which would possibly lead to discoveries useful to other "plantations" or to mankind in general.

It could hardly be expected that these plans would be carried out in full at that time, but one result of the "proposal" was the formation of the "American Philosophical Society" at Philadelphia the following year.

Thomas Hopkinson was the president and Benjamin Franklin the secretary, which thankless position he had offered to fill in his original paper. The high place held in the scientific world today by this organization is the greatest tribute to the genius of "the father of American science."

Naturally Franklin's pioneer undertaking was promptly joined by numerous allies. A rival sprang up in the same city—the "American Society for Propagating Useful Knowledge," founded about fifteen years later, but soon combined with the Philosophical Society. "The American Academy of Arts and Sciences" had its birth at Boston in 1780, showing the New England theologins to be interested in general knowledge. Connecticut followed with a similar institution in the closing days of the century. Fifty years later the "Academy of sciences" of St. Louis showed that the great west was alive to the importance of gathering and disseminating scientific truths and theories.

The South, however, with her oft vaunted natural advantages, appears to be practically dead to the need of scientific societies. Such men as that prince of ornithologists, John James Audubon, belong to our section of the country by birth and early surroundings, but are now claimed by the whole world as benefactors. Howbeit the need of organized effort to promote general knowledge is painfully evident throughout her borders. The Elisha Mitchell Society of Chapel Hill, N. C., was organized in 1883, and having published fourteen volumes of original work, claims to be the only southern academy that has maintained a regular journal for so long a time. Similar organizations are to be found scattered here and there in Maryland, Alabama, Louisiana and Texas, but the great mass of the people have never felt their influence.

A failure to recognize our ignorance of certain subjects, or the point in which we are deficient, is a characteristic of our Southern people. The field of this section is at present most inviting for scientific investiga-

tion, and yet we are content with present conditions, willing to let the opportunity slip by. Even if the thorough study of science among us were to result in no practical good, nor should any noted physicist or geologist thereby receive his first impulses to a noble career, still the outcome would completely justify all heroic efforts that might have been put forth. The reports made by English teachers who have endeavored to inculcate into mere children habits of observing the local trees, plants and flowers, show everywhere a quickening of mind and an awakening of dormant intellects as the result. Several schools in this vicinity have tried the experiment of kindergarten botany classes, and have met with great success.

With a similar purpose the principal of an academy in Lenox, Mass., founded the Agassiz Association twenty-three years ago. The membership was composed of the pupils of Mr. Ballard, and his express object in the undertaking was to encourage personal observation and to stimulate and direct that sort of original scientific study pursued by the honored naturalist whose name the association bears. The plan proved so successful that it was determined to widen the bounds and make the organization national in extent. The original purposes, however, have been faithfully adhered to and the little society now has enrolled something over twenty-thousand youthful scientists. The work done by them will surely tell on future generations. Published reports show members to have been instrumental on frequent occasions in making valuable collections of minerals or founding town and school libraries. A "chapter" in Utah describes a visit made to the terminal moraine of a glacier near them; a child in North Carolina tells an interesting story of the behavior of crickets on the night of the earthquake of '86.

Thus is shown the interest such an organization excites in the wonderful truths of science. If by means of this little body of workers, the primary facts of scientific learning are made known to the rising generation,

may we not hope that this knowledge in the coming century may be followed beyond the utmost bounds of human thought?

It is primarily this branch of instruction in which the south is wanting today. The lack of these and similar associations among us is serving to put a premium upon ignorance in such matters. Within the past thirty years the rapid development of the resources of our part of the country has been remarkable. Every community boasts of the progressiveness of its people. Our population has enormously increased since the war, and the tide of immigration seems to be turning in this direction. Vast channels of commerce have been opened and other sections are making lively bids for southern trade. Correspondingly there has been a change from our antiquated systems of education. Only of late have we awakened to the importance of general instruction for the masses of our citizenship. Now every village is stirring itself to provide free schools in its neighborhood; every city must have its seminary or college. A higher intellectual purpose is pervading our section.

With these changes should come improved opportunities for the study of science. The future of the south, it is believed, will depend largely upon the development of our manufacturing industries. Already there are signs that New England fears the early surrender of her prestige in this regard, and the outlook for the success of our manufacturing enterprises is singularly bright and promising. Exact scientific knowledge is becoming more and more necessary for a thorough understanding of this business, yet that acquisition is not easily obtainable at home. For this we need a proper appreciation of the value of the study of science by our law-makers and citizens as a whole. The encouragement of that spirit is one of the principal ends in the organization of scientific societies.

The South Carolina legislature has been pegging away for the past thirty years on bills providing for a com-

plete geological survey of the State. Each time the measures are presented they have been killed on the specious plea of economy. Meanwhile the counties adjoining Spartanburg have suffered successively the gold mining craze, the monazite craze and the coal craze. For several months every one was wrought up to a high state of excitement concerning the wonderful discovery of these minerals. In a short time, however, the mines proved profitless and were shut down. In almost every case the State geological survey or a more general dissemination of scientific knowledge would have prevented a useless waste of time and money.

Across the line, in North Carolina, different methods have produced a very difierent result. Not only has a survey of the State been made, but a thoroughly competent man has been appointed State geologist and definite duties assigned him. As a consequence we see North Carolina far ahead of her sister State in the knowledge of her own resources. The scientist finds one State well advanced in scientific lore, while the other is to him still a barren wilderness.

The time has arrived for the formation of associations to study science throughout the south. Three hundred years ago when Lord Bacon published his "New Atlantis" the ideas of "Solomon's College" therin set forth were believed to be the veriest dreams of an unpractical philosopher. In the modern scientific society we can see the fulfillment of these dreams before onr eyes. The academies of the great European nations all have their "depredators," "pioneers" and "compilers." British and American societies at present are caring for "orchards and gardens," "parks and enclosures," "fossils and precious stones." It remains for the originators of the future great organizations in the south to say with the men of Bensalem, "The end of our foundation is the knowledge of causes, and the secret motions of things; and the enlarging of the bounds of human empire, to the effecting of all things possible." ROBT. A. LAW.

SINDBAD.

The sun was just disappearing behind the treetops. The crickets were chirping merrily in the grass and weeds by the roadside and the faint clatter of horse's hoofs could be heard in the still afternoon atmosphere. It had been an ideal day, such as the "Blue Grass" region of Kentucky had rarely ever witnessed before; but beautiful as the day was, it had been a most anxious one to little fifteen year-old Rob Austin. Rob was just returning with his two little sisters from his father's well graded race-course, where he had been eagerly watching the last heats of his fine thoroughbreds before the jockeys should carry them back to the paddock. There was one in that number in which he was most especially concerned and that was the beautiful chestnut col tSindbad. This colt had been given to him as a birthday present when he was twelve years old, which was immediately after this young horse's father won the great Futurity Stakes at Coney Island and broke all previous records with comparative ease.

Mr. Frank Austin was known throughout the racing world as the leader in raising record breaking horses for the race tracks of the north and east, much to the delight and admiration of his many friends, and also for the thousands that cheered his horses to victory. He had just returned with his crew of horses and jockeys from the east, where he had experienced a most profitable season, for many times had his tall arched-neck creatures dashed under the wire lengths in advance of their competitors. His horses were undergoing some hard training, as the great fair at Frankfort would begin next week, and of course he wished to win in his native State. He had decided by the urgent entreaties of Rob to enter Sindbad in the great race. This was a very unusual thing to enter so young a horse against the fastest horses of the

day, but he had great confidence in his colt's running, and was confident he could win, if his father would only consent to let him ride. This hope, however, was completly shattered, since his father had told him on the day mentioned above that it would be useless for him to think of riding, but Jack, his favorite jockey, would ride instead. Rob had the greatest respect for Jack, and thought no one would be more careful with him than Jack would be, yet he knew Sindbad had never been ridden until today when Jack took him out on the track for exercise. He took great pains with him and gave him a good heat, but Rob thought he could perceive in him a defectness contray to his usual high spirited alertness. He also thought he did not like for any one else to mount him, and therefore would not run as fast if an unfamiliar hand had not have held the reins. All this he explained to his two little sisters, while returning home in the evening twilight and of course both offered their sympathy to their little care-worn brother.

Rob retired early that night and would scarcely eat any supper, but went immediately to his room, not to sleep, but to think of some plan he might devise in order to ride Sindbad in the great race. He was an exceptionally fine rider for so small a boy, for he had ridden horses since he was a little chap, and his father had often told him he was the best jockey in the State. So he was eager to ride, and most of all *win*, because he knew with all certainty that his name would appear in all the leading newspapers. Ah, how much he wished Margie, (his ?) could see his name in the paper. She had often seen him ride Sindbad in the local races and every time he was victorious. These were a few of the many thoughts that entered his troubled mind that long sleepless night, in which plan after plan he divulged over and over again, but to no purpose, for they were given up as soon as made.

Early the next morning the choicest thoroughbreds

and race horses of the well known "Ferncliffe Stock Farm" were on their way to Frankfort to be on hand at the opening of the fair on Monday. Long did Rob hang on the graceful neck of Sindbad and weep bitter tears, while the intelligent animal lovingly rubbed his nose against the breast of his young master. He scarcely saw him as he trotted gaily down the road with the other horses, many of which were sure to bring the "Blue Ribbon" back with them.

Rob was to wait until Monday and go with his father and sisters, also Margie, on the cars. But long before Sindbad was stationed in his comfortable quarters in the "Fair Grounds", this mere boy had resolved upon a plan that would gain for him either the admiration or rebuke of all who learned the truth; but he did not care for it then. He cared for only one thing, and that was to ride Sindbad and win the race, whether by foul or fair means.

On the third day of the great fair the historic old town of Frankfort was one stirring mass of humanity and since early morn people of all classes could be seen hurrying in the direction of the "Fair Grounds." There were carriages filled with handsomely dressed men and women, and negroes walking along the road carrying their shoes under their arms, which of course would be put on just before arriving. All were eager to be present at the "Biggest Day."

Rob had gone down to the grounds earlier on this morning than usual, as he wished to exercise Sindbad himself and see if there had been any improvement in him. He was tried again this morning with Marksman and ran with a long, firm stride, capable of winning a great race. While he was being carried back to be "rubbed down," Rob walked along with Jube, the colored groom, who said: "Look here, Mars Robbie, if you specks yo hoss to win dis race, you better had ride him yo'self, kase Mr. Jack des kain't git the runnin' qualifications

out o' him." These few words were a great relief to Rob, for he now felt Jube could be used as a confidant. He explained to him at once that he intended to drug Jack while he was taking his rest before the race, and that he also intended to wear the jockey's riding uniform. Jube readily agreed to Rob's every proposal and faithfully promised to aid him in carrying them out.

It is now five minutes to two o'clock, the time of the race. All the jockeys have on their uniforms and are now being weighed. Rob has been weighed and is now on Sindbad going with the other horses to the track. He pulled his cap closely down over his face that he might not be recognized and takes the back course to avoid close inspection. The first bell has rung; the horses are arranged in their places. Sindbad gets the nearest position, much to Robs delight. Everybody is holding their breath, anxiously awaiting the sounding of the second bell. The bell rings. The horses are off together, tearing at breakneck speed down the course, but before the quarter post is passed they are strung out. Hotspur, the favorite, a little in advance, with Sindbad a half a length behind, but he is keeping his position well. The half mile is passed and Sindbad has gained until the two horses are neck and neck and it seems as if it will be a death-struggle to the bitter end. They are now passing the three-quarter post and the leading horses have retained their same places. The best blood will now be shown. Rob catches up his reins and gives Sindbad a sharp cut, while the jockey on Hotspur is lashing him well. The spectators on the crowded grand stand are breathless with excitement. They scarcely see the beautiful chestnut slowly take the lead. They cannot hear the encouraging words spoken in his ears, but Sindbad flys under the wire, a winner by a full length, amid the deafening shouts and hurrahs of the excited crowd. Sindbad is now in the hand of the chuckling Jube, while Mr. Austin goes up to congratulate Jack, but, much to his astonishment, he

clasps in his arms his darling boy who is crying softly for joy. His little sisters are both trying to hug him at once, but he pushes them aside and the next moment Margie is in his arms and she is also crying softly.

J. B. GIBSON, '01.

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AN INTERESTING POINT ABOUT THE SHAKSPERIAN DRAMA.

"Observe his comic vein; Laugh,
and proceed next to a tragic strain,
Then weep."

It is a hard matter to discern which part of the drama is treated better by Shakespere, the Comedy or the Tragedy.

The Tragedy is a situation of a peculiar kind. A tragical situation occurs when two powers, over which the individual has no controll, and from which he cannot escape, clash together and crush him by their conflict. Thus Macbeth might have been the glory of his country if he had not met the witches, but having met them, he is lost. Lear might have been the happiest king in the world if he had had no daughters, but having them, they must kill him. No one questions whether Othello does right or wrong in killing Desdmona We see at a glance the peculiar character of the tragedy and the effect which the situation affords to cause the tragedy to hold our interest as it usually does.

The Greek tragedy represents altogether tragical situations. The modern tragedy represents tragical characters. In the tragedies of Racine, Corneile and Calderon, there is much to admire, much which touches us, but there is no tragedy, pure, simple, genuine. Of all modern tragedians, however, Shakespeare is the only one who includes in his tragedies the tragical character, the tragical situation and the tragical influence. In them his whole soul seems to burn into the thoughts and expressions which he uses, and his emotions are treated with such earnestness and heartfelt enthusiasm that

he mystifies the reader. At times we feel that we are in a strange world, that we are listening to some unknown supernatural being in whom our whole interest is alone involved; and out of whom we get that inspiration of a great mind, which at times is so essential to our finer instincts.

This may be illustrated by a quotation such as Macbeth's soliloquy to the bloody dagger that lies before him. We see the dagger, not as a dead piece of steel, not as a mere instrument of death, but we see it in personified form, as a monster of blood and controller of the murderous hand. We look on it with horror and shrink away from it, as if for fear we might be enchanted with the murderous spell which so infests everything within its deadly limits. Or we might use the ghost scene in Hamlet. There the father comes in a ghastly form, a silvery spray about him, silently strolling about as if haunted by the remorseless memories of the past. Anon he recognizes his son on whom rests his only hope and there in the deadly stillness of the night, surrounded by the silent sleepers of the city of the dead, with troubled, doleful words, he raises his hollow voice and addresses his son. First he describes the horrors of hell, with the discription—"Whose lightest words would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood and make thine eyes like stars, start from their spheres."

In such as this we loose ourselves and give up spellbound to the inspiration of the great poet. No poet ever appealed more strongly to our higher nature. No other has ever reached the chore and fibre of our being. His theme is treated with such a master mind that he holds our interest, as none has ever done, through all the suspended interludes of the weird mysticism. Why this is, we know not, but it is essential to recognize that there is a quality of variety throughout his tragedy which dispels the anxiety of gloom, and casts a romantic glare over the plot.

From a mere glance we see the effect which his tragedies have upon us, and we are almost willing to say at

once that they by far overshadow his comedies. But we must not be too quick to judge this fact. It must be remembered that "things in season seasoned are," and that our mood govern our judgment. It is not always that we desire humor, and again it is not always that we care for the weird mysticism. Consequently we conclude that it is a hard matter to judge the better. We might hastily agree that Shakespeare, in his comedies, used not the same thoughtfulness and power of mind that he used in his tragedies, that perhaps he was something on the style of a natural wit, and without any scheme or plot on his part, gave way to the natural humor and wit that he possessed. But closer study forces us to decide otherwise. "He is a keen artist and not a wild and blindly luxuriant genius." We may take any quotation from any of his comedies and we will find that he united the closest study to the keenest observation, and that his wit is inter-woven in a secondary manner. A study of the comedy, as related to this kind of treatment, is equally as good as the tragedy, when he attained the highest pitch of dramatic art.

There exist a few reasons why we might be better qualified to criticize the comedy, as to its inferiority to the tragedy. We might say that we know more about the comedy. We are more familiar with it. We know its weaknesses and its peculiarities. We have an insight into its general make-up, and its formation. And why is this? It is because the incidents and the language which are used in the comedy resemble those of ordinary life, that the termination of its intrigue is happy; and that it has in it some characteristics that belong to that simple species of drama, entitled a farce. With the tragedy it is different, for the most part it seems to be above us, and we are not able to criticise it with the same freedom.

The comedy, however, is quite different from what many of us, in our hasty reading, would have it. On closer study, the plot, once complicated, presents itself

to us clear, forcible, distinct. We note in our reading of Shakespeare how varied the interests of the play. Some of his plays, such as "The Comedy of Errors", were based on the old original, purely farcical comedies. In these, vast changes were made, and the result of the changes were made to transform the farcical comedy into a play of varied interest, still farcical in the main, but crossed by threads of sentiment, and woven upon a darkened background. This may be illustrated furthermore by the "Comedy of Errors". Instead of plunging us at once into merriment due to the mistaken identity of the twin brothers, Shakespere lifts his curtain upon the pathetic figure of Aegean, the father of the twins, standing in peril of his life. Then comes the story of the Duke being touched by the tale, and the grant that is given. Thus by a stroke of consummate art the ensuing scenes of farcical entanglement are made the pivot upon which turns a deeply tragic issue. In this humor and pathos could scarceiy be combined more effectively.

But to go into details and discuss this in full would require too much space. We see already that a little study of the comedy invites deeper study and becomes intensely interesting. Shakespeare dealt alike with the comedies as with the tragedies. He was a student and with a student's determination, he studied one with the same care that he studied the other. It is all the consistent work of a genius. H.

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C. W. WATSON, Exchange,
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Editorial Department.

JONAS P. GRAY EDITOR,

HUMAN NATURE.

Mr. Cleveland must have had good judgement. The newspapers clamored for, and public sentiment was in favor of, the freeing of Cuba, though such steps should bring war. Mr. Cleveland overruled public opinion, even when it seemed that the whole nation would rise in arms to stop him from wantonly and insolently defying them and from ignoring their wishes any longer.

We repeat, Mr. Cleveland must have had good judgment. Why? When Mr. McKinley laid hold of the reins of government he yielded to public opinion and went to war. But woe to that man who yields to public demands when he is conscientiously convinced there is a better course to pursue. Mr. McKinley went, Mr. McKinley saw, Mr. McKinley conquered· But after victory comes defeat. Truly was it a grand achievement, how Mr. McKinley held some things back till others were in readiness, and turned all the big guns loose at one time and marched from victory unto victory until our purpose was accomplished, until Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines had practically fallen, until proud Spain herself begged for peace negotiations to begin. But, behold, the inventor of the guillotine was himself beheaded, the inventor of the flying machine was himself destroyed, and now the newspapers, the very agencies which forced Mr. McKinley to pursue a course which he honestly considered to be directly opposed to his conscientious duty, are hurling at him and his secretary of war, Mr. Alger, charges which, for their very embodiment of disgrace, corruption and rottenness, would bring a blush of shame and mortification to the very face of even Verres, the most dastardly and corrupt man in Rome, that degenerate place. A committee is now investigating these charges. We like to see fair play. If they are guilty let the gentlemen suffer to the full extent. If they are not guilty, let them be vindicated.

A WORD TO NEW STUDENTS.

Each year brings its own time for speaking to new students. You were very formally spoken to at the Y. M. C. A. reception. But as a rule, ordinary formality amounts to very little. Go directly then to some older student, as to an elder brother, and talk to him freely and ask his advice on anything you desire. You are made up of two kinds of material, each contending

against the other. There are many things tending to make you nothing, degenerate, degraded, without respect of yourselves or others, and there are many things tending to make intelligent, respectable, respecting citizens of you. You can find plenty of material here to help you along in either direction. You must look for that which will do you most good. You can find these things through seeking and keeping good associates. through the Literary Societies and especially through the Y. M. C. A. Under all circumstances, at all times, find that thing you can do best and take part.

CLEVELAND STREET. About four or five years ago this street was quite unknown. But it has been improved constantly from time to time, till now it is fastly becoming the most alround attractive place of this section of town. Town people and visitors are not passing over the drives in front of the college as much as customary, comparatively.

On the statement of the mayor we are in hopes of getting our street worked out in good order and one or two lights put here. We need these improvements, and anything the mayor and city council will do for us will be gratefully appreciated. There are eight cottages for students along this street, able to accomodate about sixty-eight (68) of them. This number of students, with their dazzling beauty, coupled with the graceful simplicity of their cottage homes, combine to make this a pleasant place to pass.

BEWARE!! While sitting in the English room and listening to that professor's first talk to the senior class, in which he discussed the dire to loaf, the emphasis with which he expressed himself suggested this thought. A loaf of bread is soft, flabby, unsubstantial. When it is touched, even in the slightest degree, it completely collapses. A strong man, a man who does heavy physical labor, cannot afford to undertake to live upon

loaf bread alone. But he realizes that such stuff is not the thing to bring health and good order in every respect. Now, boys, old and especially new, don't begin that detestable habit of loafing, that habit which will make you soft, flabby, insubstantial, both spiritually, mentally, morally, and physically, and which will cause the entire student body to lose all respect for, and confidence in you, and which will so completely eradicate every particle of moral strength and so completely wipe out the last vestige of self respect that your most intimate fellow students dare not place any weight of responsibility upon you, because they know well enough that you could not stand under it, but would collapse as readily, as completely, as permanently as a loaf of bread.

NEW OFFICERS. The new officers of the JOURNAL are brought before the public in this issue, for the first time. We regret your mistakes in placing us as you have, but while you certainly could have found others more worthy than we, you certainly could not have found any more grateful. Please don't criticise the Editors if the JOURNAL is not at any time what it ought to be, but criticise yourselves, for it is an enterprise of your own, run for your own good, by men placed there by your own votes. Allow us then to take the liberty of urging you to consider the JOURNAL from that standpoint, and to consider that its success or failure will be directly due to your own actions. We will do our best to make the JOURNAL a success this year, and we ask that each one do his (and her) best to help us in this work.

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ORATORICAL CONTESTS. Students must have some outlet of their energy except in lines of routine college work. For many years we had no JOURNAL. At last the clamorings for this institution of the JOURNAL no longer took the nature of a

seeming luxury and extravagance, but its establishment became a necessity, the further delay of which would have derrogated from the dignity of the student-bony and would have lowered the stand this college took among other colleges.

Again, no one questions the wholesome effect that good, clean, well-played games of baseball have upon the students and all those concerded in the college.

No one doubts the effects that oratorical contests would have upon the students, not only as an outlet to present energies, but also as stepping stones to higher things. Their intentions are to deepen the ties that exist between different colleges. On these grounds alone is this question entitled to fair trial. But think again. In every good thing there is more than appears on the surface. It is nothing but right to begin these contests for they act not as ball games, to show excellence in body only, but also especially does it train the mind and that is what we want. It is nothing but right to begin these contests, because it would only revive the spirit of precedence and custom that preceding college generations had in participating in inter-collegiate debates. This question is now being seriously agitated and this custom certainly ought to be revived, because we indulged in them as frequently as circumstances would allow till foot ball became popular and supplanted it. Foot ball is now a thing of the past, and it is one plain duty to revive that thing which took precedence till foot-ball cut it off.

Let everybody help us in this effort, to only to revive the custom, but to make it successful.

THE RESULT. Predictions were by no means scarce that this war with Spain would bring better times to our country and furnish an opportunity for expansion and investment of capital. How can the Philippines help benefitting the West? The benefitting process has already begun in the South and North as

far as regards Porto Rico and Cuba. We note with pleasure the excursion to Porto Rico, Cuba, etc., about November 10. This is perfectly in keeping with the predictions made. You all know what follows such moves, moves or tours made by capitalists to find places where to invest their money. We would all no doubt go on this novel excursion if our college duties would permit. With the sailing of this vessel begins a new chapter in the history of our country, and it would well be worth any man's while to fix and keep a close eye upon the results.

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Exchange Department.

C. W. WATSON, EDITOR.

We agree with the editor of the exchange department, in one of the magazines that we received, in the statement that this department hardly has a fair showing, in that we have received scarcely any magazines for this year; and as we have not had sufficient notice to collect the June issues we shall have very little criticism to make. However, in all our criticisms, we will endeavor to give fair and reasonable criticisms, and to offer such suggestions as will be helpful, and not offensive to any one. We realize that this is not a very easy thing to do, and should we err in this respect be assured that it was not meant to provoke, but to stir up the best gifts in the writers of the different magazines. We ask that the exchanges of former years will please put us on their list, and we shall also be glad to have others join us.

One of the first magazines that has reached us is the *Baylor Literary.* The first piece entitled, "Men are Their Own Best Helpers" is on a splendid subject, and well written. Let us have many more such pieces.

"A Fat Man's Experiece," does well as a story. Some

good story should be found in nearly every issue of a college journal. "A World Republic" deserves note for the history it contains, but we hope that the already large tree will not expand to such a gigantic size, for fear that tremendously great will be the fall thereof, but hope that it will ever be enriched in the quality of its fruit.

The *Baylor Literary*, on the whole, contains some very readable matter, and profitable suggestions, however such a good variety of reading matter might be presented in a little more attractive form.

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CLIPPINGS.

Music is well said to be the speech of angels; in fact among the utterance allowed to man is felt to be so divine. It brings us near the infinite; we look for moments, across the cloudy elements into the eternal Sea of Light, when song leads and inspires us.

CARLYLE.

"Certainly it is heaven on earth, to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth." BACON.

SWEET DAYS OF JUNE.

Sweet days of June. The very air seemed filled
With richness and with perfume rare,
That filled the heart. And hearts with sweetness filled.
Know best, love best the beauties fair
That God has scattered with a bounteous hand
O'er all the mighty earth, for souls,
That love the beautiful to revel in,
When hearts grow tired of care that rolls
Like mighty waves—when all the finer strings
Of life's great harp seem out of tune—
How soothing is the thought of bygone days,
And coming days—sweet days—of June.

Sweet days of June, when after sudden showers
We hear the bird's gay songs again,
And wonder why we noticed not before
The beauty of the cheery strain,
The sky seemed bluer and the floating clouds
Seem whiter as we lie beneath the trees
And watch with shaded eyes, the happy birds
And hear the droning of the bees.
The river flows so lazily along,
As loath to leave us—all so soon,
And murmurs as it goes, of better days,
Of even fairer days—next June.

Sweet, restful days—when roses, June's rare queens,
Breath oft their fragrant tales of love,
When peace, inviting us to happy dreams,
O'er restless hearts brood like a dove —
When quiet joy steals, hand-in-hand with rest
To place their kiss upon our brow,—
When fascinating hope unveils her face
And with her gifts our dreams endow
'Twere well perhaps, sometimes to dream,
If dreaming sets our soul in tune,
For hearts grow young and happier again,
In dreaming o'er sweet days—in June. —Ex.

Alumni Department.

W. RIVES CRUM, EDITOR.

THE CLASS OF 1898.

When the boys reassemble after the holidays the last which graduated are always inquired after. Every one desires to know what each member is doing and what stands they are taking in the different vocations of life.

So it is this year. Especially so as the class of '98 had some of the brightest and most promising men that Wofford has ever turned out. Great results are expected of this class, and from all indications there will be no disappointments. The situations they have secured and stands they have taken already are a compliment to themselves and the college.

J. C. Allen, of Laurens, is teaching at Clyde, N. C. "Jno" was recognized for his power of "wielding the willow" and he will undoubtedly make a success wielding the hickory.

M. V. Bennett, of Spartanburg, is principal of the Oakhurst High School, Lancaster county. The trustees of the school showed their wisdom in electing him to this position, they could have hardly made a better; he stood in the front rank of his class and won the confidence and respect of both faculty and students.

I. C. Blackwood, of Spartanburg, is studying law and intends pursuing his course at the University of Virginia.

Gabe Cannon, of Spartanburg, is now with his father in the mercantile business. Gabe made a fine record while in college, and no doubt in a few years will be among the leading business men of the State.

J. W. W. Daniel, of Laurens, is principal of the Bowman Academy, Orangeburg county. The trustees showed discretion in electing so worthy a man.

L. L. Dantzler is professor of English and French in the Prosperity High School, Newberry county. We predict great success for Dantzler as a pedagogue.

C. E. Dobson, is teaching the Union High School at Clyde, S. C.

R. R. Goodwin, of Macon, Ga., who is as handsome as Lord Chesterfield, is teaching at Springfield, Orangeburg county.

I. W. Gray, the business man of the class, is now taking a through course in gradation of the "fleecy staple" with Inman & Co, Augusta Ga. Gray was a hard student and won an enviable reputation while in College.

R. A. Hannon, is going to take a course in law, and no doubt will be a shining light in the court room.

D. T. Kinard is teaching the Mt. Andrew High School, Marion county. While in college he won a reputation as a Mathametician.

R. A. Law, who won the Science medal last year will locate at Summerville as a professor of pedagogics "Bob" has gone to a healthy clime and no doubt he will enjoy his stay in the low country.

C. H. Leitner has a good school at Jonesville, S. C. We hope "Charlie" will "wield the rod" as successfully as he carried the foot-ball forward in Wofford's historic foot-ball days.

O. W. Leonard has gone to the University of Maryland to take a four years course in medicine.

J. R. T. Mayor, is principal of the Loundesville High School, Abbeville county.

J. P. McCreary, of Orangeburg, is preparing himself to alleviate suffering humanity in the dental line. "Mc"

takes great pleasure in working on the mouths.

J. C. Moore has gone to Charleston to take a course in medicine.

J. K. Owens, is teaching in the graded schools at Rock Hill. "J. K." made quite a "rep" as an orator during his college days, and no doubt he will try to instill this into his scholars.

W. M. Owings is teaching at Grey Court, S. C. "Marvin" is poetically inclined and we confidently expect him to found a famous school of "sweet singers."

J. C. Rogers is in business in the city with Green's Wagon Works.

Jno. R. Walker is principal of the Pineville Graded School, N. C. Jno. is a model man and will make friends wherever fate destines him to reside.

J. B. Wiggins, is teaching the young "ideas how to shoot" at Eutawville. We hear that he has a fine looking assistant of only eighteen summers. We predict a most prosperous year for him, and that he will marry his assistant before the year is out.

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ALUMNI NOTES.

S. J. McCoy, of '95, won an enviable reputation as a politician in the last primary. He led the ticket for the "House," from his native county of Berkeley. We believe McCoy is the second Wofford man to do this same thing in Berkeley. B. H. Henderson being the first.

R. Cosby Newton, of '97, has a very good school at Jordan, S. C. "Cosby" was noted for his solidness as a student, and no doubt he will bear this reputation in the duties of life.

M. L. Smith, class '97, is professor in English and Book-keeping at the Converse College Commercial School.

Rev. M. L. Carlisle, class of '83, is the beloved pastor of Central Methodist church, Spartanburg. He has taken quite a stand among the preachers of the conference, as a preacher of the conference, as a christian gentleman with bright prospects. As a pastor he is loved and honored by his people, and has done much good in bringing the church forward. As a speaker he is clear, forceful and energetic. His life is a beautiful example of christian influence and his church is for him the highest hope of life.

W. G. Duncan, class of '95, is the worthy and efficient bookkeeper of the Dime Saving Bank, Columbia, S. C.

P. H. Edwards, class of '94, is State soliciting agent for the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York.

W. W. Watson, class of 94, holds the position of city editor for the Columbia State. Wofford is especially proficient in the editorial profession.

W. S. Hall, Jr., took his A. B. degree in '91 and A. M. degree in '95. After graduation he taught for several years in his own county, Fairfield. He gave entire satisfaction, and has now accepted the superintendency of the Gaffney Graded School, Gaffney, S. C.

H. L. Bomar, class '94, is a member of the Spartanburg bar. He is young, enterprising and has the ability to win.

W. C. Kirkland, class '93, is pastor of Duncan Chapel, Spartanburg county. He is one of the most promising young members of the S. C. Conference.

H. M. Lanham, class '93, is practicing medicine at Weatherford, Tex.

Capt. B. Hart Moss, of Orangeburg, goes to the legislature at the head of his delegation, receiving the largest vote ever polled by a representative of that county; and at the next session he will certainly make himself felt in the councils of the State.

F. H. Shuler '95, who bore the name of "Big Shuler," during his college days has just ended his bachelorhood by wedding Miss Whitmire of Greenville. We only hope that he will make as good a husband as he was a football player.

E. G. Clinckscales, '96 was married a few days ago to Miss Landrum, the accomplished daughter of Dr. J. B. Landrum, Landrum, S. C. We predict all kinds of happiness for the new couple, and the JOURNAL extends their hearty congratulations.

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Local Department.

G. EMORY EDWARDS, EDITOR.

THE OPENING.

After a pleasant rest of more than three months all the professors are back at their post. The old students with a few exceptions, have returned and with them a large number of new ones. One hundred and forty-two have registered, several have not joined their classes, and it is safe to say that within the next week the number will reach one hundred and fifty or more. The Fitting School opened with thirty-six, making a total of one hundred and seventy-eight. Considering the low price of cotton and the hard times, the friends and alumni of the institution should feel proud of her opening. Great credit must be given to Prof. C. B. Smith, agent, and other professors for their earnest work for Wofford and Fitting School during the summer. The agent traveled from mountains to sea, several professors were at institutes all over the State and held up the interests of Wofford. The young men of the Y. M. C. A. were on the campus in time to meet each train and welcome the new men in a manner becoming to their organization.

RECEPTION TO NEW STUDENTS

The annual reception which is always given to new students by the Y. M. C. A. was held Friday evening, Sept. 30, in the chapel. Most of the students and professors were present. Sharply at 7:30 o'clock the choir sang "Come Thou Almighty King", and the meeting was opened by a short talk from Dr. Carlisle on the importance of beginning the college year aright. He compared the new men who had come among us to empty vessels and said the influence exerted by the old students would go to make their college life a failure or a success. The Doctor then announced that each department of the college machinery would be represented by a short talk from its representative and introduced Mr. H. J. Brabham, President of Calhoun Society, who extended a hearty welcome to the new students and a cordial invitation to join that society. The Preston Society was represented by Mr. G. E. Edwards, who gave equally as pressing an invitation. Mr. J. P. Gray represented the Wofford College Journal and earnestly requested the students, old and new, to support it. He said that the literary editor had two waste baskets--one on either side--empty.

Mr. W. H. Fields, caterer, represented Wightman Hall. He said that he would say for the benefit of the new men that there was a boarding place in college known as Wightman Hall, where they could get the most rations for the least money three times a day, but nothing between meals.

Mr. Marion B. Jennings, in behalf of the Senior class, extended a hearty welcome to the new men, and promised the help and advice of the "senators," even his "*receite*", if desired.

Prof. A. M. DuPre being absent Dr. Carlisle spoke a few words in behalf of the Fitting School, emphasizing the importance of a closer relation between the school and the college.

Mr. E. P. Miller, president, represented the Gymnasium Association. He spoke of the importance of the gymnasium, the part it played in college life and invited all to join.

The Athletic Association was represented by Prof. A. B. Cooke, who emphasized the importance of outdoor games. baseball, tennis, basket-ball, and etc.

Mr. W. C. Latimer introduced the interest of the Y. M. C. A., and urged all the students to join. He spoke of the object and purpose of the association and the importance of new students throwing themselves into the right current of college life.

Messrs Morrison, Singleton, Sharp and Driggers in behalf of the new men thanked the Y. M. C. A. reception committee, the older classes, and faculty for their kind welcome.

The choir then sang, "Bless be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love." Thus ended a happy half hour for old and new students.

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JOIN THE Y. M. C. A.

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Ever student should join the Y. M. C. A. as soon as possible. You are away from home and home influence, and now you will have to rely more upon yourself than you have done in the past. In your trials and temptations you need some higher power than yourself to look for support. You need the influence of the Y. M. C. A. you need the association of the christian young men of the college, who will help and encourage you in your discouragements. You should join one of the Bible classes and thereby surround yourself with good wholesome influences, which will be for the upbuilding of christian character and for the strengthening of christian manhood.

The Young Men's Christian Association at Wofford is not for the use of the college, faculty, or any select

set, but is for the use of each individual student and he should appreciate it and use it for his own good. One word to the old students: Don't you think it your duty to change and do better than you have been doing? You do not want your influence to be for evil; so stop, and try to help some one to be better, to do better. Last year the Association enrolled about one hundred members. Can't we make it one hundred and fifty this year? Won't every one of you old boys join the Y. M. C. A. and help to make this the best year in Wofford's history?

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NEW COTTAGES.

Many improvements were made on the campus during the summer. The most decided, however, are found on the rear campus. Two new cottages were added to the already beautiful Archer Row, making seven in all. The buildings are modern and up to date in every respect. Four of them have fraternity halls up stairs, a decided advantage, the young men instead of having to rent rooms down town have their halls in the same building where they room. A neat board with the name and number of each cottage has been placed over the front door. Each cottage is named after a man, who has given donations to the college from time to time.

Beginning with the Hon. E. L. Archer, of Spartanburg, who originated the idea of the Alumni Hall and started the movement by giving a check for five hundred dollars. He built the large brick house at the head of the row which bears his name, intending to live there, but did not.

The second is named after Mr. Josiah Foster, of Union, who gave one thousand dollars to the college.

He began life a very poor boy, but by industry and economy became wealthy and used it liberally. He built at his own expense a very neat brick church

on his circuit (Jonesville) called Foster Chapel. He, also, built a brick parsonage and gave to the circuit. Inside the chapel is a marble slab commemorative of the fact that Bishop Wightman held his last District Conference in it. Probably, the last sermon the Bishop ever preached was in this chapel.

The third after the Rev. John R. Picket, of the South Carolina Conference. He died in 1870, leaving his entire estate on the death of his wife to Wofford College. At her death the college realized about twelve thousand. dollars and his entire library. A large life size portrait of him is in the library, a gift of Dr. H. Bear, of Charleston.

The fourth is named in honor of Col. R. L. Coleman, of Union, who was a very thoughtful and liberal contributor to the college, frequently giving large contributions unasked. The fine pulpit set used on commencement occasions is a part of his donation. There is a silver plate on the pulpit stating this fact.

The fifth in honor of the Hon. Simpson Bobo, a leading member of the Spartanburg bar for many years, and one of the original trustees and continued a member of the board until his death in 1885. He was a liberal friend of the college.

The sixth after Rev. H. A. C. Walker, a native of Ireland. He was a leading member of the South Carolina Conference for many years; a personal friend of Rev. Benjamin Wofford and was consulted by him as to his purpose of founding a college. Mr. Walker taught school awhile in Fairfield county. Dr. Carlisle, our much beloved president, was one of his early pupils. There is a large portrait of him in the library, a gift of Dr. Geo. W. Walker, President of Payne Institute, Augusta, Ga.

The seventh and last in the row is named in honor of Mr. Geo. W. Williams, of Charleston, the only survivor of the original board of trustees and who has given from time to time large amounts for the support of the college, more than any living man.

We need other buildings and improvements on the campus. We need a science hall and Y. M. C. A. room, a kitchen and dining room Won't some of the friends and alumni of the college open their hearts and especially their pocket-books and grant us these needed improvements? Who will be the first to respond?

———:o:———

SOCIETY AND CLASS ELECTIONS.

As Mr. E. D. Atkins did not return to college it was necessary for the Preston Society to elect an editor for the Exchange department of the JOURNAL to succeed him. Mr C. W. Watson was elected. Mr. Watson was also elected vice-president of the Preston Society to succeed Mr. J. P. Gray, who became president in the absence of Mr. W. H. Stuckey. Mr. G. E. Edwards was appointed to represent the Preston Society on the library committee. The Preston Society elected the following marshals for the year '98 and '99: Chief, C. D. Lee; Junior Marshal, W. T. Googe; Sophomore Marshal, R. K. Hays; Freshman Marshal, M. W. Gary.

In the Calhoun Society, Mr. A. B. Wannamaker was elected monthly orator for October and Mr. K W. Littlejohn for November.

At a meeting of the Junior class Oct. 5th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: E. M. Lander, president; C. B. Burnett, vice-president; L. L. Hardin, secretary and treasurer; St. C. W. Muckenfuss, poet; C. C. Alexander, historian.

The Sophomore class recently elected the following officers: W. G. Hollis, president; L. T. H. Daniel, vice president; Marvin Auld, secretary and treasurer; W. C. Koger, historian; F. K. Lake, peot.

The Calhoun and Preston Literary Societies promptly and gladly elected Misses Carrie Nabors and Ione Littlejohn honorary members of the societies. These, with

the other young ladies of the college, will be welcomed in the halls whenever they see fit to come. We expect a visit from them in the near future.

At a recent meeting of the Senior class the following officers were elected: W. Rives Crum, president; H. V. Stribling, vice president; W. T. Magness, secretary and treasurer; Henry J. Brabham, historian. The election of Class Prophet was postponed until a more opportune date.

———:o:———

ATHLETICS AT WOFFORD.

Though football has been denied to the student-body of Wofford, we have added several different new games to our outdoor sports. Instructor Creitzburg has introduced basket-ball, which has excited a great deal of interest and enthusiasm among the lovers of outdoor sports. There are already two courts on the campus and every afternoon you can see games in progress. It bids fair to become one of the most important of out door games. Many boys are beginning to play tennis, a game which has many attractions within itself. There are several good courts on the campus and the enthusiasm manifested testifies to its popularity.

It is rather early to predict anything as to the prospects for a good ball team next spring, but as all the infield and battery will return, we feel confident that the old gold and black will put a winning nine on the diamond this coming season. Among the new men, there is already manifested some excellent material for Captain Burnett to work upon. Wofford has always won a excellent stand as good, manly ball-players and it would be unpatriotic to even think of it being otherwise in '99

We are in hopes of having a field day, either this fall or early next spring. We have some men that we confidently expect to establish State records for amateurs,

and hope we can get up some meet with the other colleges of the State. This kind of sport is rapidly increasing in popularity in the South, and Wofford expects to take her part in the new sport.

The gymnasium has accomplished untold good since it has been completed. Wofford may well be proud of her advancement in this line. Besides turning out men of solid intellectual abilities, she is beginning to develope strong physical students. The gymnasium usually gives two public exhibitions during the college year, one in December, the other during commencement. The team has already gone into training, under the management of Professor Creitzberg for the December exhibition. The character of these exhibitions are always creditable to actors and manager, as well as a rare treat and enjoyment to the friends of the college.

———:o:———

CAMPUS DOTS.

Join the Y. M. C. A.

Have you seen the co-eds?

St. Clair had a vision—an angel. (?)

Who will be "Fresh Sergeant" this year?

Can the Fresh count nine?

Can you pick two hundred pounds of cotton?

Ask Junior L. how he went to supper the night of the rain.

Some one should tell Fresh C. what the schedule of recitations means.

Fresh B. said he had decided to join the Preston society this year and the Calhoun next.

Mr. C. P. Still, of the University of Mississippi, has joined the class of '01.

Mr. W. M. Owings, who graduated last June, spent a

few hours on the campus on Friday, Sept. 30.

Junior M., coming up to campus with Fresh S.—"This is Wofford College and campus." Fresh S., tips his hat. "Howdy do sir."

First Fresh. "What is a co-ed?"

Second Fresh. "Why you hayseed that is the new game they are going to play in the gymnasium."

Mr. C. P. Rogers, who finished the Sophomore year with the class of '99, has returned to college and joined the class of "naughty-naught."

Rev. C. Hovey Clyde, of the Reidville circuit, was on the campus Sept. 30th.

Fresh B. takes Fresh C. into library and says, "just sit down and make yourself perfectly at home."

President of Calhoun Literary Society to Junior L., "When will the treasure arrive"? Junior L. "The 31st of September".

Mr. T. C. Lucas, of the class of '98, spent a few days on the campus the first of the month.

Fresh G. went into the library the other day and wanted the librarian to let him have a tablet for two weeks.

Mr. C. E. Dobson, Local Editor of the JOURNAL last year, was on the campus a few days the first of the month. He was on his way to Darlington to take charge of the Clyde High School.

Junior A. "Can we get a horse to that new Greek book"?

Junior C. "Yes, but it will cost you a dollar".

Junior A. "That's all right, I paid a dollar for a turnout for two hours last commencement; I ought to be willing to pay a dollar to ride a 'pony' two months".

Fresh G. wanted to know if there was a telescope running down town, said he wished to speak to the laundryman.

Mr. H. W. Wright, of the Sophomore class, was called home Monday, Oct. 3, by the sudden illness of his father, who has since died. Mr. Wright has the sympathy of the entire college community in his sad bereavement.

Prof. D. D. Wallace, of '94, was on the campus Oct. 2. He was on his way to Vanderbilt.

Mr. O. W. Leonard, of the class of '98, spent a few hours on the campus Sept. 30th, shaking hands with the boys. "Bub" was on his way to Baltimore to take a a course in medicine.

Fresh E. to Senior J. "Can you get me one of 'Sir Rodgers Discoveries' or something like that from the book store"?

Fresh S., coming up to college for first time, while Senior W. is standing on front steps. "Mr. is this Wofford College"? "Yes Sir." "Well, I'm come to it."

Mr. George Coleman, of the class of '00. spent a few days with his many friends on the campus the first of the month.

Fresh G. wants to know if Prof. DuPre keeps cigarettes in the labrotory.

Fresh S. says he is going to finish his course at Wofford and go to Poughkeepsie and study medicine.

Junior. "Did you see that Fresh drop his letter in the slot machine"? Senior. "No, but one dropped a nickel in the mail box and I heard him 'raising cain' because a package of chewing gum did not drop out".

Mr. M. M. Monroe, of '01, spent a few hours on the campus Oct. 5th. He was on his way to Clemson. "Sergeant" was looking well.

Junior L. to Senior W. "We've got a Y. M. C. A. Bureau down at our cottage." Senior W. "What kind of a looking thing is it, is it a good one"?

The Freshman class was about equally divided as to

its choice of literary societies. The Preston got some twenty men, Calhoun about the same. There are others yet to join. We are glad to see the numbers so equally divided and predict for the two societies a good year's work.

The first business meeting of the Y. M. C. A. was held in Dr. Carlisle's class room Oct. 6th. Twenty-six new men joined and several old students who have never connected themselves with the organization have given their names to the membership committee and will be taken in at the next business meeting. Plans for the new year were discussed. The president urged the different committees to get together, organize, and get to work. The association is in a healthy condition and will no doubt prove an important factor in the college this year.

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All literary communications should be sent to the Editor-in-chief; all business communications to the Business manager.

Contributions are requested from the student-body and the Alumni.

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NOVEMBER 1898.

Wofford College Journal.

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WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL

Established 1888. NOVEMBER 1898. Vol. X. No. 2.

Literary Department.

HENRY J. BRABHAM, JR., EDITOR.

A TALE OF WOE.

A Fresh to his first reception went,
And, just like Freshman luck,
With the very first girl he met that night,
He got what the boys call *stuck*.

Now all ye Seniors, all ye Sophs
And all ye Juniors bold!
Don't guy the Fresh for the tale of woe
Which of him shall be told.

It was in the corner of the Calhoun hall;
No chaperon came that way,
And after what seemed an hour's talk
The Fresh was filled with dismay.

He had talked of everything he knew,
Or had ever dreamed before,
But the only reply he got from the girl
Was simply "yes" and "no."

Large beads of sweat stood on his brow,
As big as a farmer's fist,
And the briny tears that rose to his eyes
The Fresh could scarce resist.

He caught at a Soph that passed that way
And said in a loud stage whisper;
"Say *won't* you come and meet this girl;
I've talked till my tongue's a blister."

Now as the Freshman left the hall,
  Having escaped from his awful plight,
He said to a friend who was standing near
  In a voice of tremulous fright:

"'I've worked on the farm, I've worked in a store,
  I've ploughed under the open sky;
But rather than work like than again,
  I believe I had rather die!'"

Now all ye Seniors, all ye Sophs,
  And all ye Juniors bold!
Don't guy the Fresh for the tale of woe
  Which of him I have told.

JUNIOR ALEX.

———:o:———

AN INTERCOLLEGIATE ORATORICAL ASSOCIATION IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

The increasing attention given to the subject of oratory in the South has led the author to express his views upon the subject. It is an indisputable fact that the volume of public speaking has vastly increased of late years, outrunning all other expansion—whether of territory, of population, of wealth, or of any other prominent growth. But some author has tersely and forcibly said that while all oratory is public speaking, all public speaking is very far from being oratory. We have no better illustration of the real condition of oratory in South Carolina than this assertion leads us to conclude. It is questionable whether the standard of oratory today is comparable to what it was before the war. One reason for this decline of pure oratory is that the existing conditions of public life are not of the kind that one would naturally expect to produce a high, lofty standard of eloquence. He who mourns the loss of Chatham or Burke or Webster or Calhoun, and longs for other such representatives, must be patient until there again arises such an occasion as Conciliation with the Colonies, or Nullification, or the Anti-Slavery Struggle. It has been said that the age is responsible for the produc-

tion of orators, but we are not so sure but that orators may as easily lend an incomparable influence to the production of the age. The period immediately previous to the war—the preparatory period, as it has been aptly designated—illustrates in a most striking manner the truthfulness of the statement that the standard of oratorical attainments is dependent quite as much upon the subject and the existing circumstances, over which the speaker has no control, as upon the man himself. Though this period illustrates very nicely that the conditions make the orator, yet from the recent organization of a State Oratorical Association in Tennessee, and the earnest endeavor of our leading colleges to perfect such an association in South Carolina, we are led to the conclusion that other things go to make a good orator, besides the stirring scenes in which he may be an actor. You may take the case of a pulpit orator as an illustration of this assertion. The great theme of the pulpit orator, and its vital importance to every listener, remain ever the same, though change shall overtake all else in the lives of men. It waits for no unusual occasion, but is always present and imminent. Now we do not intend to say whether pulpit oratory has declined. But we use this simply to illustrate the point that the higher educational institutions in South Carolina are waking up to the fact that the power of eloquence should not be dependent upon some felicitous occasion, or unusal emergency, but that the beautiful art should be cultivated for its intrinsic value. To give you an example of this, we refer you to one of our most famous orators. There was a meeting of the New England Society in New York City some years ago, at which the chief attraction according to long years of precedence, was the delivering of some magnificent oration by some distinguished orator. At this meeting, the audience was greatly surprised, indeed, almost shocked to discover that a young man known only as an editor, and not widely except within the bounds of his native State, had been selected as the chief orator of the occasion. Great men

had held this high honor. Such men as Everett, Webster, Wm. M. Evarts, Chauncey M. DePew and other distinguished orators had delighted previous gatherings with their masterly eloquence. You can imagine how surprised, and, perhaps, chagrined was that audience to see standing before them as the orator of the day, a youugster from Georgia, who had the weighty responsibility of being the one chosen to uphold the reputation of this society. When the young orator had finished, there was still surprise and amazement, but it was due to an entirely different reason. The New York audience wondered at this revelation of what oratory might be made in this day of practical things. Young Grady, for it was he, completely swept the throng off its feet, as the common expression goes, and that day added one more glittering gem to Georgia's already brilliant galaxy of orators. This leads us to say that oratory has not had its day.

In all professions, the power of oratory to sway and convince is limited only by the number of those who have the gift of oratory, and have had the patience to develop it.

Who knows but that we may have concealed within the ivied walls of our colleges orators, who may some day rival young Grady? South Carolina, too, has produced her orators of a national reputation. We refer with pride to our Jno. C. Calhoun, our Pinckneys, our Rutledges, and a host of others who have attracted the attention of the eye of the nation. This brings us to the point: Why should we not be as prolific in great orators today as we were a generation ago? I venture to say that it is due to the lack of cultivation of any such gift that may manifest itself, and hence the quenching forever of that ingenius spark. Orators are not made in a day. Mr. Conkling, who won such a wonderful reputation as a magnificent orator, said that he owed it to the early training he had had, and a continuance of that practice in his maturer years. If people were trained to the art of speech from early childhood, learning and ob-

serving the laws of articulation, enunciation, emphasis, pitch, inflection, and true feeling, until they became a part of the involuntary life, good reading and good speaking would be far more common. Schools of oratory take hold of men after they have become hardened by years of bad habits, and the result attained are not near as satisfactory as would otherwise be expected. And right here, I wish I could induce teachers in South Carolina and elsewhere, to train their scholars from early childhood to express their thoughts with clearness, directness, naturalness, and force. Then they would lay the foundation for one of the greatest schools of oratory that any State could boast of. We have only to search the lives of great men to verify the above statements. It is safe to say that when one comes who has native gifts and subjects himself to the rigid discipline which was practiced by all great orators—for Lincoln himself practiced it for many years unbeknown to any but his most intimate friends—then we shall have another demonstration that oratory is not a lost art.

As I have said, the colleges of South Carolina are awakening to the stern reality that oratory is not a lost art. There is now a move on foot to organize the higher educational institutions or our State into a State Oratorical Association. I cannot speak too highly of this movement, or recommend it too highly to the other colleges of the State. It is the desire of Wofford that the association shall be composed of every college that can possibly join it; and that we shall all work together for the intellectual development, and mutual improvement of the young students of South Carolina.

We fully agree with a contemporary from Tennessee who aptly says that competition is absolutely necessary in every sphere of life. We can only make a grand success of this movement by receiving the co-operation of every college. The impulse of expression in man is an essential and vital part of his nature. And the institutions of our State could not do a better deed to our coming progeny, than by leaving within the hearts, souls and minds of the youth of our present day the

seeds of a regenerated oratory, which will develop into a ripe and burning eloquence. Through the magic of human speech sweeter voices than those of the dead orators may repronounce the words that once wrought wonders among men, and these same words may work greater wonders. Eloquence that died when the old orators died may become eloquence again.

ERNEST WIGGINS, '99.

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A TRAGEDY OF THE IVY SPRING.

With the bloom-sweet breath of May a delicious dulness had come over the pupils of our little country school. As the soft breezes fanned the heated brows of the boys at "little recess" in the morning, they declared that they would not play ball at dinner time, or "big recess." Our teacher seemed to know something about this feeling that had come over us, and even seemed in a certain degree to share it. He would let us go out under the trees, that seemed proud of their new power of casting a shadow, to study our lessons, which were somewhat shorter now than earlier in the year. Besides, he gave us nearly two hours of play-time at noon, but we did not play much at this season. We would go to the edge of the woods near by, and lie down in groups to chat, and to sleep, some of us, sometimes.

At such a time as this it was quite natural for the girls to want to ramble in the woods and hunt wild flowers. Although, they spent their play-time in the woods opposite our play-ground, there seemed to be something lacking in the bare woodland. Spring flowers and birds were there, but the scene was only half lovely without the brook. And in these delightful days they often longed to go deeper into the woods, and wander by the brookside, which often rose abruptly into hillsides, and watching its little turns and falls possessed an indescribable charm for them and for us.

On a day in this almost ideal season, Louise Merri-

man timidly proposed to a group of lounging boys that we all go to the Ivy Spring. Immediately, everyone was on his feet, and the boys from other groups came running in answer to our yells. The next thing was to ask the teacher to let us go. This was something that none of us was very anxious to do, and none of us had volunteered to do it, when Louise said we were all afraid to ask him. Then half a dozen bounded away toward the schoolhouse, but one by one they "fell by the wayside," until only Harry Milner reached the house.

"Might know Harry Milner'd go, 'cause Louise Merriman said so," cried Willie Raymond, as an excuse for his own staying behind.

The teacher gave us permission to go, and in a very few minutes we were all on the way, everyone feeling proud of himself, and trying to "show off" before the girls. The boys were in front. Some of us would throw a rock down the road in front of us, and then try in various ways to get the crowd to go slowly, so that it would seem a long way to where the rock fell. Others would run ahead and climb small pine trees, bending them over and bringing their tops to the ground, getting off just as the girls came up to where the saplings stood. Still others would run races down the road in front, sometimes bravely grinning when a toe was badly "stumped." Several old dead snags that stood on the hillside, and that would have been blown down long ago but for the protection of the larger trees around them, were pushed down the hill with great noise. As we came near the spring, however, the quiet and beauty of the scene seemed to have a calming effect even upon the boys.

And no wonder; for it was, indeed, a beautiful scene. A small drain had worn its way down a gentle slope in the woods. It was a lifeless brook—a brook that could be called by that name only in the winter and spring when the earth was running over with the water from the winter rains. At the foot of a large white-oak, there was a seam of rock extending across its path, over

which the water had fallen for so long that it had worn away the earth below, leaving the rock in the shape of a wall, about fourteen feet in height, or depth. Some of the rocks were almost regular in size and position, with grass and moss clinging to the scanty soil between them. Below the waterfall, or rather the place where the water fell occasionally, the sides of the wash had become so wide and deep that they formed hillsides, and the stream lay in the bed of what might be properly called a vale. At a distance of only a few yards below, however, it was narrow and deep, the sides being steeper than they were farther down. At this point a thick growth of ivy and wild honey-suckle covered the sides, and a tall poplar tree, having been undermined by the stream on one side, had fallen across to the opposite side of the gulch, forming a natural bridge. At the foot of the rock-seam a small stream of water oozed out from between the rocks, and formed into a pool a few inches deep and this was the Ivy Spring.

Already we were crossing on the old poplar log, which, by the way, was still living, as if loth to die amid such beautiful life. Frequent crossing on it had made some slight impressions into its trunk, deep enough for little stalks of grass to grow among the litter and decay that had collected there. After marching across on the old log, we all separated, and began to look for flowers on the hillsides. Ferns, violets, ivy, honey-suckle, "sweet bubbies," and a delicate little white flower that would wither in a few minutes after being plucked, were the principal ones to be found. We boys would gather large handfuls of them in a short while, and throw them on the ground in front of the girls, to show them that we cared for greater things than frail wild flowers, and to see them shudder at our cruelty, as they picked them up and carefully placed them in bouquets.

Harry Milner had long been in love with Louise Merriman, but had only "told her with his eyes, in schoolboy fashion." Today, however, he had written a little note, the sweetness of whose burden can be appreciated

by those who have written and received such school-boy missives. H conceived a plan of delivery that was as unique as it was unusual.

His father had bought a species of peach tree, the fruit of which ripened in May. This was the first year that it had borne fruit, and it had one large peach on a slender twig. Harry was very anxious to be the one who should pluck this peach and to give it to his mother; so he watched it every day, and sometimes he would touch its sides, to see if it were softening. This morning he had done this, and he was very sorry when the peach fell into his hand. It was an "open-stone" peach, and that is why it fell off so easily. He put it into his pocket, went and told his mother, and then hurried off to school. He placed his little note in the hollow stone of the peach, and gave it, with a bunch of ivy-blossoms, to Louise at the Ivy Spring.

While they were rambling over the hillsides, and crossing from one to the other on the old log, Louise saw a flower clinging to the soil between two rocks above the spring. She showed it to Harry, and he went to get it for her. It was about three feet from the top of the ledge, and he could reach within a few inches of it; but he leaned over a little farther, and just as he touched it, he lost his balance, and fell fourteen feet into the Ivy Spring.

When the frightened boys picked him up, he was unconscious. He was carried to a neighbor's house near by, and put into a carriage and driven home; while one of the boys went with the neighbor's horse for a doctor, and Louise walked home alone.

The doctor came, but he looked very grave when he examined Harry, and Harry died that afternoon.

When Louise went home and into her room, she laid the peach on the bureau. Then, for the first time, she noticed the paper in the seed, and drew it out. It read:

"DEAR LOUISE:—

As you draw this little note from the heart of this peach, remember that its sentiments come from

my heart. I love you, Louise, and shall always love you, even to the day of my death. Can you say the same? Pardon me if I have said too much or asked too much.

Your friend,

HARRY MILNER."

When she read this, she went out on the porch and saw the doctor coming down the road. Her brother was waiting for him at the gate.

"How is Harry, doctor?" he asked.

"He is dead," the doctor replied, and Louise went back into her room.

We never asked the teacher to let us go to the Ivy Spring again.

THOMAS DANIEL, 1901.

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THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

In the modern century in which we live, where every movement echoes progress, we never think of the language we speak.

We never think when we give an order to a merchant, hear a sermon preached from the pulpit; when we enter into society, what language we must speak and hear.

Yet at one time, in the infancy of our language the society man, could not speak the speech of his daily life, but, when we bought or sold, listened to a sermon, or went into society, he had to listen to and speak the society and church language, which was Latin and Norman-French.

Not having time or room for a full description, let us make a hasty review of the advancement of the English Language and we may find many interesting facts.

In the early existence of English, it had much opposition. The Angles and Saxons going into a new country, of couse, found new words for new discoveries,

therefore, in a small degree, tried to adopt themselves to the native speech. But soon they, as a people established a language of their own.

They were quite weak in numbers, however, and as language influence follows political, the language in a considerable degree, was effected by the Norman Conquest.

In this period a dark shadow is thrown over English, and but for two reasons, our language to-day would not have been English, but Norman-French.

Do we, the heirs of all the ages, and at the height of civilization, speaking the language of a proud people, ever think that it was once a contemptible speech? For in the Norman-French period to speak "English" was to be looked upon with utter contempt.

Let us for a moment, notice the cause of this——It is quite natural for the conqueror to look down on the conquered, and in the time of conquest, the superior looked down on inferior, which sentiment clings to the human race to-day, but not so much as at that time. Just as the *people* were lowered, so was the *language* spoken by them.

The Normans, flushed with victory, used Norman-French for the language of the upper class. There are no books of any value in this period, for those Englishmen who mustered courage enough to write, were of the ignorant class, and had to write in Anglo-Saxon, or Old English.

In the fourteenth century, however, English begins to revive, and begins to wind its way upwards into society, and from society to the popular language of the island.

Let us notice the two chief causes of this.

The higher educated class of Englishmen were both mentally and financially able to learn the language of their conquerors, but the poor, ignorant classes, which were a vast majority, were not able in either way to learn the new language, therefore they kept to their mother-tongue. In this way, English being spoken by an ignorant people, we have no literature, and very poorly spoken

English. Although the conquerors detested the people and their language, they never tried to crush it. It is said that Wm. de Longchamp, guardian of the realm of of Richard, so despised the people and their speech that his usual forms of imprecation were: "May I become an Englishman if I do this," "I were worse than an Englishman were I to consent to do this."

This had a great effect upon the English, but the outcome was not that hoped for by the Normans.

At this time there was an approaching event which was to be a landmark in the history of our language—Louis IX ordered all French landowners, who possessed land in England, to give up one or the other; that they could not serve two kings.

They did so, and as would be a natural result, the French spoken in London a few years afterwards, was entirely different from that spoken in Paris.

As was said above, there were two reasons for this. The ignorant classes, by not being able to learn the new language, preserved English for abler ones to develop; by the decree of Louis IX, the nobles who had chosen their English possessions, were forced to learn the language of the great mass of common people with whom they had to deal.

The Norman-French, although it left its element, was soon forgotten as a society or a literary language, and the Englishmen detested and even despised the one who knew French and was ignorant of English;—the Norman-French as a language was soon forgotten, and Chaucer came to the rescue of English, and placed before the public eye a valuable movement, which will be seen through the coming ages, and respected as being the foundation of a great literary building.

For one time in history, ignorance has been worth much. It preserved the language of the English tongue, "the vehicle of a great literature."

While at one time English played no part in the intellectual world, today it is a language in which some of the

world's greatest thinking and learning is done.

WM. C. KOGER, '01.

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A SUMMER TRIP.

The quiet little city of Cedarville! How expressive of delight is its name to many who have had the pleasure of visiting it! how lavishingly nature has bestowed her lovely gifts to make it beautiful.

Hearing our professors speak so often concerning its beautiful scenery, delightful climate, and above all, the social qualities of its people, we decided to add joy to the coming vacation by taking a trip to Cedarville. The thought of such a pleasant trip cheered us on for the month of hard school work that lay before us. Day after day wore slowly away until at last the time for our departure came.

We were to leave Belton at early dawn, and coming down to the depot we found many of our old friends and school-mates in the waiting room to tell us good-bye, and to express their good wishes that our trip might be profitable as well as pleasant to us. We purchased our tickets and checked our baggage immediately, as we wished to spend the last ten minutes in pleasant conversation with our friends. Only ten minutes! Only that short time intervening between us and a separation that might mean more than we are aware of.

But hark!! The whistle of the locomotive sounding down the track tells us that there is no time for sad reflections.

All aboard! We cast one long, lingering look behind and we are gone. We dwell only a few minutes more in the realm of sadness. The hopes we set on our trip come to our minds, and we think only of the distance between us and Cedarville.

When twelve o'clock came we were very much worried, and fancied that we would reach Cedarville about nine o'clock in the evening. The conductor coming in told us that we would not reach Cedarville until four

o'clock the next evening. We decided to content ourselves however long the time might seem. And as a fruit of our contentment we began to see something in the scenery from the train windows that seemed to speed the march of the hours. For one moment we were beholding the crests of the hills above us, the next the deep, lonesome valleys beneath us.

The evening gradually passed away and, during the short period of twilight, we talked of our boyish trials which the past eight months had brought with them. We raised the windows by our side and caught a glimpse of the rising moon. The stars glittered in the distance as diamonds on the surface of a calm clear lake.

But the time for rest had come, and feeling badly in need of it, we went into a sleeper and soon we had found a cozy berth and were fast asleep. The next morning found us very much refreshed, and as we greeted the halos of the rising sun, the thought came to us that we would look upon its setting from some spot in the town of Cedarville.

Buoyed up by this thought, we dressed ourselves and at the next station twenty minutes was given for breakfast, and as we had taken nothing in the way of refreshments since early the day before, we found that time and appetite did not agree. When the cry "All aboard" was given we were at breakfast, but picking up our hats quickly we ran to the station and pulled ourselves into the train just as it was moving off. One of the passengers looking at his watch informed us that it was eight o'clock. Eight more hours until we are due at Cedarville! We then began to think of the wishes of our friends and loved ones that our trip might be a profitable as well as a pleasant one. We believed that we could make the trip pleasant but how to make it profitable was the puzzling question. The thought that pleasure was not always profit made its abode in our minds.

Wishing a change of thought, we began to look at the country again. It was altogether different from the country through which we passed the day before, and

even three hours before. Instead of the rugged, jagged appearance of the hills, they seemed to slope more gently into the valleys below. We expressed to the conductor our astonishment that the physical features of a country could change so quickly. "Ah," said he, laughing, "there is a reason for it." "What is the reason," said my friend. Because you are nearing Cedarville acconnts for your beautiful country."

Both myself and friend laughed heartily at the joke.

The further on we went the more beautiful the country became and it continued so until we almost fancied we were holding the middle ground between the real and the unreal. Beautiful, rolling plains, covered with mantles of green, lay out before us, while upon them could be seen stock of every description. In the distances beautiful residences could be seen looming up like old Baronial castles. Yet we had not reached Cedarville. "Only ten miles," said the conductor, "and you will be at the end of your journey." The report was met with joy, and at the same time awe seized upon us. We felt that strange scenes were ahead of us and that our pleasure depended upon the way we conducted ourselves.

We were told that when we rounded the next curve that we would be in sight. Swiftly the train moved around the curve and, looking out of the window, we saw the city of Cedarville in the distance. On and on we moved when suddenly one long whistle of the locomotive sounded forth! The conductor came to us and assured us that it was in our power to make this vacation one of profit and wishing us everything that was good, he bade us good-bye. "All off for Cedarville!" We picked up our umbrellas and walked towards the door and by that time the train had stopped. We walked out on the platform and such a moving mass of humanity we never saw around a railroad station. It seemed that the ever surging tide of humanity had broken in upon Cedarville with full force.

As soon as we could get room we stepped off. We saw no familiar faces and standing alone we felt lost in

the midst of the multitude. We pushed our way aside wondering all the time where the friends of our loved ones at home could be. They were to meet us but so far we were alone. About the time we were despairing a band of young gentlemen and ladies came to us and asked us if we were the young students from Belton. "Indeed we are," said my friend, and giving us a hearty hand-shake, which forbade all ceremony, we felt toward each other as though we had always been acquainted. The next street car that came along we boarded it and soon we were at the home of three of our new friends—a brother aud two sisters. They introduced us to their parents, who seemed very nice and agreeable.

Nothing would do our hostess but that dinner must be prepared for us, even at that late hour of the evening. We repaired to our rooms to get ready for the coming meal. Soon our hostess sent us word that it was ready. We heeded the call at once, and soon found ourselves sitting at a well filled table. with appetites just in proportion. Before we were through our hostess must have inferred that we were from a land where "grub" and table etiquette were scarce commodities.

After dinner, one of the young folks suggested that we ride out and look at the town and its surrounding scenery. We were delighted with the suggestion. We dacided that the first evening we would take in the surrounding scenery, and with a cheering word from our hostess we were away on our mission. The scenery surpassed anything that we had imagined. To myself and friend, reared among the lowlands and marshes, it was simply wonderful.

"I do not see why Cedarville should not be a nursery for poetical genius," said my friend. With a smile on her face, one of our lady friends informed him that there were three poets of fame whose homes were in Cedarville, and pointing across the beautiful plain at the foot of the hill, she said, "Yonder is the garden of the poets."

And thinking maybe we might catch some of the poet's inspiration, we soon made our way to the garden.

When we walked into the beautiful garden this thought came into our minds, could there be a nature so dead that it would not leap to life in the midst of a place where it seemed that a tear of God had touched the earth. What a beautiful page of nature! Honey-suckles ran riot over its walls, thus making an enclosure of green. Everything that could inspire the aesthetic nature met our gaze. Jonquils as yellow as gold peeped up between the lovely walls of roses; while on every side were stately lilies as white as angels' wings and bending gracefully, as if to the lovely pansies beneath them. Here and there were rich yellow roses refreshed by the summer showers and as sweet as if they came from paradise to shed their fragrance in the imagination of the poet.

It was growing twilight, a time for the sweetest reflections, when one of our party suggested that we return home. As a kind of souvenir for our hearts to cherish, we plucked a little flower, and as we were walking out of the garden, my friend repeated this little passage expressive of our feelings:

> "How calm could we rest
> In that bosom of shade with the friends that we love best"

Coming out of the garden we looked across the green plain at the foot of the hill and saw the river harbor, glistening as a silk cord. Just here my friend allowed his imagination to run away with him by saying that Cedarville, with its scenery and river in the distance, reminded him of the description he had just read of "Stratford-on-Avon," the lovely home of Shakespeare. This caused laughter in our little company, which, on account of his serious mood, did not take so well with my friend.

Soon we were in the carriage and on our way home. Every time we glanced at the little flowers plucked from the garden, we thought of the poet whose fate it was to

pour out his life's blood to coin nature into words, running the risk that the busy, bustling world might occasionally glance at it. Soon we were at the gate of our host. We hardly had gotten into the house before some of the family were asking us how we enjoyed our ride. And as it was almost time for tea, we went to our rooms and there we decided, as we were very tired, we would retire early that night.

While we were talking, the supper bell rang. Our appetites were very easily satisfied, as it had been only a short time since our dinner. After tea we all went to the parlor, and as the girls were skilled musicians, we certainly had some good lively music. One piece of music, "The Chimes of Trinity," made such an impression on the mind of my friend that he requested a copy of the words. We enjoyed the music splendid, but, Ah! Our attention was drawn toward the door. One of the young ladies excused herself from the parlor. We heard the voices of a large number of young ladies in an adjoining room. We asked the young lady remaining what it meant. "Ah!" says she, "We want you to become acquainted with social life in Cedarville, and for this reason we have invited one of the jolliest, merriest crowds of young people in the city to spend the evening with us." What were we to do! Only two bashful college boys, whose social nature were entirely undeveloped. It was not rated as complimentary in the college town of Belton for a boy to be called "sporty,", so what were we to do? We decided to face the music.

Hush! They are coming! At this "solemn moment" the young lady of the house, who had a short while before excused herself, came in followed by six young ladies in evening attire. We were introduced to them as young students from Belton. They had just seated themselves when an equal number of young gentlemen came in. There we were, surrounded by votaries of fashion! It was certainly an appeal to our social nature. But how different from what we expected. We felt perfectly at home in their company, for they were just

as social and nice as they could be, perfect examples of mind and and social nature cultivated side by side. We were loath to see the time come for the circle to be broken. On leaving, each lady and gentleman came to us and assured us that any way they could add to our pleasure, it would be more than a delight to them. We went to our rooms in love with Cedarville. Two weeks passed on in this pleasant way, and only one more remained for us to spend in Cedarville. We thought of the wishes of our friends that we might be profited by our trip. We had spent two weeks in the deepest pleasure, but we could not see where we had really been profited. No great thoughts had lodged in our minds, neither had any grand principles become a part of our nature as we could tell. The thought gave us some sadness. Well might we be sad, for my friend, being of a weaker nature than myself, in the face of all that one of the young daughters of our hostess had done to make us happy, showed his ingratitude by falling in love with her. Of course it is open to logic that he was not profited.

It was on Saturday night that we were having these sad reflections. On the next Saturday morning we were to bid adieu to Cedarville. Despite all that our friends were doing to make us happy, the next three days were melancholy ones. Wednesday came around, and in the afternoon my friend and myself decided to walk down street. We saw negroes carrying hand-bills around and tacking them up on street corners and other public places. We read one of them which stated that a renowned lecturer would lecture in town the coming Friday evening at 8:30. We were delighted that our stay in Cedarville would embrace the lecture. The Hall of Music was decorated lovely for the occasion. Soon every box in the hall was sold, and many other orders for boxes were received that could not be filled. At last Friday night came. The lecturer was due at Cedarville at 6:30. A committee met the train, but no one got off

whom they believed could have been a lecturer. The town clock struck eight. Only one-half an hour until time for the lecture. Five minutes before time every box was occupied. The great hall could not seat another one.

Just at the moment, instead of seeing the fine literary specimen they had fancied, they saw a way-worn, distorted figure coming down the isle, resembling a dusky warrior of a thousand battles. Slowly he made his way upon the rostrum, on which were sitting eminent divines, poets and men of learning. Glancing at them for a moment he sat down in the fine chair reserved for him. A stillness like the stillness of death pervaded that vast throng. No loud cheers were given to greet the speaker's ears. No one arose to introduce him, because no one knew him. There was something strikingly pathetic in the very looks of the speaker.

In the midst of the stillness the speaker arose and said: "Ladies and Gentlemen," then casting his eyes upon his hearers he continued, "I see no familiar faces before me tonight. I have no reason to believe that I am even welcome, but for these things I care not. My only mission is to stamp on your hearts with the cement of the cold grave the story of a life on whose stage has been enacted a sad variety of scenes."

A stillness! deep—profound! "I once knew a man of promise. The goddess of plenty hovered around his interest. To this fortunate man God gave a wife whose purity exceeded an artist's dream. A noble son was given to bless this union. He grew up amid all the promise that could surround young life. On him were the benedictions of a loving father, around him were the fondest hopes of a pure mother.

Wine was served at the table, very much to the discontent of the noble son. This father insisted that his noble son should take the social glass with him. When this son became eighteen years of age, the father—wishing him to be an honor to his home and his country—

sent him to London for his education. As soon as he entered the college door he took a firm stand for the right. He signed the temperance pledge, and during his four long years in college, he never broke it. His diploma was presented to him with all the honors his college could bestow upon him.

He came to his father's home with all the prospects of a grand career before him. His father called him to his side and requested him to take just one social drink with him; his anxious father, before he went out to fight life's battles. The young man, hating to refuse the earnest request of his father, took the glass and drank it to the dregs. Today he lies in a drunkard's grave, while that pure angelic mother, with all the fond hopes that were hers, lies sleeping by his side. Where, O where, is his father! He stands before you tonight." The speaker paused. What a stillness! Looking with tear-bathed eyes into the face of his audience he said in voice, that told his agony of soul, these lines of Shakespeare:

> "O, thou invisible spirit of wine,
> If there is no other name by which to call thee;
> Let us call thee Devil!"

Like a phantom he disappeared from before the bewildered audience, and was gone. Hearing this powerful lesson brought out, myself and friend went to our rooms joyful that we could tell our friends at home that we had been benefited. For while sitting under the sound of that stranger's voice, we firmly resolved that we would shun the wine-cup as we would death itself. The next morning we left Cedarville with the best wishes of many warm friends. When we reached Belton our friends met us, and we found our greatest pleasure in telling them that we had been benefited. We told our professors of our firm resolve to lead a temperate life. We found in them all the encouragement we needed.

A. E. Driggers, '01.

WERE WE JUSTIFIED IN DECLARING WAR AGAINST SPAIN?

Monthly oration before Calhoun Literary Society by H. H. Zimmerman, '00.

This question is indeed one which should be most carefully considered. To its solution should be brought the best intellectual capacities of all those who have the right and the power to act, and the judgment rendered should be uninfluenced by aught else than the dictates of justice.

The war is over, those purposes for which it was undertaken have, in part, been accomplished; the white-winged dove of peace now hovers over the scene of previous conflict and blood-shed, and, in a cool, calm, unexcited moment, we may review the past. History has been made and our names shall not vaingloriously be transmitted to posterity, but the record shall shine bright and unchangeing in the full radiance of the intellectuality and morality of enlightened men that our grand old Republic never hesitated in what she believed to be her duty, and has declared herself the undaunted champion of the universal brotherhood of man.

For three years we have seen the fertile island at our threshold ravaged by fire and sword in the course of a struggle never before equaled in the history of the island, and unparalled as to the number of combatants and the bitterness of the contest by any revolution of modern times, where a dependent people, striving for that which I believe Almighty God intended all mankind to enjoy—Liberty—has been opposed by the power of the soverign state. And what did we do? Some say we did nothing, that we could have recognized the belligerency of the Cubans and avoided all trouble, but would not. This is a mistaken idea, for the representatives of the people did their duty, while the Chief Executive failed utterly n his. In the Fifty-Fourth Congress, a concurrent reso-

lution, recognizing the beligerent rights of the Cuban patriots was passed by an almost unanimous vote. It went to the President and he, everlasting shame to him, quietly pigeon-holed it. Our citizens then did nothing but kept their mouths shut. Had that love of Liberty and Independence which fired the courage and patriotism and nerved the arms of our ancestors in their struggle against England quite died out of the race? No, it had not, and the recent inhuman and uncivilized acts of the Spaniards only revived the smouldering flames of that love, and was the cause of what has turned out to be the grandest war of centuries.

In order to get at the very root of this matter, we must see what has been the character of Spain and Spaniards for ages. I have had some who differ from me on this question, argue somewhat like this: "The right to bring into consideration the past character of Spain, we have waived. We have welcomed her into the family of nations, we have thrown around her our arm of fraternal friendship and seized her hand in affectionate clasp." That may have been, but can these debaters deny that Spain of today, of this nineteenth century, is that same Spain of the Middle Ages that instituted the Inquisition which cost a hundred thousand persons their lives, and in the presence of her conquests, put to the stake and to the sword more than a million of men created in the image of God, that fifty years from the colonization of Cuba,she had caused the death of more than six hundred thousand men, women and children, in the past three years, two hundred thousand more? Hood, in his life of Cromwell, says: "Spain was a nation of robbers and buccaneers. Spain was the bloodiest power of Europe. Spain the land of the Inquisition! Spain the degraded land of every superstition." What she was then she is now, and in order to clearly show her character now, we must show what she was then. The Spaniard looks back upon his nation's bloody record with a certain degree of pride. She has but added glory to her already bright

and glorious name, when, under cover of night and by base treachery, she committed the crime which shall go down in history as the master tragedy of the age—the destruction of the Maine.

This act alone was sufficient to justify war. The people of these United States had never before been so shocked as when they learned that their grand and beautiful ship had been blown up in an alleged peaceful harbor, and that, while quietly sleeping, dreaming I doubt not of loved ones at home, two hundred and sixty-six of our brave sailors had been launched into eternity without one moment's warning and without one moment's time for preparation, summoned before the Great White Throne of Eternal Judgment. The public mind was fired and the demand for justice echoed from every hill. It was borne from the Pacific far inland; it did not pause upon the summit of the Sierras; nor did it lose its resonance upon the crest of the Rocky Mountains. From ocean to ocean it thunders and on the stormy Atlantic it tells in the language of a common kindred its uncompromising resolve that justice, stern and unrelenting, would be obtained and that punishment in accordance with the character and magnitude of the crime committed be meted out to the perpetrators.

But the cry is raised: "The Maine was blown up in the darkness of night. No man saw who pressed the button, which act sent the electric current on its deadly mission. Who then *is* the perpetrator?" Evidence makes this point as clear as if the Maine had been blown up in the brightness of the noon-day sun, as clear as if a citizen of the commonwealth had seen the one who pressed the button, and before any impartial jury in christendom Spain would stand convicted of the crime. It was by the direct order of her military authorities that the Maine was anchored over a powerful, deadly, submarine mine. Was it accident? Splendid sport indeed! How chivalric! What a token of friendship and

esteem! What a graceful courtesy! Spain cannot deny that the mine was there, because it has been proven that it was an external explosion, but she claims that we did not show that she directly or indirectly caused the explosion. It has also been proven that it was an electrically explosive mine placed for the use of the Spanish Government. Upon whom then must the blame rest until absolutely disproved? We did not have to prove that she touched the button, and by that I mean any of her representatives, for the original offense was hers, the primary cause was her act and we did not have to go beyond that. Nor were we obliged to inquire whether Spanish officers were negligent in, or exceeded their authority. If a person were known to have put a torpedo under this hall, and if that torpedo were to explode, doing frightful damage, would we hold that person blameless even if we did not see who fired the torpedo? Would we think further investigation necessary to establish his guilt? Would we discharge that person upon the supposition that he had an accomplice and we could not ascertain who the accomplice was? If someone had been killed, that person would be tried, and, unless he proved conclusively that someone else did the deed, would be convicted of murder and suffer the extreme penalty of the law. The Maine disaster was a parallel case. It was for Spain to prove that someone else blew up or was responsible for the blowing up of the Maine. This she could not do and she had to suffer for her crime. General Lee has testified that on that memorable night there was feasting and merry-making among the Spanish populace of Havana because of the terrible blow against the United States.

But you heard the cry all over the country, "Let us have no war! Let us have peace, even peace at any price! Let us demand indemnity!" War is a terrible thing, an evil to be avoided if possible, but peace at the cost of national honor is much more terrible than war. And how much would have been a liberal indemnity for the lives of two hundred and sixty-six Americans?

Neither arbitration nor indemnity could reach this question; national honor had to be vindicated and the stigma of shame upon us had to be wiped off.

Now let us look at the other reason upon which we justify our course. The terrible cruelty and inhumanity practiced by Spain was sufficient ground for intervention.

Considerations of humanity rarely justify intervention, but national law does recognize such a right when, "to prevent unjustifiable slaughter and outrage, it becomes absolutely necessary to intervene, and that even in cases of armed rebellion against a government by its own citizens or subjects." The Great Powers of Europe have asserted and exercised their right to protect the subjects of the Sultan of Turkey from what they deem "unjustifiable slaughter and outrage." Our country bears the same relation or at least as dominant a relation to American countries as the Powers of Europe have to the European and Asiatic dominions of the Sultan. The noble words of a great poet well express what our sentiments were:

> "Look on who will in apathy, and stifle, ye who can,
> The sympathies, the hopes, the fears, that make man truly man.
> I first drew in New England's air, and, from her hardy breast,
> Sucked in the tyrant-hating milk, that will not let me rest."

We were compelled to intervene. Spain persisted in her system of inhuman warfare, she fought the insurgents but feebly, she cruelly starved unarmed men and helpless women and children, she insulted and murdered American citizens, and demonstrated in many ways her inability to govern and her resolve to listen to nothing save the promptings of a national pride out of which has always flowed a stream of misery and death. We had seen attested on a hundred battle-fields the valor of the arms and the patriotism of heart of Gomez and his devoted followers. And to denominate the Cuban revolutionists as guerillas and bandits, engaged in the commission of crimes not recognized as war in any civilized country, is to give the lie to what *all* fair-minded

and well-informed men now know to be true. Had they not shed their blood for their cause? Had not their kindred fallen martyrs in the sacred name of liberty? And must they have died in vain? No, a thousand times no!

"They never fail who die
In a great cause; the block may soak their gore;
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls;
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which overpower all others, and conducts
The world at last to freedom."

We used our conquest for a beneficent purpose. We can justify our assault upon the kingdom of Spain by saying that we took the island from under the hand of the despoiler, with no idea of self aggrandizement, with no idea of taking the responsibility of Cuba and the Cubans upon our hands, but with the intention of giving them the right to govern themselves or choose their method of government, with the intention of giving to an oppressed nation "a stable government, capable of maintaining order and performing its obligations and duties," and the world can but commend the course taken. There was a divine principle in it, and since that is so, God will inevitably see that we are justified in the eyes of all men.

"When a deed is done for freedom,
Through the broad earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic,
Trembling on from East to West.
And the slave wher'er he cowers,
Feels the soul within him climb
To the awful verge of manhood,
As the energy sublime,
Of a century bursts full-blossomed
On the thorny stem of Time."

AN OFT-TOLD TALE IN LIFE'S DRAMA.

The night was dark and gloomy. Black clouds scurried across the heavens, giving notice that there would soon be a rain. In fact, a few scattered raindrops were already falling. So I began looking about me for some place in which to shelter myself.

I had left the small town of M——— about two miles behind, so I did not think of returning to pass the night there. The afternoon had looked bright, and I had meant to arrive at the next town some time that night. But as luck would have it, it seemed as if I would have to find shelter before many minutes.

It had begun to thunder, and now and then a flash of lightning would blind me for several moments. At last one grand reverberation, which shook the earth, caused my horse to dash off down the road.

At a sharp turn, we almost collided with a horseman, riding a steel-gray horse. The man seemed to be taking no notice of the rain, which was now steadily increasing. When he saw me, he looked surprised and almost bewildered. I asked him if he knew of any shelter near where we could stay until it ceased raining. His reply was a short" Yes."

He turned his horse, and went down a by-path, which I had not noticed. I followed, and we soon came to the top of a slight hill, with an open space beyond.

The central object in this open space was a large two storied house, which loomed out from the landscape. It was in a bad condition—chimneys falling down, blinds hanging on one hinge, window panes broken out. It looked as if it had been unused for some time, for vines were growing over it—and the yard in front was a tangled mass of weeds. Now and then a door would bang to and fro, showing that it was uninhabited.

As it now began to pour down in earnest, we left our horses, and went up the rickety steps into the house.

The stranger seemed to be very well acquainted with

the house, for he immediately led me into a room at the back· He then broke up a chair, and putting the pieces into the fire-place, and soon we had a small fire.

"What brought you out in such a night as this?" he asked me.

"I did not know it was going to be such a bad night," was my reply. "And how came you to be out in the rain."

"Well," said he, "that would require an explanation."

"How?" asked I.

"The explanation would be somewhat of a story."

"I would like to hear it," I said, "to pass away the time."

He began:—"Well as it is raining outside, and there is nothing to do inside, it *would* pass away the time."

A good many years ago, I came to the town you have just passed, in search of employment. I was fortunate enough to get a good position in the largest store, which belonged to the wealthiest and most influential man there.

It was winter when I came to that place, and and I missed the long rambles, which I had been accustomed to take when the weather was good. But soon spring came around and every evening I would take a long walk.

One afternoon, I chanced to come out by this house in which we are now. A wealthy family lived in it then, one member of which was a young man.

That afternoon as I walked, nature looked her brightest. The trees around had turned out their brightest foilage, and underneath, the short, young grass gave a soft footing. Happening to look down, I saw a few feet ahead a small book. Thinking that someone who had just passed might have dropped it, I picked it up, and hastening around a turn in the path, saw some yards ahead a young lady. I walked up to her and asked if the book belonged to her. She said it did, and thanking me, she took it and went on.

Next evening I went the same way by this house, but I did not see the young lady.

I went the same way again, and saw her again. In this way, seeing each other often, we came to know each other, and often talked together. I will not describe the afternoon when I told her that I liked her better than I liked myself. Suffice it to say that she encouraged me, and we came to love each other.

I went to see her father next day, who was my employer. He said that he had higher aspirations for his daughter than for her to marry a common clerk She should marry some one more in her sphere of life. I felt that I was insulted, and went out of the house in a passion. At the gate I heard her call my name, but I did not stop. I left the town that night. This was about twenty-five years ago.

She is dead now. Her father forced her to marry the same young man that lived in the house which we are in. They lived here some ten years, at the end of which she died.

I have come back now to see the spots around this house where I used to meet her—naturally a tinge of sadness has been given to my life by my unfortunate love affair.

T. K. Lake.

———:o:———

CARLYLE, AS STUDIED IN HIS ESSAY ON BURNS.

Carlyle is a man of strong character, and a man who has opinions perculiarly his own. In an argument he rarely yields the point; and concerning nearly every problem *has made up his mind* which side is right, and tenaciously sticks to his first belief. Carlyle, in this matter like many men, when his opinions are questioned or opposed, acts as if the opposition merely confirmed his judgment. The characteristic expressions and words used by Carlyle may be

taken as an index to his character, his phrases show the rough, rugged sublimity of his thoughts. Some words peculiarly adapted to his view of thinking occur very frequently in his works—for instance, *Duty*, *Necessity*, *Destiny*, *Unfathonable*, *Work*, *Everlasting*, *Yea*, *etc.*

Metaphors and similes literally spread themselves over his pages. In the "Sartor Resartus" he makes his hero say: "Plain words are the skeleton, metaphors, the tissues and muscles, and living integuments." The originality of the man is plainly shown by his similitudes, he uses figures of speech which were never thought or even dreamed of before; his boldness in the use of metaphors is almost unparalleled.

Carlyle's *irony* is one of his strongest points, an example of this may be found in his treatment of the "Nigger Question."

Like the Germans, he capitalizes many of his most important words; he dearly delights to have three clauses, each independent of the other, in his sentences. In his sentence arrangements he objects to conforming them to a certain length or to an "artificial model." He cares much more for the thought than for the *way* in which the thought is expressed. His sentences generally consist of a short statement, modified by several explanatory clauses, usually in apposition. Although Carlyle pretends that not more than nine-tenths of the sentences in the "Sartor Resartus" "stand straight on their legs," and *even* a "few are broken-backed and dismembered;" yet his style in general is plain and clear. Although his his style is so plain, yet the reader of Carlyle has to put on his highest thinking cap. The reason of this is the extent of Carlyle's allusions; he seems to know something about everything, and everything about some special "something." It seems that he is a human phonograph, ever ready when the time comes to give out what he has heard and observed. One of his critics says that he never forgets what he has heard or read. He can with strict accuracy either give a reference to some German Sage or quote Latin poetry.

Carlyle in speaking of his own style says that it had its origin in the old "farm-house at Annandale."

A great difficulty which is encountered by Carlyle's readers *is* that in his works are to be found so many words of his own coining.

Simplicity is one of the Scotsman's principal good points in his sentence arrangement, clearness we find not so frequently, and precision still less frequently, for he avowedly hates close, logical analysis. But strength is Carlyle's fort, his figures of speech, especially the bold, rugged metaphors he abounds in, make his sentences have the strength so necessary to all fine writings.

Carlyle's essay on Burns was simply a review of "Lockhart's Life of Burns," written for the "Edinburgh Review." In this review article, however, we often see the man Carlyle at his best, in it are to be found some of his characteristic thoughts and words and phrases.

His idea of biography is specially worthy of notice; he thinks that if a man is deserving enough to have his life given to the public, his biography should be written, not merely as an *accumulation* of *data*, but also as to his peculiar thoughts, the effects of certain things upon his character, what his opinion was of man and of the world. Did he allow circumstances to govern him or did he govern circumstances? In other words, what influence did he exert upon his fellow-man and what influence did his fellow-man exert upon him? We were much impressed also with Carlyle's saying that Burns came into this world as a prodigy, soon shunned and neglected, and that it was only owing to his premature death that mankind again took an interest in his great work. Alas! how often is this the case! A man's life is not appreciated until it is too late for him to reap the benefit of the appreciation.

Right here Carlyle makes a strong contrast—he speaks of an educated man standing "in the midst of a boundless magazine and arsenal, filled with all the

weapons and engines which man's skill from the earliest time has been able to devise," and of an uneducated man outside the pale of this great store-house of learning who feels that this fortress must be stormed or forever be shut against him. Burns is the latter of these and Carlyle proceeds to show to what extent Burns did scale the fortress.

Carlyle is not given to admiration, but listen to this: "Shrouded in such baleful vapors"—poverty, early death, illiterate, in the sense of uneducated—"the genius of Burns was never seen in clear, azure splendor, enlightening the world: but some beams from it did, by fits, pierce through; and it tinted those clouds with a rainbow and orient colors, into a glory and stern grandeur which men silently gazed on with wonder and tears." The quotation above shows that Carlyle appreciated the difficulties encountered by Burns on his rough road to fame.

Pity is an article not often possessed by Carlyle, but here he certainly gave vent to his feelings for the unfortunate Burns. The peasant Burns's writings seem, so says the peasant of Annandale, merely a "fraction of what was in him, brief, broken glimpses of a genius that could never show itself complete." How true this is!

Carlyle's advice to all writers is to be *true*, if they would be *believed*, and we see Carlyle himself carrying out this doctrine in his own writings.

We see Carlyle's epithet facility illustrated by "Rose-colored novels," "Iron-mailed Epics" and "Copper-colored Chiefs in Wampum." Carlyle's doctrine that the poet doesn't have far to seek for a subject, that the "elements of his art are in him," is eminently true of the born poet.

His spirit of pathos is admirably illustrated when he says "a thousand battle-fields remain unsung;" but the "Wounded Hare" has not perished without its memorial; a balm of mercy yet breathes on us from its dumb

agonies, because a *poet was born there.*

A phrase peculiarly Carlylean is a "certain, rugged, sterling worth pervades whatever Burns has written." Indeed the same words may be used to describe Carlyle's own writings. The seer of Kirkcaldy in speaking of the peasant Burns's force says, "we discern the brawny movements of a gigantic though untutored strength." Here we see Carlyle's remarkable use of descriptive words.

We were impressed with our essayist's thought in "A Poet without love were a physical and metaphysical impossibility."

His extensive vocabulary may be illustrated to a degree by "The secrets of the infernal Pit are laid bare; a boundless, baleful 'darkness visible,' and streaks of hell-fire quivering in its black, haggard bosom."

Carlyle's lyric outbursts are numerous in many of his writings and a good many examples may be found in this essay on Burns. In speaking of patriotism, he says that there may be founded a patriotism on something better than mere prejudice, that we may love and prize justly other lands, and yet love better than all others our own *motherland.*

The Scotsman's character treatment is almost without an equal, excepting of course, Shakespeare, and he displays it to much advantage in this essay—he seems to get to the *bottom* of Burn's character and to rightly understand the *man.* We see the effects of good parentage on Burns, probably, he inherited from his father his strong mind, Carlyle says that he was indeed fortunate in his parents.

We were struck with the point Carlyle makes when he says that the "Edinburgh Learned" seemed to treat Burns as a "highly curious object," not with true appreciation and sympathy, not as a man who needed encouragement, but merely as a thing to be looked at with wonder. This is too true, when a man asks for bread—in the patronage—how often is he given a stone—in the

form of mere admiration. Carlyle shows the kindly way in which Burns cared for his mother after it became so that he could spare a little from his small income, Carlyle says that this was was *worthy* of him but not *more than worthy.* Again we may illustrate the author's admiration for Burns, or rather for the worthiness of his writings when he says, "His spirit was jarred in its melody. * * * * and yet what harmony was in him, what music even in his discords!"

In speaking of the battle of the unfortunate Burns he says that there were three gates opened for him, "clear poetical activity, madness, or death." As the last of these was the gate most easily passed through, he departed this life.

Carlyle seems to think that the world ever shows but small favor to its great teachers, and most probably he is right; certainly there have been many cases of *truly* great men utterly neglected by mankind, filling pauper's graves with but few friends to mourn their loss. Again he says, "Nature fashioned no creature without implanting in it the strength needful for its action and duration," and it is not in the "power of external circumstances utterly to ruin the mind of a man." So we see that probably it was not so much for the lack of sympathy and help that Burns did not do his work to the best of his utmost ability, but from the "want of unity in his aims!"

In the comparison of Milton and Soce with Burns he shows that the former had true religious principles of morals, which were almost wholly lacking in the latter.

In this essay, Carlyle has shown the pathetic side of his nature, probably as much so as in any of his essays; it also abounds in lyrical outbursts and words and phrases characteristic of the man.

HENRY J. BRABHAM, JR., '99.

THE STUDY OF HOMER.

It has often been said that anyone gets out of a study no more nor no less than he puts into it. This is a very true saying, and when we hear one accusing an author of being dry and dull, and saying that he can see nothing beneficial in a certain classic, we may rightly conjecture that there is something radically wrong somewhere; that the fault is not in the author, but in the student. It is not the want of clearness and truth on the part of the author, but lack of interest in the student. In proportion to the amount of interest we take in our study, the zeal with which we pursue it, and the time and talent we give to it; so much of useful information, mental broadening and training we may gain for our pains.

This same principle may be applied to the study of Homer, as well as to any other author, and it is our purpose in this paper to tell as briefly as possible some of the advantages we may derive from a thorough and systematic study of this author.

In the first place, we will consider its value as a source of information.

The Homeric poems are almost our only source of information in regard to the history of the ancient Greeks, besides furnishing us a very clear insight into the forms of government, manners and customs of the Homeric times.

We learn that the monarchy was the prevailing form of government, and that the King in order to rule must necessarily have some distinguishing characteristics. He must be a hero in battle, and a man of comely form, as well as wise and sagacious. Odysseus, for example, was distinguished for his sagacity and cunning, and was also brave in battle.

The Homeric Kings were not supreme in their power. There were the nobles, who were his chief counsellors, and also public opinion, which was quite strong, to govern his actions. They had no regular code of

written laws, but a very simple unwritten law and constitution.

The King was recognized as ruling by the commission of Zeus, aud was at the head of the army in all military expeditions. As the people's judge, he settled their disputes, and as their priest divinely sent, he represented them in all public sacrifices.

Their idea of divinity was very naturally in accordance with their idea of humanity. Their gods were the product of man's mind, and therefore could be on no higher plane than that of their authors. The only point that differentiated them from mortals was their partial omnipotence.

Monarchy also prevailed among the gods. Zeus was the father of all the other gods, and was the mightiest of them all. Athena and Appollo stood next to him. They were susceptible to all the passions of mortals. They loved, they hated, they revenged, and were capable of remorse and pain. Homer represents the gods as feeding on immortality, and if some happy mortal won their favor he was also permitted to drink their ambrosial nectar.

In the Iliad, especially, we find a great deal concerning the Greek's conception of divinity. Here we have pictured the stormy councils of the gods, where the angry gods and goddesses plead with Zeus in behalf of either the Greeks or the Trojans, fighting before Troy.

Besides giving us an idea of the Greek's conception of divinity, Homer also illustrates the Greek's conception of manhood. The heroes of his two great epics are the representative types of manhood. Achilles they admired because of his indomitable courage and strength in battle, yet there was coupled with this bravery his revengeful spirit. He sulks in his tent while so many of his own countrymen are perishing, and enjoys his revenge on Agamemnon until the latter makes amends for his former injustice to the hero.

Odysseus, "the much enduring," is also a type of

Greek manhood. He is admired for his craft and cunning; the ease with which he extricates himself from the most perilous positions is truly wonderful. This to the Greek mind was one of the surest marks of manhood. Both Achilles and Odysseus were under the protection of their patron goddesses. Athena with unceasing care guarded the welfare of Odysseus, while Thetis looked after the interests of her son, Achilles.

We now turn to the home life as represented by Homer. It is from this author that we get most of our knowledge, if not all, of the home life of the ancient Greeks. It seems to be simply a story of feasting and exercise in games. At the feasts the guests were served by slaves who passed the edibles and poured out the wine. The chief articles of diet were roast beef and pork, of which they devoured enormous quantities.

The household bard also played a great part in the house. He seems to have been held in great esteem, for when Odysseus left for Troy, he commended Penelope, his wife, to the care and protection o f his faithful bard.

The ancient Greeks seemed to have placed woman on a much higher plane than did the later Greeks and the Romans. The wife of Alcinous, King of the Phæacians, is beloved and reverenced by her whole household; and the beautiful picture Homer gives of Nausicaa is indeed very charming. But in contrast to these together with faithful Penelope, is the bloody Clytæmnestra and the doubtful character of Helen.

Society is divided into three classes in Homer; the nobles, and the common people who have a right in the assembly, together with the slave class. This latter class deserves special mention, for we are apt to confuse them with our idea of a slave now. They were in fact far different in Homeric times, for often they were of noble birth having been captured in war. As a representative of this class Homer gives us Eumæus, the swine herd.

We have discussed to a limited extent the study of

Homer as a source of information. This could be pursued much farther with profit, but we come now to the study of Homer as a means of mental training, a mental gymnasium as it were.

Everyone admits that any Greek is difficult. But this very fact is a point in favor of the study of Greek.

When it requires much labor to accomplish some result, this result is appreciated the more; and as we said in the beginning, we derive benefit from a study in propotion to the time and thought we give to it.

What benefit do we obtain from laboring hours on some complicated problem in mathematics? It is not merely to obtain the result at last, not that the knowledge of this particular problem will be of any great use to us in life; but that our minds may be exercised to reason clearly and to calculate precisely.

To the study of Homer or any other Greek author, we may apply this same thought. By close application we may acquire a facility in reading Homer, and can get at the inner meaning of the poet and the thoughts he wishes to convey. We may not only learn to read it with ease, but even with pleasure.

It is said that a certain stock merchant of New York carries a copy of Homer with him all the time, and actually rests himself in reading it.

From Vergil on down to the present time great poets and writers have enjoyed Homer's poems, and many of them have kept a volume of Homer on their table, finding in his works an abundant source of inspiration.

L. E. Wiggins, 1900.

———:o:———

A SNAP-SHOT OF A BASHFUL AMATEUR.

Having some time left on my hand this summer outside of my regular duties as a drug clerk, I determined to get a camera outfit, thinking I could get more pleasure and profit out of photography than anything else I could think of. There were any number of pretty

scenes around town which were well worth taking, besides there was a certain charming person upon whom I was much struck at that particular time, and whom I was especially desirous of keeping green in my memory during the coming long college year. For this purpose, it was necessary to have a "shadow presentment" of the fair one, and as I was much too modest to ask her for one, a camera would come in especially handy.

The first thing to do was to pick out one of the multitudinous makes best suited to my purposes. Only a glass-plate one would do, for I had read too much of the profanity developing powers of a film kodak to take any risk whatever with one of those "machines." I finally decided on a cheap 2½x2½ camera, which I ordered. Chemicals for developing, etc., I easily procured in one of the drug stores regular orders.

The camera came, and, tho' taking a rather small picture, seemed terribly large. I thought I was going to get one I could slip into my coat pocket, and when I wanted to take a picture, twitch it out and take it before the curious and appalling eyes of the multitude would be centered upon me. But, alas! I could only carry the thing in my hand, and advertise myself and my design to all beforehand, and this was galling to my nature.

But I determined to make the best of it, and read the book of instructions carefully, learning how to load and unload, to take snap-shots or time exposures, to keep the foreground in focus, where to put the shadows, and the various other things necessary, to be known to the beginner. Having all these things at my finger-tips, I determined on immediate action; except that I had to wait until night to load the plate holders, for my dark-room was very imperfect, and let in streaks of light in the day time, which would have instantly ruined my plates, they being standard 60's, extremely fast.

So one night, I loaded up my camera carefully, and put it aside in a safe place in the dark room for my next

day's work. That night I had the most enjoyable vission of the pictures I was going to get of *her*, but once, a discordant note in the delicious harmomy was struck when I saw in my mind's eye, a staid old rat prancing around in front of the camera, with his tail on the button "snapping" himself in all kinds of positions, while admiring throngs looked on. Nevertheless, I found the camera all right in the morning.

I began to prepare myself for immediate work, and I needed preparation, for I was already beginning to feel nervous. I grew more nervous still, when I found that the drug store's current supply of concentrated gall was all out, but I thought I could pull through if I could find the town cow. * * * I started out with my camera in my hand, feeling as big as a bushel basket, and I feeling very small indeed.

I knew that Miss L——— (that was the *her*) had a certain walk which she took two or three mornings out of the week. (I knew this for she always came those special mornings by the drug-store. Knowing this, I had already selected the very spot at which I meant to snap her; a very pretty background, of a house surrounded by trees, nothing obtrusive in front where Miss L—— would be to detract from her personality. I had decided on this spot some time before, and this being one of her special mornings, I proceeded directly thither.

As I came in sight of the place, sure enough I saw far up the road a perfect "vision," as St. Clair would say. She was dressed in some light colored fluffy thing, and I immediately said that we would meet directly on the spot selected by myself for the snap-shot. Now, that should have given me great joy, but it didn't. I grew weak in the knees and my brain whirled, my heart almost stopped, and I dearly wished my camera in the bottom of the sea. I attempted to slip it gracefully behind my back, but she had seen it, and the corners of her mouth had descended slightly, her nose rose a little more toward the heavens, her brow contracted, and a look of scorn and pity shot from her brown eyes. I

wilted, but, in desperation, summing all the courage in my power, I brought my camera slowly around to the front, smiled, and—raised my hat.

Whew! how I felt after she had swept by. I hated myself, and yet I wanted a picture so badly. I was on the point of turning and taking a snap-shot of her back, but no! I determined to have a view, and a front view of her at that, and soon afterwards I got it—but "that is another story." I may tell you about that later.

Moral—Oh, yes, this short narrative of personal experience has a moral, and it applies to you, ye of the fair sex. When you meet a "Kodaker" on the street, remember he is probably suffering much greater mental agony than you are, and give him your sweetest smile—at the right time. If I receive your smile, be doubly sure it will be appreciated.

ORAF.

WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL

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JONAS P. GRAY, EDITOR.

"Magnolia Leaves," by Mary Weston Fordham has reached us. The author was kind enough to send a copy to Dr. Carlisle. At his request the book was taken and examined. The author is a negro woman living in Charleston, S. C. Her language is almost perfect. Of course we allow for "poetic license." There is no likeness of herself reproduced in the book, and the style and arrangements and the thoughts conveyed and the general get up are of such a high type, that were it not for the introduction by Brooker T. Washington, there would scarcely be anything to give any special indication of her color or social condition. "June," "The Coming Woman," "The Washerwoman," "Shipwreck," "Creation," etc., are very good indeed, and all the poems are certainly worthy of the most intelligent and impartial criticism.

ORATORICAL CONTESTS. In the last issue of THE JOURNAL there was a short editorial on "Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contests," briefly stating why there should be such things. Since that writing, the founding of these contests, the reviving of inter-collegiate spirit in a direction other than athletic is no longer a mere speculation, but is now a reality. We are glad of this, and we pledge ourselves to do all we can in support of a thing with so great expectations of such laudable ends. We believe and confidently hope that the representatives from the different colleges will frame a constitution under which this organization may be of lasting and ever increasing good.

A SEEMINGLY UNREASONABLE CHARGE OF PLAGARISM Senator McLaurin, junior Senator from this State, has won a very enviable reputation in the Senate on many views. He could not have achieved this distinction had he not delivered several speeches, very brilliant and able in every respect. But now that brilliant sun that has shown with such effect upon his every effort and that has shed such a radiant lustre round his personality, seems to be about to wax and wane to rise no more. It is all a matter of politics. He is charged with delivering the productions of a professional speech writer. Now, a word in Senator McLaurin's defence. The students here from and around Mr. McLaurin's home county pronounce him a most accomplished speaker, one highly capable of delivering extemporaneously speeches, laden with the profoundest logic, and the deepest thought, and, at the same time, deliver them in such simple, pure, strong English, that the more cultured hear him with pleasure, and in such strong, pure, simple English that the most ignorant hear him with understanding. It seems that the reason for this disclosure was that Mr. McLaurin and his coacher, speech writer, had a falling out. His of-

fended helper decided that to get even with him, he would disclose these facts, knowing that if proven, Mr. McLaurin's reputation would be tarnished, and his influence broken and lost. But now, shall we countenance any charges made with any such spirit, when there is every reason to believe them to be utterly false and without foundation? We say they must be without foundation, and we naturally suppose so. Why? We well know that Mr. McLaurin made some very able speeches in his campaign. Now, did this speech-writer tell him what to say? We consider this as highly improbable. Well, if Mr. McLaurin made such good speeches during the heat, broil, and turmoil of a campaign, having to find something to say each day that come, what could he do in the quiet and repose and dignity of the Senate, where he has all the time he wants in which to prepare and deliver a speech? These are facts, the consideration of which must needs expel any belief whatever in any such charges.

SYNCHONOGRAPHY. This is a new method of rapidly transmitting intelligence by alternating currents. Land telegraphy is comparatively rapid. Ocean telegraphy, where the shortest cables are of enormous length, have such great hindrances in their operations that this method was the best solution of the problem of their future workings and financial welfare. The more general and popular name is the "sine wave system." Students of Trigonometry and Physics will readily appreciate to a more or less extent the significance of this term. On a line, 1,100 miles long, words were sent and received at the rate of over 3,000 words per minute. This is important and wonderful almost beyond conception. For instance, a single editor, or set of editors in London, say, could print a 16 page paper with about 80,000 or 90,000 words, allowing about 5,000 words to the page, considering this size to be the

average size of standard dailies. Now, these men could place copies of their paper into almost every household in London, and then literally transmit their whole paper, at 3,000 words to the minute, 90,000 to the hour, to New York. Say the message leaves London at 6 o'clock, it would reach New York, according to the latter's standard, by 1 o'clock, giving them 5 hours in which to prepare the paper before their six o'clock came. Then the people of New York read practically the same newspaper with practically the same news as was circulated in London only 5 hours before. In the meanwhile the "waves" are transmitted to Chicago, New Orleans, San-Francisco, Honolulu, Manilla, Hong Kong, Pekin, Calcutta, Constantinople, St. Petersburg, Rome, Athens, Berlin and Paris, each place reading them in due time, and receiving them as new. In the meanwhile the papers are beginning to reappear in London, and to begin another day's rounds. Is it possible that our science is so far advanced as to allow one man or set of men to locate in this or any other great news centre and have scattered over the earth half a hundred establishments that would dissemanate things that were, and would continue to be, new till the earth had begun a completely new revolution.

Let us await the new and strange things that these waves are sure to leave on our shores, and then let us exert all our energies in trying to make these new and strange circumstances yield a hundred fold to the highest good of not only ourselves, but, especially, of all our fellow-men.

SUPREME COURT DECISION. Not long since the Supreme Court handed down a decision declaring Railroad Tariff Associations illegal and unconstitutional. Was it done simply to lessen the power and influence of trusts as trusts, combines as combines, pools as pools? We hardly think this the reason. It was not made

against the combine, simply because it was a combine. Trusts are a good thing in their proper relation to other things, and sometimes might prove a blessing, as the Standard Oil Company, to a greater or less extent. But we must notice Mr. Chauncey M. Depew's comments on this question. The mere possession of wealth does not make one a more intelligent citizen than one's fellow-man who happens to be less fortunate, financially. They do not openly declare this fact, but actions speak louder than words, and the very ones who clamor so loudly for the Supreme Court to declare co-operative associations of millionaires to be constitutional, clamor still more loudly for the Supreme Court to declare co-operative associations of their impoverished and weak and less fortunate fellow-men, financially, to be absolutely unconstitutional.

They say they are law-abiding and should be protected from competition. They say they help the Inter-State Commerce Commission to carry out the laws. Just accept this as information. When they declare unto us that since they cannot form associations to make all roads charge at the same rate, that unbridled competition will set in and cause more disastrous failures than are recorded in all previous financial history, then we reply to them that retail mercantile interests have no coercive associations. We reply that less money is lost in mercantile investments without associations, than in investments in stocks and bonds of railroads with these associations. The proportion of loss is less in the former than in the latter. Therefore, we hold that their argument on this phase of the question is invalid. Hot competition is not consistent with true business principles, tariff or no tariff. They say that they won't know what to charge, and that it will end disastrously. We continue, and reply that a solid business demands a certain per cent. profits, which are also allowable, and we tell that stores are, as a rule, run on a safe business basis, and that by experience one merchant will buy and sell his goods for practically what they cost the other man

to do the same, but at the same time the former has never heard what the latter's prices are. Business experience forces merchants to work systematically and reasonably, and they work to practically the same end, but unconsciously. Dire failure must surely be the lot of those men who wish to accomplish by coercive co-operation what reason demands should be accomplished by natural and instinctive business principles.

PEACE NEGOTIATIONS. The question at present is: "Shall we have more war at present or in the near future with Spain or any other power?" We are well enough acquainted with the details of the proceedings of this commission to discard them in this article. We fought, it is true, for our liberty, and we won it. But France helped us. We now stand as the embodiment of the doctrines of freedom in the highest sense, and, believing ours to be a righteous cause, could we conscientiously keep silent whenever such an opportunity presents itself for freeing and befriending oppressed humanity? No. If we had we would have surrendered our rights to such a title, and would have done such a dastardly deed that future generations would rise in their might and call us accursed. And rightly would they have done so, for that liberty is an utter abomination and curse to that man or nation who is so selfish and regardless of others' welfare that he is not willing to fight that others might enjoy the same blessings of freedom that he or it enjoys. We are convinced that we are working for a cause as holy as the cause of liberty—the cause of humanity, and let Spain appeal till the end of time to the powers of earth to uphold her in her contentions, but we, inspired and urged on by the sanction of the King of Kings, the Lord of Lords, the Ruler of Rulers, from whom all blessings and power flow, shall exert more strength than is in Gibraltar in planti ng the flag of Christianity and religious government in every place where floats at

present the embodiment and representative of rottenness and corruption and generic degeneracy and political and religious decay and despotism.

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AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

C. W. WATSON, EDITOR.

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"John Boyle O'Reilly," in the *College of Charleston Magazine*, deserves mention for the subject. No doubt our men, American men of talent are not given the consideration due them. And what shall we say of our own Henry Timrod and Sidney Lanier? Certainly they are due some attention. Can't something be done to lead the dry, thirsty minds to the fountains that originated so near us. Since writing the above, we have noticed with gratitude a likeness of Mr. Lanier and some facts connected with him, in the October number of the *Chatauqua*. They were given in connection with the graduation of the Lanier class. This *College of Charleston Magazine* is a very creditable one, and we are glad to see that some of the students are attempting translations of German.

We enjoyed very much reading the *Wake Forest Student*. The piece entitled "Harvest Home," awakened in us a joy and striking sensation, in speaking of the good old times that the people used to celebrate, and the bards and the poems the wielders of thought and feeling in verse, used to write, and the descriptions of harvest-times. And we are glad to know, as the writer mentions, that we still celebrate the Autumn Festival on Thanksgiving. The piece on "Charles Dickens" is noteworthy for its description. Surely he should be read more. "My First Client" does well as a story, but it seems to us that the suspense might be a little greater. The article on "The Future Law Practice" contains some use-

ful information Doubtless there can be nothing amiss in viewing the fields in which men are to do their life work. "The Marks of the Educated Man" shows skill in the handling of the subject.

"The Relation of Church and State," in the *Carolinian* is a splendid article for consideration, and though the relation between them is a very hard one to describe, however the writer has gotten his logic somewhat confused. "Dreamland" is a dream pretty well told, except near the end where there is such a contrast in the language of the one telling the dream while in his dangerous position, and that of his companion. Among some of the pieces of worth we mention, the "True Naturalism in Fiction." *The Carolinian* presents a very neat appearance and contains some very readable matter though some of the pieces seem to lack life, and, too, it seems quite out of taste to begin a new department right at the bottom of the page.

The North Carolina University Magazine presents an attractive form, and we are glad to see that they appreciated the good services of their colored servant, and used the likeness of the deceased as a frontispiece. He must have been a faithful servant.

The October number of the *Converse Concept* is a creditable issue. "Every Man's Task is His Life Work," is the title of a piece that contains some splendid advice, and goood thoughts clearly expressed. The discovery of woman as one of the discoveries of the nineteenth century—her position in life—that she has a work to do—as mentioned by the writer of the article, should be an appeal for her to bestir her faculties, to find out and to use them for the work for which she has been endowed. "Hero Worship as the Basis of Life," is interesting for the facts of history and the truth it contains, but it seems to us that it lacks unity, to give it a smooth flow. In "No Royal Road,"

the writer gives a few hints as to what is required to obtain an education. There is a great deal of truth in the statement, not in so many words but in substance, that it takes hard work to make a good student; but are there not some pleasure to be derived from delving and digging out such treasures?

The Furman Echo, on the whole, presents a very neat appearance.

"Curiosity" is a short piece, but suggests some very good thoughts. There is curiosity (?) and there is curiosity. Some things are knowable only by continual questioning, and some things are not intended to be known.

An "Experience" deserves to be mentioned.

The piece that talks of "Way" contains some good description, and also deserves praise for the imaginative element that is portrayed in some of its lines.

Some good advice is given in the piece "Employ Your Opportunity." Doubtless many of us do not realize as we should the importance of the phrases "Tempus Fugit" and "Carpe Diem."

In as great and grand government as ours. we have many things of which we should rightly be proud; and we can surely exclaim:—What an inheritance is ours! if we can only move with the general attendant evils banished from our freeland. "Elements of Grandeur" contains or suggests such thoughts as those mentioned above.

The Davidson College Magazine contains some good reading matter. It seems to have a force behind it. We congratulate them on having some good writers of verse.

Most of the magazines were late in making their appearance, consequently they have not been examined as they might have been. We hope, however, that they will be on our desk at an earlier date hereafter.

Among others, we beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following: The Williams Student, The College Quarterly, South Western University,

Magazine, The College Index, The Metaphysical Magazine, McMicken Review, The Tiltonian, Henrix College Mirror, The University of Virginia, Magazine Clemson College Chronicle, The Peabody Record, The Baylor Literary, Carolina Teachers' Journal, Southwestern Presbyterian, University Journal, and Trinity Archive.

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CLIPPINGS.

The scholar is that man who must take up into himself all the ability of the time, all the contributions of the past, all the hopes of the future.—Emerson.

MY COUNTRY.

My noble country, how I felt for thee,
When thou wert standing on the verge of war!
Thy surer triumph swift no happy star,
Foretold, and all was dark upon the sea;

But step by step thy armored hosts and free
Swept o'er the land and main and from afar
The voice of the trumpet rose! Ah naught can mar
Thy glorious son's transcendent victory.

* * * *

And yet, my country, still I feel for thee!
May be thy cause was just—thy God's behest
Cut now thy glorious day of victory!
And wilt thou bear thyself as seemest best?
Nor boastful with a braggarts' pride, beset,
With good the cause we tried "lest we forget."

—Ex.

Such as are thy habitual thoughts, such also will be the character of thy mind—for the soul is dyed by the thoughts.—Marcus Aurelius.

Character grows in the stream of the world's life. That chiefly is where men are to learn love.—Henry Drummond.

A noble impulse changed into a motive will silence the clamorous wranglings of selfishness.—Wm. C. Garrett.

Alumni Department.

W. RIVES CRUM, EDITOR.

PINEVILLE, N. C., Oct. 24, 1898.

ALUMNI EDITOR:—The October JOURNAL just to hand. I notice that the noble twenty-two of '98 are divided up this year as follows: Teachers, 14; Business, 3; Studying Medicine, 2; Law, 2; Dentistry, 1. I am not a prophet, but I want to make the prediction that in four years the division will be: Teachers. 8; Business, 4; Medicine, 2; Law, 4; Dentistry, 1; Preachers, 3.

Success to THE JOURNAL.

PREACHER-TO-BE.

ALUMNI NOTES.

D. D. Wallace, A. B., '94 and A. M., '95, of the Carlisle Fitting School, at Bamberg, will spend this year at Vanderbilt University. His place will be filled by G. Marshall Moore, of '96, who was last year at Lowndesville. Mr. Moore has been pursuing his studies at the University of Chicago during the summer, and is a good man for the place.

Geo. W. Fooshe, '95, is principal of the Lancaster Graded School.

Rev. W. A. Rogers, '72, a member of the Board of Trustees, is the beloved pastor of Buncombe Street Church, Greenville. As a preacher Mr. Rogers is practical, plain and forceful. Wisdom fidelity, modesty, are marked qualities in his character. In short, he is the highest type of a Christian gentleman and a faithful pastor.

Rev. C. H. Clyde, '90, is now pastor of the Reidville Circuit, and is doing faithful work.

Geo. Cofield, '57, is a large stockholder of this county and is also President of the National Bank.

Rev. W. L. Wait, '71, after practicing law some years, was admitted to the Conference. In which sphere he has done good and noble work, and is now at Bowman, Orangeburg County.

Adam H. Moss, '92, after graduating, practiced law at Orangeburg, and had made for himself quite a "rep" among the lawyers of that city. But at the call of President McKinley for volunteers in the recent war with Spain, he left his profession to uphold the honor and good name of his country, and is now Captain of a company of the Second Regiment of S. C. Volunteers.

G. E. Prince, '76, one of the leading members of the Anderson bar, goes to the legislature this year by a large vote.

Hon. Samuel Dibble, '56, the first graduate Wofford turned out, and one of the leading stockholders and wide-awake citizens of Orangeburg County, is always alive to the best interest of his city and State. He served his county and district for a number of years in the halls of Congress, and is a son of whom his Alma Mater is justly proud.

J. Porter Hollis, '95, holds a professorship in the Rock Hill Graded School.

T. F. Barton, '58, is farming near Rowesville, Orangeburg. He is a true type of Wofford's men.

O. D. Wannamaker, '96, the former principal of the St. Matthews Graded School, will continue his studies at Vanderbilt University.

I. W. Bowman, '97, after serving several terms in the State legislature has settled down to his chosen profession—law. He now enjoys a lucrative practice and by tact and skill, has forged to the front in his profession

and achieved that snccess which true merit always win.

W. A. Brown, '74, has been for many years State Senator of Marion county and is chairman of the Educational Committee of that body. He is also a successful farmer.

A. B. Calvert, '80, is the popular and efficient mayor of this city. He is a man of excellent executive ability and metes out justice with a firm hand.

Dr. H. Bear, '58, is a member of the Board of Trustees, and proprietor of one of the largest and most reliable drug establishments in the South. He is a true and staunch supporter of his Alma Mater.

W. Boyd Evans, '97, is Governor Ellerbe's private secretary, and is also taking a course in law at the S. C. College.

W. J. Montgomery, '75, is one of the most popular men of Marion, serving in the halls of the legislature from '82 to 83, and in '95 was elected a member of the constitutional convention. He is also president of the Merchants' and Farmers' Bank and attorney for the W. C. & A. railroad.

Alumni! This department of THE JOURNAL is for you, and we earnestly ask all who are interested in their Alma Mater, to send us any information they may have concerning Wofford's men. In order to make it a success, we must have the support and co-operation of each alumnus and student. It is the duty of every alumnus to do his utmost to secure the perpetuation of this department, and we expect in the future a much greater interest manifested among them. We will gladly receive all communications.

Local Department.

G. EMORY EDWARDS, EDITOR.

GYMNASIUM ASSOCIATION MEETING.

The first meeting of the Gymnasium Association was held October 13th, Mr. E. P. Miller, the new president, presiding. The roll was called and the minutes of the last meeting read. A committee consisting of Messrs. E. C. Major and H. T. Shockley was appointed to solicit new members. Thirty-five joined at once. It was decided to limit the number of members of the Association to sixty-five, and the number of men on the team to twenty, and no one but members of the Association can take part in any public exhibition. A committee was appointed to purchase a mirror to be placed in the bath-room. It was determined to give an exhibition the second Friday night in December, and also decided that admission to same should be as heretofore, by card, and it will be so arranged that no one will get two cards. So, boys if you have a girl you want to take out that night you had better put in her name, before some one gets ahead of you. The Association is in a flourishing condition, and the coming exhibition promises to be the best in its history. A number of skilled "gymnasts" are practicing daily, and a real treat is in store for those who are lucky enough to receive invitations. The president announced that the different committees would be appointed later. There being no further business before the Association it was adjourned.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

As Mr. E. D. Atkins, the president of the association, did not return to college, Mr. J. P. Gray, the vice-president, was elected to fill the vacancy. Mr. C. W. Watson was elected as vice-president to fill Mr. Gray's place.

The first regular Sunday afternoon prayer-meeting for the year was led by Mr. Garris. He made a strong appeal to both old and new men to stand for Christ from the very beginning of the year.

The meeting on the following Sunday was presided over by the president. At this meeting short talks were made by Messrs. Garris, Boyd, and Lander, presenting the claims respectively of the Devotional Bible class, the Personal Work class, and the Mission Study class. Each of these classes have been reorganized and are looking forward to a year of good honest work along this very important line of Christian effort.

The third religious meeting of the year was a missionary service conducted by Mr. E. M. Lander. The duty of giving to missions was urged, and the claims of the Brockman Mission Fund were presented. At the close of the meeting those present were given the opportunity of saying how much they were willing to give each Sunday during the year for this worthy cause.

Mr. B. H. Boyd, of the Junior class, conducted the service on the following Sunday. His subjet was "Prayer." Rev. M. L. Carlisle, the pastor of Central Methodist Church, was present at the meeting and made a few fitting remarks at the close of the service.

The last meeting for the month of October was led by Mr. Latimer. He spoke very forcefully on "Christian Work," showed the necessity and urged the importance of working for Christ.

MAY EXHIBITION OF 1857.

The Local Editor is indebted to Dr. Carlisle for a programme and an account of the May exhibition of the Senior Class of 1857, forty-one years ago. This was the second class that graduated from Wofford, and we hope the following will prove of interest to the friends and alumni of the college.

MAY EXHIBITION.

ORDER OF EXERCISE.

PROGRAM.

MUSIC.

First Oration, R. E. Bowie, Abbeville.

"POETRY."

MUSIC.

Second Oration. J. N. Carlisle, Union.

"AMBITION."

MUSIC.

Third Oration, Geo. Cofield, Union.

"Marius Sitting Among the Ruins of Carthage."

MUSIC.

Fourth Oration, S. M. Dawkins, Union.

"CLASSIC LEARNING."

MUSIC.

Fifth Oration, W. M. Martin, Richland.

"WHAT NEXT?"

MUSIC.

Sixth Oration, Chas. Petty, Spartanburg.

"MUSIC."

———:o:———

MAY EXHIBITION.

(Copied from Spartanburg Express)

The exhibition of the Senior class of Wofford College,

in accordunce with previous notice, came off on Friday last, with much credit both to the institution and to the young men. Notwithstanding the rain and mud a goodly number of ladies and gentleman were present, giving encouragement to the speakers and interest to the occasion.

The first speaker, Mr. R. E. Bowie, of our town, delivered a chaste and elegantly written essay on "Poetry," showing considerable familiarity with, and a just appreciation of his subject. We speak of it as an essay, because we think it offered very few opportunities for the display of the declamatory powers. We therefore rather commend the simple and unaffected manner in which it was delivered as not at all out of taste.

The second speaker, Mr. J. N. Carlisle, of Union District, delivered a speech of considerable merit on "Ambition," showing by argument and example, how much its possession is to be dreaded in the amount of ruin and misery it adds to the lot of mankind, and how much a noble and well directed ambition may do to elevate and ennoble the condition of our race. His declamation was earnest and natural; in this particular we think he excelled any of his class.

Mr. Geo. Cofield, of Union District, followed in a speech upon "Marius Sitting Among the Ruins of Carthage." Mr. Cofield having just recovered from an illness which had confined him to his room for several days, spoke in so low a tone that from our position, we could hear very little that he said. We have no doubt, however, that his effort was a creditable one, sustaining the reputation for mind which his rank in the class has given him.

Mr. S. M. Dawkins, of the same district ,made a sensible defence of "Classic Learning," and discovered by his zeal and earnestness a proper appreciation and esti-

mate of this branch of learning. Mr. Dawkins will, with a little more practice, make a pleasant and agreeable speaker.

Mr. W. M. Martin, of Richland, taking up the "What Next?" cry of the aged pilgrim who, at each successive inauguration from Washington to Buchanan, has uttered the same ominous cry, gave a very humorous and scathing satire on the follies and humbugs of the day. His speech was well delivered and most flatteringly received by the audience.

In the choice of a subject, we think Mr. Martin was peculiarly fortunate, as it gave an opportunity for the display of his most striking powers. The speech was a "decided hit," and gave marked satisfaction to all who heard it.

Mr. Chas. Petty, of our district, in discoursing upon "Music," struck a key-note which gave him the fixed attention of his hearers, and caused them to appreciate more fully his handsome eulogy of the "heavenly maid." We congratulate Mr. Petty on the rapid improvement which he has made in the manner and style of his delivery; he bids fair to make a forcible and impressive speaker.

———:o:———

THE COMING ENTERTAINMENT.

The Y. M. C. A. at Wofford has never before attempted anything like a star lecture course, but this year it has been decided to furnish the public a good, clean entertainment in the form of one of Alexander Black's delightful picture plays. Arrangements have been completed by Mr. E. M. Lander to have Mr. Black to give his famous play, "A Capital Courtship," in Wofford Gymnasium, November 26th. The play introduces actual scenes at Newport and Washington with life size pictures of President Cleveland, President McKinley and other State officials, in connection

with the play. "As in 'Miss Jerry' the first picture play, there are over two hundred and fifty pictures melting one into the other so smoothly and rapidly as to produce an illusion never before equalled in effectiveness and beauty. The characters in 'A Capital Courtship' have been assumed by a group of artistic people, and no pictorial detail is lacking to make a charming ensemble." Tickets are being sold rapidly at fifty cents each, and as the number is limited, those who wish to see this famous picture play had better purchase their tickets at once. Tickets on sale at DuPre's Book Store.

———:o:———

SOCIETY AND CLASS ELECTIONS.

At a meeting of the Preston Society, Friday night, October 28th, the following officers were elected: L. L. Hardin, Pres.; J. T. Ouzts, Vice-Pres.; C. W. Watson, 1st Critic; E. H. Hall, 2nd Critic; St. C. W. Muckenfuss, Sec'y.; W. H. Fields, Treas.; W. G. Hollis, Cor. Sec'y. G. C. Bates, 1st Censor; M. S. Asbell, 2nd Censor.

The Calhoun Society elected the following marshals for the year '98–'99: Junior Marshal, W. C. Martin; Sophomore Marshal, K. W. Littlejohn; Freshman Marshal, A. Morrrison. H. V. Stribling was appointed to; represent the Calhoun Society on the library committee.

The chief marshal appointed the following Reception Committee for the first half of the year: H. T. Shockley, Chairman, from the Calhoun; H. C. Sullivan, P. W. Owens and E. Estes, Jr.; from the Preston, C. B. Burnett, Marvin Auld and F. F. Watkins.

In the Preston Society A. A. Driggers was elected monthly orator for November.

The Calhoun Society elected C. E. Peele orator for December.

P. C. Garris, of the Calhoun, and G. E. Edwards, of the Preston, were elected delegates to represent their respective societies at a convention probably to be held

in Columbia, composed of representatives from the literary societies of the other colleges of the State, with a view of forming a State Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association.

At a meeting of the Freshman Class November 4th, following officers were elected: F. F. Watkins, President; N. L. Prince, Vice-President; A. Morrison, Secretary; M. W. Gary, Treasurer; H. P. Burbage, Historian.

At a meeting of the literary societies November 4th, it was decided to give a public entertainment the first Friday night in December, consisting of a joint debate between the two societies and two orations. The Calhouns elected W. C. Martin and W. C. Latimer debaters. L. E. Wiggins was elected orator.

The Prestons elected Messrs. E. H. Hall and C. D. Lee as debaters, and Mr. W. H. Fields orator.

——:o:——

CAMPUS DOTS.

Basket ball!

Field day.

Black and old gold.

Are you going to the Fair?

Have you seen "Long Tom" and "Boline?"

St. Clair's vision has become a reality.

Ask "Possy" if he likes *grease.*

Junior M—"I am a good singer, but am hoarse? to-night."

Hurrah for
Brabham and Schmidt,
Muckenfuss and Driggers,
Jennings and Breeden,
Adams and Burbage,
Bennett and Duncan,
Googe and Singleton,

Miller and Swit—[illegible].
How is this for a team?

Rev. Geo. C. Leonard, '95, was in the city recently.

Mr. H. L. Bomar. '94 and Prof. Gus M. Chreitzburg visited the Calhoun Society, Friday night, October 28.

Ask Soph. E. what time he goes to supper on cloudy evenings.

Can you guess what Senior went to sleep and missed chapel?

Mr. C. R. Brabham, Wofford's base ball catcher, has returned to college.

Join the Gymnasium Association, if you expect to take your best girl out the night of the exhibition.

Mr. A. P. Barnes, of the Freshman class has returned home on account of bad health.

A certain Sophomore says he is very fond of "Dig-gernometry."

Fresh. D., (while the fire bell is ringing.) "That must be a big fire, the bell is ringing a mighty long time. *Ignus in urbs.*"

Fresh. C., (in the Preston Society)—"Curfew must not ring to-night."

Prof. A. G. Rembert represented Wofford at a convention of the Southern Professors held in Athens, Ga. October 1-3.

Mr. Vernon Few, who finished the Sophomore year with the class of '00, was on the campus a few days in October shaking hands with his many friends.

Ask "Will Reid" if he has been bunching them again.

Fresh S. says that he needs a private secretary.

Junior M. to Fresh. T. "You've not been doing any work." Fresh T. "Tain't cause I ain't had it to do nohow."

The Sophs. who use coffin tacks (cigarettes,) are now rolling them twice—rolling the tobacco from the ends and again rolling them from their brother Fresh.

Can you guess what long Soph., when he goes to the dinner table, does not have to move his chair back—he simply steps over it?

Messrs. J. P. Gray, C. B. Burnett, J. C. Edwards, W. B. Alexander and W. A. Mason took in the Fair at Woodruff. The boys report a nice time.

Rev. H. J. Cauthen, of the Class of '92, now stationed at Blacksburg, spent several days in the city the last of October visiting at his old home.

Rev. T. G. Herbert, Jr., '90, was on the campus Friday October 28th, and conducted chapel service.

Prof. of Latin: "What law of the subjunctive is used for prohibition?" Soph. G. "The dispensary law."

Captain of Gymnasium team (in practice). Now let us try diving for a short while." Fresh. B. "What! you don't mean to say that they have a wash-hole down here."

Junior L. "I had much rather read a letter from *my* girl than get up this O. E." Junior M. "Yes, I guess she is a very good writer of fiction."

Fresh. (getting off the train with a guitar in his hand.) "Ain't I a musical fellow?"
Senior. "Yes, you will soon be playing Home Sweet Home."

Mr. R. H. McAdams, of Due West, spent several days on the campus the last of October, taking pictures of the different classes.

Miss Marcia Marvin, daughter of Bishop Marvin, spent a few days on the campus the middle of October visiting the family of Prof. Rembert. She is travelling in the interest of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Southern Methodist Church.

Professor of Astronomy to Senior W—d. "Why can't a ship by sailing due east get back to the starting point?" Senior W—d. "Because of the earth's rotation."

Fresh L. to Senior J. "Can't you get us up a yell for for our class?" Senior J. Yes, "Ma-ah!"

First Fresh. "My girl has the best constitution I ever saw."
Second Fresh. "What you know about it?"
Second Fresh. "Man, I never did see her mad."
Senior W—d. to Senior M.—(rock blowers). "What taste do you get for this mineral?"
Senior M. "Pea-green."
Senior W—d. "O you don't do you?"

Prof. C. B. Smith attended the Oxford League which met in Columbia October 17-18. From Columbia he went to Manning and brought back with him a young man for the Fitting School.

Mr. T. M. Raysor, of the class of '97, passed through the city the first of the month. He was en route to Asheville to resume his duties as principal of the Orange Street High School,

The city plumber has arranged the water pipe which furnishes water to the cottages in the rear of the college—so that water is furnished to each of the four lower cottages. This is quite a convenience.

Mr. W. E. Camak, who was called home several weeks ago on account of the illness of his mother has returned to college, but saddened by the death of that one so dear to him. Mr. Camak has the sympathy of the entire college community in his sad bereavement.

Rev. W. A. Rogers, pastor of the Buncombe Street church, Greenville, S. C., conducted chapel exercises October 21st. Mr. Rogers is a trustee and a warm friend of the college.

Dr. Carlisle paid his annual visit to the different cottages about the middle of October. It has been customary for several years for the Doctor to meet at the beginning of each session the boys of the different cottages in his recitation room, but this year he met them in their own homes and spent a very pleasant half hour with each "family."

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WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL

Established 1888. DECEMBER 1898. Vol. X. No. 3.

Literary Department.

HENRY J. BRABHAM, JR., EDITOR.

I ONLY WONDER.

I wonder how far off from truth it is
To say that everything created stirs
The heart of God with some especial love,
And tenderness of feeling? I have seen
A great, broad-shouldered architect at work,
His brow deep-furrowed by the thoughts of grace
And beauty, strength and majesty that strive
And struggle in his brain, endeavoring
To come forth and, incarnate, dwell in stone
And show their glory to the eyes of men.
His fair-haired boy comes racing up from sport
To ask some question or to tell some tale.
The artistic brow relaxes and his hand
Puts by the drawing for a moment, while
His fingers slip among the golden locks,
And all his soul comes sparkling from his eyes
In smiles of deep delight. And so I dream
That, when the waters glimmer in the sheen
As some gay breeze comes stealing through the woods,
And tosses up and down the little leaves
That almost laugh with pleasure at his pranks,
—I dream that God has laid aside his plans
For worlds and stars, as all around his throne
He sees his children, trees and beasts and birds
And man, and runs his fingers through their hair.

—O. D. WANNAMAKER.

Vanderbilt, 1898.

THE RISE OF AMBITION.

One beautiful autumn day only a few weeks ago, I chanced to be wandering through the woods a short distance from my father's house. It was early in the morning, the sun had risen, the long slanting rays touched the variegated foilage, still damp from the melting frost, the regular drip—drip of the dew on the leaves beneath sounded not unlike the old hall clock which for generations past has announced the births, marriages and deaths of so many whose names are clustered around our family tree, also reminding me, that althongh another day had dawned, it would soon be a day that had passed forever.

I paused for a moment beneath the wide spreading branches of an old hickory.

In one part a fox squirrel chased its mate playfully among the leaves and branches. On the end of a large limb near an overhanging grape vine sat a coon on his haunches eagerly devouring the ripe fruit hanging in clusters about him. A tree frog sang a mournful ditty near the foot of the tree. A covey of quails roused from their morning nap by my approach whirred past in rapid confusion. The ferns yet unnipped by the early frost, swayed by a gentle breeze shook the dew from their graceful limbs. All nature thought I, though dying seems alive.

I hurried along. My path lay through a valley thickly wooded on either side by tall, graceful poplars and stately oaks. An abrupt turn brought me face to face with a small hillock so overgrown with vines and shrubbery, that I had not noticed it before. The side facing the path was worn perfectly smooth, only a few small gullies worn here and there by water dripping from the trees marred its surface.

There was sometihing singularly attractive about the place. I wandered to the opposite side, the vines and leaves were matted thickly around. A dead tree had

fallen across; its limbs shattered by the fall stuck here and there through the mat of vines, only added density to their wilderness of sluggish creepers.

My eyes fell on a well beaten path, leading from under the foilage to a small opening near the roots of a large tree. On investigation it seemed to be the entrance of a vaulted passage leading into the centre of the hill. The morning was unusually fine, the air bracing, and, feeling just ripe for an adventure, in I went.

For some time I groped about in the darkness stumbling over clods and stones. At length I came to what seemed to be a stairway leading downward. I placed my foot upon the first step, it tottered and the whole flight seemed to groan as if unequal to my weight. Down, down into this seemingly bottomless pit they led. At length I came to a sudden stop. I felt that I was on level ground again. At first I could not see where I was, but soon found I was in a low roofed cavern with damp, sticky walls, pierced here and there, pegs driven in. A pile of fox fire at the extreme end lit up the place dimly, but enabled me to see the contents of the room.

The floor seemed to be covered with bones. What I had thought to be pegs in the wall were arms and ribs, my foot struck something solid and a skull rolled out in front of me and there it lay, its hollow eyes glaring at me, its teeth of unequal length looked not unlike tomb stones as they rise above some haunted church-yard.

The stillness was painful. I felt the cold dampness piercing me through. I was not afraid, but powerless to move. Presently a slight rustling in one corner of the room attracted my attention. Then I beheld something in the form of a man coming seemingly from the side of the rock. As it drew near me I could hear a slight crunching sound like the wearing of dry bones in their sockets. A long white robe was thrown over the shoulders and held together by a fleshless hand. The scanty hair hung in grisled streaks about the forehead, the large blue veins stood boldly out against the

temples sickly yellow spots were here and there in the livid flesh about the throat and neck. The knuckles cracked open and seemed to move their rusty joints heavily, the fingers were without nails and the ends about to drop off. Large blue rings encircled the eyes which glared like balls of fire. The flesh on the exposed parts was as white as leprosy, the breath came thick and fast and the whole body shook as with palsy.

This Spirit or Devil at first did not at first seem to be aware of my presence. At length he turned his burning eyes upon me and seemed to look through my very soul.

He raised his long skinny arm and shook his bony finger in my face. I felt my hat gradually rise from my head, my knees shook, my eyes felt as if they would fly from their places, my lower jaw hung loosely, and I was unable to speak or move.

A sharp rap on the cheek restored my presence of mind, and the Fiend began to speak. His voice was hard and cracked and seemed to drag through his dry throat. "I know you," he said, "I know you better than you know yourself."

"Many, many years ago you crossed the ocean and sought a home in the new world. It was for religious freedom you said. Your friends joined you, you were faithful and multipled for a hundred hears, you lived in comparative peace, you grew to be a great people in the sight of God and man. But soon a powerful sin overspread your land, wretches rose up among you and for a time it seemed as if you would go to ruin; tranquility was restored and things progressed beautifully. Soon your Creator threw you on your own responsibility. A new goddess was born, she was christened Columbia and became vour guardian angel. She grew and watched with tender care the people she loved so well, and as she budded into womanhood she beheld her charge, the grandest nation on earth."

"They sinned again, it was more grievous this time.

Daily the tender mother watched with anxiety her wayward children. They went deeper and deeper into sin, and finally she pined away. With unrelenting heart and dry eyes they threw the heavy clods upon her delicate form, tore the veil from the mock mourners and ambitious America swayed the sceptre of fair Columbia.

Your beautiful temple is crumbling into dust. One at the time her stately columns totter and fall. The demagogue eats like the canker worm into the very vitals of your race. Sectionalism has instilled itself into her breast and rots the core of every heart."

"The flower of Eden has wilted and died."

"Go back to your people and write there across the heavens in letters of fire, "Ambition is the author of all woe," in order that the nation which succeeds you will know the story of your ruin and profit by your example."

C. P. Still.

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THE LIVING SIGNERS OF THE ORDINANCE OF SECESSION.

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Since the time of Calhoun, the South had been a staunch and obstinate believer in "The State Rights Doctrine." She conscientiously believed—and a grand and noble man taught her that belief—that any State could secede from the Union at any time she saw fit. The North, under the leadership of Webster and others just as obstinately declared that, as they were bound together by a written constitution, no State could withdraw. As the question of slavery became more hotly discussed this doctrine was brought into greater prominence, and threatened to break beyond repair, the bonds of unity in the young commonwealth. In 1860, the discussion reached its climax. Mr. Lincoln, the anti-slavery candidate, was elected. The South, considering it time to leave a government which she thought had

fallen into the hands of her avowed enemies, proceeded to set up a government of her own and to battle for her rights.

South Carolina, like the conscientious and quick blooded patriot that she was and still remains, promptly led off. The last act of her legislature, before she withdrew was to call a convention and make provision for the purchase of arms. Soon after, the convention met in Charleston and on Dec. 20, 1860, after protracted and hotly discussed debate, passed an ordinance which repealed the ratification of the United States constitution and declared the dissolution of all ties "subsisting between South Carolina and other States under the name of the United States of America." This cut the last cable which bound South Carolina to the Union.

On the right side of the president's chair, in the Calhoun Society, hangs a copy of this orndinance with the signature of the signers.

But it is the signers with whom we are concerned. They met and defiantly broke the law of a nation. Now, only five are living to tell their sons and grandsons of their valor. Soon they too will be with their comrades and at rest. We only give their names and present home and occupation as far as we know.

The first of these and probably the second best known is Chief Justice Henry McIver. Since then he has won a reputation for himself and gained the confidence of his fellow citizens. He now holds one of the highest offices within the gift of his native State.

Hon. W. Porcher Miles, another living signer, was once a prominent factor in State politics. He was mayor of his native city, Charleston, and a member of congress from this State. He is now living in Louisiana.

About Hon. R. C. Logan I have been able to find nothing except that he is living in Oconee county of this State.

The fourth, Rev. W. H. Campbell, is an able and eminent Episcopal minister of Charleston.

The fifth and last is one who interests a Wofford stu-

dent above all others. A young math professor, at the call of his State, quietly laid down his text books and joined his fellow citizens to fight for a cause he thought to be just. He signed the ordinance of secession and helped to lay the foundation for a new and short lived country known as the Confederate States of America. After this, he returned home, applied himself diligently to his work and became president of the college. He is also numbered among the well known literary men of this time, being a councilor of the Chatauquan Literary and Scientific Circle. We all know him as James H. Carlisle, L.L. D., one of the most prominent educators and churchmen of the South.

N. W. HODGES, 1901.

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THE TALE OF WOE RETOLD.

Two sides—as proved long, long ago—
Has every question of much force,
And, ere you're certain, that you know,
You needs must hear both sides, of conrse.

It's true that Freshman's tale of woe
Excites the sympathy of all
But here's another one, also,
That happened in the *Preston* hall.

I'll warrant that this story's true
About the girl that Freshman met,
For she was *stuck* and badly too
As ever any Freshmen get.

She sat alone with Senior B.
Discussing topics of the day (?)
When suddenly she chanced to see
Fresh. M. come slowly back that way.

She met him then as best she could
And tried quite hard to be polite,
But beings carcely in a mood,
She *had* to try with all her might.

M—'s first remark was "something new":—
"A lot of people out tonight,"
And, knowing nothing else to do,
She only bowed and said: "Quite right."

From this he jumped to weather then,
As if she didn't know all that.
Once more attempting to begin
Some kind of silly, childish chat.

He talked of everything he knew
And much, indeed he didn't know.
(There are some others like him, too,
Though they themselves do not think so.)

The girl at length of nonsence tired
And, seeing Soph. H. passing them,
With looks this message quickly wired:
"Please held me out, I'm tired of him."

The Soph. complied with knowing face,
And, thinking H. was helping him,
M. bounced right up and gave his place,
Surrendering the field—poor M.!

What next occurred I need not tell
As that would make the story long,
But this I say—full long and well
They laughed at how that Fresh. was wrong-

Moral: Be careful, Freshman. Don't feel good,
Nor call girls silly every day;
You might feel angry if you knew
How often you are sent away.

—L. M. P.

WILLIE CROSBY.

"Be smart, and learn fast, Willie," said John Crosby to his little son of eight years as he came lightly tripping down the path which led across the field where his father was plowing.

John Crosby was a poor farmer in the Southern part of North Carolina. He had saved money enough by very rigid economy to buy a small one horse farm on which depended for support, his wife, Sally, little Willie, his only son, and himself.

Mr. Crosby, as he was commonly called by the people of the neighborhood, and his wife were both very anx-

ious about Willie. They wanted to educate him, but, owing to their limited means and the pressing hard times, could not see their way clear to do it. Mr. Crosby himself had not had the advantages of an education, and he was one of the many who was led to feel the need of it after he had grown to be a man—and he felt this need sorely. So much so that his anxiety to educate Willie had hardened almost into a determination. Often while following his plow, for he always did his own ploughing, against the protests of Willie, who wanted to stop school and help him, he would imagine Willie a grown up, educated man, exerting a great influence over the community in which he lived. Occasionally he would try to foster a belief that some day this wild conjecture would be true. Then he might be heard in a low undertone murmuring to himself, "But I don't know, times is mighty hard."

If the people of the community had known the sacrifice that Mr. and Mrs. Crosby were willing to make for that boy, they would never once have thought of Willie as a man passing through this world in ignorance. Often in the morning before Willie started off to school he would say to Mr. Crosby, "Father, your'e tired. Let me stay home and plow today." Then the father would answer, "No, Willie, go 'long to yer school. I don't want you to haf to pass through this world like I have had to do."

Willie went to school about five months in every year; three of which were free school, and the other two months were taught very cheaply by the same teacher, who prolonged the school more because he had nothing else to do than for the recompense it afforded. Every afternoon Willie would hurry home from school and help his father on the little farm till night. Then after a long sleep, he would rise early in the morning and work hard on his lessons till time to go to school.

Mr. Crosby often talked to the school teacher, Mr. Nichols, about his little son. A favorite expression of

the teacher was: "Willie is my right hand man. He'll keep his end of the doubletree up by the side of any boy." This, of course, encouraged the father very much and helped him through many hard days of toil.

Things went on this way till Willie was eighteen years old. He had studied hard and the teacher, seeing the earnestness with which he applied himself to his books, kindly agreed to let him pursue higher studies than the free school laws required. In fact, it was rather vaguely whispered around in the neighborhood that Willie had gone about as far as the teacher could carry him.

One day Willie came home late from school." Fathers," he said, "I have just had a long talk with Mr. Nichols. He says that he thinks I can get that school next year. He's not goin' to teach it. He has been employed by a tobacco firm in Virginia to keep books."

"Yes," answered his father, "I knew that Mr. Nichols was going to leave us, and a good many people have been talking to me about your teaching the school, but I didn't tell you. I think the trustees have already consented for you to teach it."

"Father, I am glad I got it. For a long time I've been wantin' to do somethin' to help you. Now I can teach the school' which will do me no little good, and hire a hand to plow and let you rest."

"No," said his father, "No, if you can make anything go 'head and finish your ejication. Nev' mind 'bout me'n Sally, we'll try to get 'long."

Willie taught the school, and the next year entered college. This was a great step for him. Though his father was unable to help him any at all after he entered, yet he worked every vacation at one thing or another, and so completed his college course.

In the mean time, the tobacco firm in which Mr. Nicholls was employed, failed, and so he changed from book-keeping to book-selling. Territory was assigned him in the eastern portion of North Carolina. One morn-

ing in his travel, he saw an old man leaning against the yard pales of a neat little cottage. The cottage was situated in a beautiful, well-trimmed grove. The low roof peeping out from beneath the deep green foilage, the level yard laid off in gracefully curved walks, and dotted here and there with green moss and shubbery of almost every kind, presented to view one of the most beautiful little homes in that section of the country.

Mr. Nicholls approached the old man, who was bent with age and toil. The slow turning of the head and movements of his limbs, gave evidence of rapidly failing strength; still there was a look of satisfaction lingering about his countenance that was indescribable. On introducing himself, Mr. Nicholls learned that the old man's name was Crosby. He suspected nothing, however, for in his travel from house to house, he had found a great many names as familiar as that one. So after exchanging a few words, the agent proceeded to show his book.

"No, no; you nee'n' bother. My son Willie al'a's 'tends to such's that," the old man said.

The name "Willie Crosby" flashed vividly upon the school-teacher's mind. However, he didn't betray his feelings by any look of surprise, but calmly enquired about Willie. He learned that Willie, after quitting college, had obtained employment in this eastern county as teacher. He was well situated in the midst of a cultured people.

By this time the agent was sure that he was talking to the Mr. Crosby he had known many years before, though the old man had changed a great deal. So the agent assuming a look of surprsse, said: "Willie Crosby! I know Willie. Is willie Crosby your son?"

The old man straightened up; a glow of satisfaction almost exultant flashed over his face, and his eyes fairly beamed with joy. "Willie? yes, yes; Willie's my son."

The agent's mind immediately reviewed his past history, and that look on the old man's face spoke plainer

than words could have done, "He is my son and I am proud of it. Many nights have I gone to bed with aching limbs to keep that boy in school; many things necessary for my comfort have I denied myself of in his behalf. Yet 'tis with joy I remember it, and feel recompensed ten fold for it.

C. E. PEELE. 1901.

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THE ESSENTIAL UNITY OF AMERICA AND ENGLAND.

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Among the great problems in the minds of our thinking people for solution, there are none more potent than the idea of an essential unity between two of the greatest nations upon the globe. This unity, which is drawing the English and American people into one grand unity, was not, as some writers contend, brought about by the late war with Spain, but has been working in the hearts of the English speaking peoples ever since the times of Presidents Adams and Johnson. Both of these illustrious men testify to this strong relation, existing between the United States and Great Britain, which has found open expression during the late war.

Looking down the corridors of the future we see a glorious dawn for the unity of these great nations; but, nevertheless, this dawn is fraught with great dangers that may lead to a state of things far worse than no unity at all. Therefore, the rulers of our respective governments should approach this *crisis* with thought and meditation.

We apprehend that before anything like an essential unity can be arrived at, three vital things must be accomplished. First, all grievances existing between the two countries should be settled: secondly, the Arbitration Treaty should be signed, and lastly, war between the two countries must be a moral impossibility.

It has been said that when the dexterious Capuchins wish to preach upon the life and miracles of a saint they awake the devotional feelings of their auditors by exhibiting some relic of him, a thread of his garment, a lock of his hair, or a drop of his blood. Just so do we wish to take advantage of the interest that has been aroused by the disturbance with Spain, to give a few of the more important reasons why this unity should exist.

In our mind the essential reasons are first, race aptitudes and secondly, close commercial relations.

Of the former of these we wish first to speak. It cannot be refuted that the Americans are closely related by the ties of a common kindred with the English people The English race as a whole is descended from the Celtic and Teutonic tribes. This element forms just as constituent a part of the American as it does of any Englishman. "The Englishman of Hampshire differs less in character, in temper, in habits, in beliefs, and in ideals from the American than he does from the Scotchman of Fife."

If we examine into the names of our presidents, we find with a single exception that they all bear full fledged English names. It is true that sometimes irratations are produced in both America and England by what the government or newspapers say. Things that any other nation except the two just named would think nothing of. This irratation, so to speak, is due to nothing but the under current of kinship.

One nation may act coldly towards the other, but this coldness will melt into sympathy and love when one sees that the other is threatened by some danger. To emphasize further the identity of thought and feeling we cite to the similarity of the effect produced upon these two nations by the massacre of the Eastern Christians, an effect which was hardly felt by other nations at all. The Englishman never looks upon the American as a foreigner, but views his pros-

perity and achievements with pride and pleasure, for he believes that the greatest thing England ever did was to plant those colonies, which have grown to be one among the greatest nations of the earth. All these attachments summed up are nothing but kinship.

Secondly, we take up the close commercial relations existing between the United States and England. It seems that the American nation has tried in time back to keep out of European politics, but this isolation from the affairs of the world is no longer possible. She must and she will assume her rightful position among the powers of the earth. The relations between the two nations are such that an injury to either reacts disastrously upon the other. "Each has the strongest interest in the welfare of the other; and we have repeatedly seen how powerfully the commercial prosperity or depression of one tells upon the other."

Why this condition could not have been before is due to several causes. The traditional education that England was our worst enemy, and if possible, she was ready to crush us under her heel; and the misrepresentation of the attitude of England during the Civil War are the more important ones. These false notions have been corrected by a better knowledge of the mother country through travel and contact with its people. Another reason was the dissimilarity of their institutions.

Why this coalition can now be is obvious. The government of England has changed greatly, and has become as much or more democratic than the United States.

The mother country, in spite of the excited writings of some of her statesmen has as much territory as she can well manage.

The whole world, so to speak, has been divided among five great nations; England : Russia, France, Germany and America.

Most of these countries entertain jealousies against

Great Britain, which can easily ripen into unfriendly relations. To be on the safe side England looks upon the nations to see with which to link her future destiny, and she instinctively turns to a nation related to her by blood, by a commonness of interest, by natural situation, to no other than America, "The land of the free and the home of the brave."

J. S. B., Jr.

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POE'S SOLILOQUY.

The worries and flurries,
The moments of care,
Heart-burnings, soul-yearnings,
Disappointments, despair—
Come striving, contriving
To steal from my heart
It's last ling'ring longings
For beauty and art.
But by that love I bear to thee,
Divinest gift of poetry;
I will not be a slave of Chance—
A victim meek of Circumstance,
And though throughout those struggling days
I sip no sweet of pleasant praise,
I weep uot that my days are short
Nor fear my labors come to naught;
For if I sing but *one* sweet strain,
I shall not then have lived in vain.

—Psi.

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THE RESULT OF A KIND ACT.

In the autumn of 1867, when so much stealing and murdering was going on in the South, a tall, handsome young man, who was playing an important part in this work, in one of his nightly strolls came to a little cottage situated on the top of the hill on the left hand side of Good Land Swamp Creek on the Columbia road.

As he approached the house he saw a dim light in one of the rooms, dim because the curtains were down. Naturally, this was the first place to which he went. He proceeded to the window to see if there was anything inside that he would like to have.

Just as he reached the window he heard some one inside talking in a low tone. He could not understand all that was said, but this is the substance of what he heard: "Mary, don't rattle that money any more than you can help. You do not know who is outside listening at you. Also, you know the purpose of many, to get all they can, caring nothing for the manner by which they obtain it. If we can keep it we shall have enough to last us as long as we live." Mary glanced up at her mother and said, "Why mother I had never thought of any one taking what little we have. Shame on anyone that would steal from a mother and daughter, especially when they have to depend upon themselves for a living, as we have to do. But I know that some people have no sympathy for others and care not how they treat them, just so they themselves are profited by the loss of others. So I'll put it away."

By this time the young man was almost crazy. If I can only obtain that money I shall not need anything more for some time, thought he to himself. He looked around to see if there was any way by which he could see inside. His heart leaped with joy when he saw a small hole in one of the panes of glass. Taking a piece of wire out of his pocket, which, with many other things he always carried, he pulled back the curtain just in time to see her let down a little trap door in the middle of the floor and spread a carpet over it. But that was sufficient for the present time. When she arose she turned her face toward the window. The young man almost fell in love at first sight. She was a very beautiful girl of about eighteen summers, had a fair complexion, black eyes, and black hair. She was dressed as well as any country girl of that time. There was a large weapon in her belt. But what would a man who

had such little feeling in his heart care for such as this? How often he had faced dangers much worse than this! All he cared anything about was to get that money and he had determined to get it. He walked back down to the little stream, after deciding to wait until very late to carry out his purpose. While there he thought over the many ways by which he might obtain his treasure. Finally he decided upon the one which he thought best.

About two o'clock he went back to the house, and after raising the sash he very cautiously entered the room. Of course the first thing was to find out where the mother and daughter were. He found them both asleep in one adjoining room. Having poured something out of a phial on his handkerchief he put it to the nose of the girl and then to the mother, to make sure that they would not awake, anyway, until he had obtained the money. To the daughter first, because he thought of the many pleasures of which he was about to deprive this maiden, and perhaps he would force her to do hard work to make enough for her and her mother to live upon. But ah! what can bring a robber to shame! When he thought they were sufficiently under the influence of the drug he went back into the other room. He threw aside the carpet, but found the door locked down. But what of that? Taking out his keys the lock soon yielded to his skilled hands. Very carefully he raised the door and laid it back. He reached his hands down in the pit to get the money, but they were destined to stay there until they were taken out by someone. He remained in this position until morning.

About daylight the young maiden walked to the door to see if everything was all right, especially the money. You can imagine her fright when she saw this man in the very act of raising the money out; and when she thought that if she had been a few minutes later, the money would have been gone. But then she remembered the steel-trap. She took her pistol out of her belt

and went up to him. Then she asked him why he had tried to steal her money and tried her best to shame him. Then she went out of the room to prepare for his punishment.

While she was gone the young man was in very great distress. He realized that he was caught and that the girl was not going to leave any chance for his escape. Then he thought what a fool he was for trying to rob a girl, and that God sure enough would take care of his children. He promised himself that if he ever got out of this trouble he would never get in any more.

In about an hour the young maiden returned. She unloosed him from the trap and ordered him to march before her. Out of that room, down a passage, through a small room into another she marched him. All this time she had her pistol in her hand.

"Here, take this seat," she said to him. She gave him as good a breakfast as he had ever eaten. When he had finished she marched him to the door and said, "Now, listen to me. Go your way, I do not wish to punish you with imprisonment or anything of that kind. Quit your meanness and become an honorable man. And above all, ever fear your Almighty God." He obeyed.

W. H. PHILLIPS, 1900.

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AT THE RACES.

On a cold, rainy day in the latter part of November, my father, a stout, ruddy faced man, with myself, a boy twelve years old, clad in a shabby suit of clothes, were making our way through the great crowd and drizzling rain, to the grand-stand in front of the great Belmont Race Track. My father used to own a small stock farm and always took great pride in his horses, but when my mother died all his appreciation and ambition seemed to have been buried with her. After her death he sold the little farm, bought several thorough-

bred race horses, began to frequent the race courses, to bet large sums of money on the races, and worst of all to drink. Thus he had lived for two years, during which time he had squandered everything except one horse, Prince Imperial, on drink and bets.

I pleaded with father as we entered the race course not to bet on Prince Imperial that day, and he angrily replied that he had no money to bet, but he intended to bet Prince Imperial against a five hundred dollar wager that Prince Imperial would win. Then he left me to look for the man that had offered him the five hundred dollar bet. I had a hard struggle to keep back the tears when I knew that Prince Imperial, acknowledged to be the fastest horse on the track, and the noble beast that had been the means of support to father and myself for the last year was at stake. However, I had great confidence in Prince's speed.

On entering the grand stand to see the race I took a seat just behind two young men. They were both well dressed and from all appearances were men of means and distinction. While sitting there I overheard the following conversation, "Tom, Russ White has got a great scheme on foot today, from which he is going to make the largest haul of the season." "What is it Jack?" said the other man. "It is this: Russ is going to bet five hundred dollars against Prince Imperial with the owner, and the horse is the wager on the other side. Now he has bribed the jockey to drug the horse, so when he comes on the track he will be winded. You see, he will get the best horse on the course for nothing, and will also haul in a ten thousand dollar bet he has out on Dotsy Dot." Just then a small man came down through the crowd calling out, "I want to go two to one Prince Imperial! Who will take me up?" He was immediatey taken up by one of the men just in front of me. After the bet was made I followed the small man out of the grand stand and told him what I had overheard from the man he had just bet with. "If that is so you will have a new

suit before night," he said, and then hurried off to Prince's stable. I hunted everywhere for father, but could not find him, and feeling very uneasy about the race I went back to my seat in the grand stand.

When the bell rang to call the race I began to feel dizzy, and my heart seemed as though it would break. Almost before I knew it the horses were off. Prince's colors were black and old gold. He was in his usual place just after the start, third from the front, which he held for the first half. From there he seemed to be dropping back. I thought of the drug. My eyes grew so misty and my head so dizzy that I could not distinguish one horse from another. Then all grew dark. I was aroused by shouts of, "Prince Imperial wins! Prince Imperial wins!" and found myself in my father's arms. He, with tears in his eyes, kissed me again and again, and said, "It was you my boy, that saved my life and also my horse; had Prince lost, I had determined to act the coward and leave you alone in the world. But, for your sake, from now on I will be a man and the father you deserve to have."

M. '02.

THOROUGHNESS.

Not many years ago there lived an eccentric old preacher in one of our neighboring states who was very fond of repeating a home-made proverb of his. "There's more 'n the manner than there is 'n the matter." Of course we see at once what he meant; that what we do does not affect as much as how we do that thing. By way of example, take some simple exercise in gymnastics, it does not matter a great deal what kind of movement you perform, but whether you will be benefited or not, depends entirely on the way you go through the exercise.

Now, if we widen the meaning of this proverb a little, we may with safety say that the old preacher wished to teach, above all, the idea of thoroughness in everything we do. May we not with propriety as students set down this old maxim beside our daily life in college and see if the conditions surrounding us tend to the formation of habits of thoroughness which will stick to us throughout our future life. Of all the various walks of life, the one which, above all others, should tend toward the building up of characters of thoroughness is the life of a student. However, is it presumption for an undergraduate to raise the question whether or not the life of the average college student *does* tend toward the formation of habits of thoroughness?

If we take a class, say of forty men, we will find in it some who are very well prepared, others fairly well prepared, and still others hardly able to keep up at all. It is not fair for the majority of the class to be kept back on account of a few; but yet is it not equally as unfair to assign lessons to correspond with the mental calibre of the few bright ones, and thereby be completely out of range of the other majority. But it may be said that the teacher must strike as nearly as possible at the capacity of those of about the middle strata. But even then, it may be a struggle for some of the lower grade

to sustain themselves creditably. And too, this thing of adapting a lesson to the capacities of a pupil's mind is no easy thing to do, and, before he is aware, the ambitious and enthusiastic teacher is attempting to urge his class on beyond what the majority are capable of. Then it must be borne in mind that while one teacher is thus urging on his class to the high water mark, another teacher may be also pressing the same class on at the same time. And so it sometimes happens that the average student finds himself, as it were, unexpectedly surrounded on all sides with a little more here, a little extra there, and a little heavier over yonder. And what is the usual result? Some few, by their strength of body and brightness of intellect, attain to graduation with high honors and a full sense of what thorough work means. Others, equally as ambitious as the first, perhaps, strive hard by all legitimate means to reach a high degree of scholarship: But, in doing so, they let their desire for intellectual preferment put in the back ground the absolute needs of their physical natures, and we find them wrecks before or soon after they have completed the college course.

But there are others who may be grouped in one class. These are those who have clipped the wings of their aspirations and are quite content with a mere pass. Nor yet do they stop with this, but resort to all kinds of mind-eaters, as translations, keys, etc. The writer once knew a man who boasted of the fact that when he was at school he made a better mark under his Latin teacher while using a translation than when he did not, and that it was next to impossible for him to have gotten up a lesson without the use of such help.

If such is the condition of the average college, what is the remedy? One means of rectifying this trouble occurs to the writer, although he believes it to be altogether impracticable. If each student were able to have a competent, private tutor, under whose care he might make a close study of the pupil on his physical, mental,

and spiritual sides and then mark out such a course for him as could be thoroughly mastered by him without any detriment to the physical or spiritual sides of his nature —— I say, if such an arrangement as this could be made for every student, I believe the country would turn out more real scholars. The writer must confess that he does not see at present any practicable, permanent, and sufficient remedy for this lack of thoroughness on the part of the average student: nor yet would he make the impression that he is seeking for any "royal road to learning." He may be mistaken or too pessimistic in his views, but what he has said he believes sincerely. All that he wishes is that this be considered a plea for more intensive and not so much extensive work, and that the student may have sometime he can call his own, in which he can develop more especially his spiritual and physical natures without feeling that he is stealing it from his books.

"AUDAX."

———:o:———

JACK ON HIS WHEEL.

One hundred and fifty miles on a wheel, and for what? All for the love of a ——— good time. And did Jack have it? Well, I should say yea "petro." Add the simple "e," and you will have what Jack was continually saying—yea "Pet Roe," with the accent on the "Pet" and you may bet your sweet life.

It had been raining almost steadily for a week, but now the sun was shining out so clear and hot, that a veritable steam seemed to be rising from the earth.

The roads were muddy and very rough and hilly, and the thoughts of the intended trip under such circumstances, made Jack "tired," and almost persuaded him to give it up. But just at the moment of despair, the thought of the bag of gold, (felt more like a bag of cotton) in the little village so far away, inspired him to greater undertakings, so he has-tily oiled up his wheel,

and put on his new bicycle suit.

The morning had entirely gone by, while he was in his dreamy mood, and now he was obliged to set out in the very heat of the day, in order to reach the midway town before dark.

Now this midway town was also a verv pleasant place to visit, for there was sweet little Virginia, and dear cousin Atrebla, and pretty Miss Bettie, all of whom Jack admired greatly; and then too, Jack entertained a faint hope that he would have the pleasure of seeing pretty Miss —— whom he perhaps dreamed was visiting there. So with much to discourage and but little to encourage him, Jack set out on his "tour."

Jack's valise was sent by express to the more distant town—Jack's final destination, and in it all the Sunday clothes poor Jack possessed. In his haste, Jack forgot that he would in all probability have to spend a few days in this midway town, and did not do much as keep out one extra collar. In fact, clothes seemed not to have entered Jack's thought to any very great extent, for when he reached his final destination, he found, much to his displeasure, and discomforture, that he had entirely forgotten to put his hat in the valise.

The first evening's ride was an exceedingly hot and tiresome one, attended with several mishaps to both himself and to his wheel.

There were no pavements along the road side, and the railroad, although running for about fifteen miles in the same direction, and very near the wagon road, would afford no place for Jack's wheel, (having been recently "filled in") so there was nothing for him, but the muddy road.

Riding country roads was something new for Jack, and of course soon had his throat quite dry, and his forehead quite wet with "honest sweat."

The first large hill was now but a few hundred yards ahead, and poor Jack could see that it had been badly cut up by wagons and the recent rains. His thoughts were all centered at the top of the hill, but poor Jack

was at the bottom. His thoughts soon came down, however, and he was no longer the high minded student of the theories of ascent and descent as acted upon by gravity, but now became the actual experimenter of curves and circles together with propellors and lost energies—mostly the latter—and at times, when his wheel would strike a rock or one of those deep ruts, he experimented with falling bodies, drew parabolas on the ground with his nose and looked at stars with his eyes shut and his face down, and my, "how the juice did boil" from his forehead! Up the hill he went, panting and blowing, and almost overcome with fatigue.

The beauliful little poem "Excelsior" was now in the thoughts of Jack and with its deep meaning of excellent perseverance and determination almost firing his very soul he too was ready to utter that cry, as he neared the top of the hill. "Excelsior," he made one honest effort to ejaculate. The "Ex" came out very nicely, but woe to the "celsior!" It was so mutilated, that it roared like the morning drum beat in the distant desert drear, "cuse me," as poor Jack gathered up the fragments of himself and observed two ladies in a little wagon coming down the hill.

But, you will ask, why did Jack ask the ladies to excuse him, they had nothing to do with his rolling in the mud. Well, the answer is simply this, Jack was a "town sport" and these ladies were "*conubes agricolarum agentes bovem*" and he knew that if he did not apologize to them, they would think tnat he intended to charge for the performance, having never seen a bicycle suit; or else they would think him a thief, and cry for help.

All the Excelsior Spirit was fast ebbing away from poor Jack now, and when he glanced down at his wheel and found that all the air was out of the rear wheel, he simply collapsed. Now we who know Jack don't believe this—we think he did something else, but Jack says not. He says that this was one time he felt like he

couldn't do justice to the occasion, and "simply whistled."

The wheel was pushed to the top of the hill, and there, seated upon a rock Jack set up a bicycle repair shop. There was a vast amount of capital in the shop, but poor Jack was sadly in need of experience. Experience is a dear school, and Jack seems never to have attended that university, or he would never have attempted to repair his wheel under such circumstances at this place.

After gathering a handful of straw and leaves, he wiped off the mud as best he could, and then took off the wheel. The tire was taken off, and the inner tube taken out, but where in the world was the puncture? How was Jack to find it? It must certainly be a very small one, or he could find it without putting the tube in water, and besides, there was no water just at hand except the little that was in the holes in the road, and that was not deep enough; and, even if it were, the thought of plunging the nice, new tube into muddy water was not altogether pleasant to Jack.

So he sat for a long time musing, and wishing a thousand times that he had never left home, "O, if a wagon would only come by," he said "I would gladly pay the driver to take me and the wheel either way."

While Jack sat thus musing to himself, an old negro man came up, from a neighboring field.

"Morning young white folks, looks kinder like you done had a brake down," he said, taking off his hat, and rubbing his hard rough palm over his bald head. "Yes, uncle I am having a pretty hard time of it, I can't find the puncture in my tire." The old negro hung his head and looked steadily on the ground for a second. "How far ye cum dis eben?" he suddenly asked. "About twenty-three miles uncle."

"Ben ridin' fas?" "At a very fair pace." "Lord, and ye ain't mean to tell me dat ting ken pace?" "O, no uncle, that is only an expression for riding fast."

"Uh hum, an I spect ye done loss dat pumpin away back up the road." "O, uncle I haven't lost anything. I mean my tire has a hole in it."

"Yas sir, I sees, dat horse done driv a nail in he foot, Ha, ha, ha!" The old negro seemed to enjoy his wit as only an African can. "Yes, that's it" Jack replied, "and I can't find the hole the nail made." "Man, ain't dat ting gungenrubber?" Yes uncle it is India rubber, "Well, den, dat done splain it, dat hole done clis up honey."

"Yes, uncle I know the hole has closed up, but when I pump air in, the hole opens, and allows it to escape, and I can't ride." "Yes." The old negro seemed to take it that Jack was right. "Well, I ain't had much sperience wid dese kinder horses, but speck I mite ken help ye a little." "Well, uncle I wish you would, it may be that you can help me find the hole. The best way, is to pump the tire full of air. and then dip it in water, then wherever the hole is, the water will bubble up, but I havn't any water here, except that little in yonder mud hole." "Well, t'aint er goin er du to sap 'dis putty in dat mud." "No, that won't do," Jack said, while busily pumping up the tube. "Well, ain't dat a pity!" the old negro asked, as he stooped down, by the tire, busily scratching his head as if in deep thought. "Is ye got er match?" he suddenly asked. "Yes," Jack replied, "Well, gimmie one." Jack gave him the match, never once suspecting what the old negro was about to do. The old negro struck it, and began to move it slowly along very near the tube. "Dare hit honey!" the old negro suddenly cried. "I know dat match gwying ter find dat hole." "Sure enough, that is it," said Jack, "But why did you think of finding it that way?" "Lord, honey an ain't ye ever know dat gist where de fire is right dare de win show itself?" "yas sir, dat gis what it do, an ef ye had ar bigger nuf fire honey, dat win what comin' outen dat little hole done blow de smoke in your face fore now."

Jack was quite satisfied with the old negro's philoso-

phy, the hole had been found, and that was of more importance to him than anything else just now. "Naw, I's er gwying to see ye fix dat," the old negro was heard to murmer to himself as he took a seat upon a rock near Jack.

Jack soon had out the cement and all of the tools, and was hard at work, the old negro quietly sitting by. Suddenly the old negro began to laugh, then stopping more suddenly even than he began, he said to himself, "Lord, an if he ain't got a whole shop wid em."

Jack by this time had finished sand-papering the rubber, and was ready to cement it on the tube.

"Lord, an if he ain't got em some of dat gungen rubber melted an put in er bottle." No, uncle, this is cement, you see, I put this on here, and in a few minutes this piece of rubber will be stuck to the tube so you can't pull it off. "Hum!" The old negro was in water too deep for him, so he sat alternately rubbing his hard hands together, and breaking little sticks and thumping them across the road. The tire was now fixed, and Jack laid it carefully down to dry.

"What is your name, uncle?" Jack asked. "Tom Richards, Sar." "An what you name, young masser?" "Jack Maxwell." "Lord, an is your pa name Jim Maxwell?" "Yes, Uncle Tom, that's his name." "Honey an ef I ain't done carry your pa on my back many er time; you ax him, and he'll tell you de same ting." "Yes, Uncle Tom, I have heard him speak of you and ——" "Now honey you ain't, is you? What he say bout old Tom? An ef I ain't been here helpin' you all dis time, and ain't know who you is. I bet your pa ain't never rode one of dem horses. Whare you er gwine to no how honey?" "I'm going to B-—— Uncle Tom." "Guying all de way on dat ting—away down dare? You must be is got a gal down dare." "Gis like your pa. He uster be powerful wid de gals. I member when he uster to go see your ma, honey. He uster come right along here, dis same road, when

your ma stay down to the Jordan plantation. An I cum wid him a many time too, dat when I went to see Susan Jane. Honey what you say dat is en dat bottle?" "That is cement Uncle Tom. It is a good thing, Susan Jane don't know what cement is, for if she did, she would get her a bottle, and some of these days when you get to quarreling at her she would stick your mouth so you couldn't talk a bit." "An I couldn't git it open?" "No sir, you couldn't." Uncle Tom sat quietly for a few seconds thinking, while Jack picked up the tire. Then his face suddenly lighted up, as if a bright idea had struck him. "Mas Jack, gimme some of dat seedment. I bet I git dat gal Sara's mouth shot up once—she de fussiness gal I eber seen." Jack explained to Uncle Tom that cement would not do to stop girls mouths, and then set about to put his tire back in order. But much to his surprise he had no twine with which to pull the tube back in the case. There it was again. The wheel to pieces and nothing to put it back together with. Jack was entirely at a loss now. How was he ever to get the wheel so he could ride, or even push it now that the rear wheel was off, and the tire off of that?

"Uncle Tom what am I to do? I can't get this tube in unless I can get some twine. Uncle Tom feel in your pockets, and see if you can't find some cord, Jack said in a most pitiable manner. "Nop, not a bit," Uncle Tom soon said. "Well, then," Jack asked, "Can't you run down to your house, and get me some?" "Honey you see Tom is old now and kinder stiff in de jints, and den too, honey, its nigh two miles to my house, I speck, and ginst I go and cum, it'll be pitch dark." "My wheels are out of joint, O, cursed spite that ever I was born to set them right!" now took the place of excelsior in Jack's mind. (I hope Shakespeare will forgive me.)

Uncle Tom's mind, however, was as clear as it is possible for a thick headed African's to be, and soon he looked up in a most delighted way, as much as to say, "I have solved the problem." "Ain't you got a bit of

string, Mas Jack?" "Not a thing but my shoe strings," Jack answered. "Dat de berry thing Mas Jack, I fix em for you, git out dem shoe strings ginst I git back."

Uncle Tom started in a brisk walk for the little patch of woods that was near by, while Jack busied himself pulling out the shoe string, not waiting to question whether Uncle Tom's plan was a good one or not.

In a few moments Uncle Tom returned, holding in his hands what he roughly called a "Bullis vine." In a few moments he had twisted it until it was as good almost as a string. "Now, Mas Jack, you gis tie dat shoe string on ter de gungenrubber ting, and den tie it ter dis Bullis vine, and gimme hold of de end, and I get em in dare." And sure enough, Uncle Tom was as good as his word, and in a few minutes he was heard to grunt, "Now dare it is."

"Gim my specks to your pa and ma, child, when you get home, an tell em Susan Jane sant love too." When ye cumin back by here, child?" "Next Tuesday, Uncle Tom," Jack said promptly. "Well me and Susan Jane bof gwying too be out here to see you pass by." "Git on dat ting now, Mas Jack, and lemme see how it tote you." "Well, good bye Uncle Tom!" "De Lordy ef dat child don't ride dat ting like it made for him!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL

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JONAS P. GRAY, EDITOR.

SCIENCE. How would the world get along without science? The pan was used in water courses, etc., at first in the search after gold. Later on machinery of a rude kind was used. This gave encouragement, and as the yield was larger, the desire for still better methods and machinery became stronger. These things did not come until they became actual necessities, but when they were demanded, science furnished them. And the practicability of any method is first found out by tests which are the result of apparently insignificant experiments, mostly in the chemical and physical departments of college laboratories. There was a craze for Cripple Creek, Colorado, for Transvaal, Africa, for Klondyke, Alaska. We know by reason and experience that these rich mines would ordinarily be more profitable than an ordinary locality where gold is quite scarce. When

improved methods, etc., are needed, they are discovered, and not until then. Economy and personal welfare and safety demanded that there not be so much cost and risk of life required in procuring the precious metal. In responce to this demand, Mr. Thos. A. Edison, as a result of laboratory experiments, is equal to the demands placed upon the world of science, and tells his friends that they may have Transvaal, Cripple Creek, and Klondike, and tells them further, that he has a method by which he could realize a larger net profit from the cheap mines and streaks in the Carolinas, which are without so much exposure to cold, etc., and which are more accessible and more conveniently located with respect to railroads, etc., than these richer spots, that have not these advantages and facilities. Is not science a good thing? Surely so, and is this not in itself sufficient reason to raise the science curriculum, and a reason why there should be a well equipped science hall with an exhaustive laboratory here in this place.

NOTICE! Please let all the contributors to the different departments of the January issue of THE JOURNAL hand in their pieces to the proper editors by December 15th.

THE MILLENIUM DAWN. We were struck by an editorial in the Daily Herald of this city, Nov. 22d. Plans have been perfected and arrangements made to have peace bells to be rung in 1900 in every larger city in the world, by a button being pressed in Jerusalem. This is a fit place for the button, and this would be a grand and pompous ceremony indeed, but this gives rise to a succession of ideas. This would be done purely as a jubilee over the restoration of peace on earth, good will towards men, and happiness and prosperity in the highest. Is the world today in a peaceful state? If so, how do you reckon the Spanish

American matter, the smoldering fires of passion raging in England, France, Germany, Russia, Italy and Japan? What obout China? Now, is this vile world at present a friend to peace to lead us on to all that is better, all that is purer, all that is higher, all that is nobler? Are present circumstances all tending to speedily make the human race higher, deeper, grander, broader? Or are they tending to eat out all sympathy and regard that man should have for man and to man so weak and narrow that he would say with all sincerity, that he is not his brother's keeper? Neither element wholly predominates, and while men are prone to wander, yet they are beginning to feel it and to ask before they begin it, whether a certain thing would help the world towards the accomplishment of the laudable ends for which it was intended, and towards the reviving of general happiness and prosperity, peace on earth, and good will towards men. Beyond any doubt, the world is drifting in this direction, but is it rapid enough for it to be prepared for that great day two years from now, when the earth shall receive and celebrate the blessings of her King, to the chiming and jingling of thanksgiving bells, rung from Jerusalem, near the places of birth and burial of her Risen Lord? We know not at what season this telecharic ceremony will take place, but surely it could not be at a fitter time than Christmas Day, the birthday of Jesus Christ, the author of all peace.

A RETROSPECT. This is the last issue of THE JOURNAL for this year, and we consider it not out of order to look back upon the most notable events of this year, 1898. Every phase of human nature has been represented. On Feb. 14, the Maine was blown up in the harbor of Habana. This precipitated the two nations in war. We know practically the most important effects and results. Miss Frances Willard died and left the great world of temperance advocates to do as best they could without her. Dr. John Hall, the foremost

strictly Presbyterian preacher in the United States, who caught on every hand the reproaches of the haughty millionaires of New York in their "social dissention." and who had never been into a theatra and had nothing to regret, also died. The diplomatic world was invaded and injured by the death of Thos. F. Bayard, minister to England under President Cleveland. The "grand old men" Gladstone and Bismark, the Maecenases of England and Germany, laid down and let their pilots ferry them over into the land of departed spirits, into the Indian herafter, where they may hunt and fish and fight throughout all eternity.

The element of dissention and anarchy was represented in the assassination of the good Empress of Austria by an Italian of anarchistic inclinations. Some had been held in the background, but now they reach the age of responsibility, and step out to play their part. Wibbelmina began the control of Holland and relieved her mother of her long continued duties.

Now, the last chapter in the reality of the confederate war was closed, from one standpoint, by the death of Miss Winnie Davis, the daughter of the confederacy. And, again, the note of the Czar, in making his proposition, really strikes the keynote of the whole trend of sentiment in the latter part of this century, that this old world is worn out by continuous rumors of war and wars themselves and is now intent on laying aside these dissentions to take on the whole armor of peace, and prepare for the second coming of her Lord.

A MEDITATION. We have enjoyed many privileges and have had many opportunities during this year. Have we used them to our best interest and our highest good? We think not. Soon there will come the ending and the beginning of this year and next. Let the last days of the year pass away to the sounds of bells that would let the past bury the past, so that what was evil may sleep an eternal sleep, but so

that what was good, and righteous, and honest, and pure, and noble, may come forth again to be as a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, to safely guide us through after years, and to be stepping stones to higher things.

THE JOURNAL hopes each student may get all the good and inspiration possible out of his holiday experiences, and come back with a sound and sincere determination to get out of the next year, as far as in him lies, all that is in it that is good. Again, may all the faculty and students have a merry and pleasant Christmas and a Happy New Year.

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Among Our Exchanges.

C. W. WATSON, EDITOR.

We find upon our table a large pile of College magazines for November. It would be our pleasure to acknowledge in appropriate terms the merits of each one, and in turn to give our sincere criticisms upon the faults and demerits of each, but space forbids so critical an examination. We must say that college magazines are, in all parts of our country, improving rapidly in quality of literary productions, editorials, and even the locals are sometimes interesting and amusing to outsiders. They are published in a neater and more attractive form. We notice, however, in several of our exchanges, the lack of an Exchange Department. We think by all means this part of a college magazine should not be omitted. It is through this department that we learn our own faults, and help our college brethren see theirs. We are pleased to see that College Journals are filling up their pages with good, snappy, short stories. While these are interesting, a contribution of heavy reading matter of literary merit would occasionally lend to a magazine the satisfaction of its purely literary abilities.

The Wake Forest Student comes to us regularly. *The Student* is an excellent magazine, but we do not encourage the productions, to be contributed to a large extent, by members of its faculty. We always enjoy reading *The Student*, and are aware of its excellency as a college magazine.

The Carolinian comes to us in very attractive appearance. Through its Editorials, we are glad to hear that our neighboring college is to have an annual this year. Much success to the students in their efforts.

We notice in *The Observer* an excellent piece of verse, contributed by Mr. Wannamaker, one of Wofford's recent graduates. We miss the Exchange Department in *The Observer*.

The Emory and Henry Era comes to us in very good binding, though the print on the first page is rather small. The piece titled "Stonewall Jackson" gives some important facts in the General's military life, a few of which we enumerate. Activity, vigilence, and restlessness were marked traits of his character, his thoughts with God and his cause. Gen. R. E. Lee once said, "Had I had Stonewall Jackson at Gettysburg I wouldhave gained a great victory." It was on the 2nd day of May, 1863, when Jackson made his last charge upon the enemy's flanks. After being accidently shot by some of his own men and before being carried from the field he gave the last order to Gen. Pender: "You must hold your ground, sir." "Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action" he cried in the delirium just before death. "Pass the infantry to the front rapidly. Tell Major Hawks ———." He stopped and with a feeling of relief, he said. "Let us cross over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees." A spirit of patriotism is found in "A Re-united County." The piece on "Burke" is interesting and instructive. The interests between the North and South are common now where they were diverse a quarter of a century ago.

The Trinity Archive lies before us a welcome visitor, with its usual attractiveness.

"Wadsworth and The French Resolutor" gives us something to think about and shows that the writer has given some thought to her subject, and although she has no doubt brought out some of the evils which are likely to occur in a resolution, yet it is necessary at times to tear up some forms of government and order as it were, by the very roots, or else some of the evil so closely connected will spring up with fresh vigor. "Student Life at Hopkins" is very instructive. "Will Murphy" is a good story, though it seems that the description might be a little more picturesque in places. "Art and Literature" is valuable for its instruction, and for the kindness shown the colored people, and we are certainly surprised to hear that they are making such progress in education. It seems to us however that this article might have been a little more condensed. This number of *The Trinity Archive* seems quite full. The editorials are good but short.

This issue of the *Hendrix College Mirror* has its table of contents well arranged and in good type. "To be an American Citizen," and "Victor Hugo" deserves to be mentioned. The editorial department is too much taken up with local events.

The verse that we find in *The University of Virginia Magazine*, is better than that we find in any of the college journals, and neither is it lacking in quantity. What atmosphere do you breathe students? Are the breezes and books partial to you?

CLIPPINGS.

Books are the best of things well used; abused among the the worst.

The one thing in the world of value is the active soul.

SUNSET.

"Thou makest the outgoings of the mornings and evenings to rejoice."

Evening is stealing slowly over the town. The sun breaks into a thousand beauties and the Master Painter above plies his brush with skill that none can excel.

Look! there are the eastern clouds of rich dark blue. Brighter the colors become, till, off in the western sky, appear the beautiful golden hues which teach the earth, and call the thought of man to the great Artist. They are fleeting, gone!

The Master draws the brush across the canopy; now each sombre cloud is touched by the most brilliant tints and lined with the brightest silver.

Look once more! The dusky clouds have increased in number and they are chasing the gray and varying beauties to the land where a welcome awaits them.

The hills darker grow; the river catches the last gleam of the departing glory; the leaves whisper a gentle "good night" and the day is done.

———:o:———

HATS OFF!

A girl is coming down the street,
  A pretty face and figure neat,
With lips of red and white brow high,
  And heaven's own blue in her laughing eye,
She wears those colors in her tie—
    Hats off!
  The flag is passing.—Ex.

THE HOME COMING.

Look to the flaunting banner!
  Hark, the exultant bell!
And the cannons, deep-toned clamor—
  What may their message tell?

Cannon and bell and banner
  A common greeting bring
To heroes whom we honor,
  Whose victory we sing.

From fields where the guns are sounding,
  Where the shrapnel shrieks its way,
From the swamps where the Fever's hounding,
  To the death its helpless prey,
From the beat, where the sentry paces,
  From the proud white ships they come,
To look for the love-lit faces
  That smile a welcome home.

Not all! O voices, calling,
  O longing eyes, grown dim,
A Nation's tears are falling
  With yours, today, for him
Who fell, for a people's rising,
  Who sleeps, while a Nation wakes,
And from his blood's baptizing
  The flag new luster takes!

—*The University ef Virginia Magazine.*

———:o:———

Alumni Department.

W. RIVES CRUM, EDITOR.

J. O. Norton, '95, while in college, was recognized as the best writer in his class, and is now private secretary of Congressman Norton of the Sixth District. He has also rendered valuable service to the white people of North Carolina in their recent troubles with the negro.

W. R. McLeod, who finished the Sophomore year with the class of '95, is now at the University of Maryland, which institution he has been attending three years.

J. E. Wannamaker, '72, is a farmer in the fine cotton belt near St. Matthews in Orangeburg county. He is a member of the board of trustees of Clemson College and is watchful for the best interest of the farmers of his State.

W. K. Smith, '96, is in the mercantile business with his father at Brighton, S. C.

J. H. McCullum, '59, is farming at New Zion. S, C., and takes a very active part in Sunday School work.

Dr. E. K. Hardin, '73, has an extensive practice in the vicinity of Batesburg, S. C., and has won for himself an enviable reputation.

A. B. Stucky, '79, is a lawyer at Sumter, S. C., and has by close application acquired a large practice.

Rev. E. W. Peeples, '69, of Hampton, S. C., is one of the able Baptist ministers that Wofford has turned out.

J. J. Wolfe, '96, who taught at Sandy Run. has been elected principal of the Marion Graded School, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Gist Gee, who has accepted a professorship in the Columbia Female College.

J. G. Clinkscales, '76, is professor of Mathematics at Clemson College and is highly esteemed by both students and faculty.

Rev. A. J. Stokes, '59, one of the most intellectual preachers in the S. C. Conference has received the title of D. D., conferred upon him by Emory College, Oxford, Ga.

Chas. Foster Smith, '72, while in college was a tireless and energetic student, showing qualities of a man whose ambition was success. He is professor of Greek in the University of Wisconsin, which position he holds with honor and esteem.

J. J. Cantey, '95, has been a close student since leaving college and is prosecuting his studies at Johns Hopkins.

H. C. Folk, '80, while in college stood very high in his class, and is now proprietor of a very successful mercantile establishment, Bamberg, S. C. He is also

the efficient correspondent of the News & Courier at that place.

W. P. Few, '89, is professor of English at Trinity College, N. C. He is one among the many Wofford men who holds professorships in colleges in other States.

J. L. Fleming, '91, was the athlete of his class. As a boxer, tennis player, and gymnast, he was unexcelled. He is a man of culture and education, with a pleasing address and courteous manners, and is now book-keeper for the Merchants and Farmers Bank, Spartanburg, S. C.

Thornwell Haynes, was considered the handsome man of '93. He read a great deal while in college, fruits of which can be seen in his life today. He is now principal of the Graded School at Central, S. C.

N. M. Salley, '97, who stood in the front rank of his class is teaching at Cottageville, Colleton county. "Nat," we are informed, has a flourishing school and is giving satisfaction to those whom he serves as teacher.

B. F. Keller, '89, after graduating taught school several years, but has settled down on the farm and is making quite a success.

A. S. Pegues, '92, taught in his native State several years after graduating, and is now professor of Latin and English, at the South Western University, Texas.

J. A. Wiggins, '95, just after graduating was elected superintendent of the Denmark Graded Schools where he has been teaching with success for three years. During this time he has made many friends and by close application and fidelity to duty has won the confidence and respect of students and patrons. We wish him success in his chosen occupation.

H. F. Chreitzberg, '73, is a member of the North Carolina Conference and is stationed at the Fist Methodist Church of Charlotte. He has been in the ministry for nearly twenty-five years, and during that time has filled many very responsible appointments. Mr.

Chreitzberg has gained quite a reputation as a temperance lecturer, and has done the cause much good.

W. B. Moore, who finished the Sophomore year with the '00 class is teaching in Lexington county. His many friends will be glad to hear that he intends coming back to college next year.

J. Ed. Edwards, who finished the junior year with the present senior class, is teaching in his native county, Abbeville. "Ed." was quite popular while in college and we predict for him much success teaching.

J. P. Traywick, who finished the Sophomore year with the present Junior class, is studying medicine at the University of Maryland.

T. M. Mowzon, who finished the first session of the Sophomore year with the class of 1900, is in the mercantile business at Manning, S. C.

E. D. Atkins, who finished the Junior year with the class of '99, has been elected Senior Editor on the Journal staff of Emory and Henry College. We regret very much the loss of Atkins, but wish him much success in his new sphere.

T. L. Manning, '97, familiarly known as "Jay Gould" is farming on a large scale in his native county, Marion. We predict much success for "Jay" tilling the soil.

P. H. Stoll, '97, taught one year at Rowesville, S. C., where he gave general satisfaction as a teacher. He is now principal of the Summerton High School, Clarendon county.

Local Department.

G. EMORY EDWARDS, EDITOR.

CHANGE OF HOLIDAY.

At a recent meeting of the faculty, it was decided to change the weekly holiday from Saturday to Monday. The announcement of this fact, by Dr. Carlisle, to the student body was received with applause and the majority of the students are heartily in favor of it, however, a few of the students still wish to follow in the foot-steps of their fathers, and hate to depart from the old way. It will seem strange to to us at first to have recitations on Saturday, but every single college that has yet tried the experiment has been so well pleased that it has never gone back to the old system. The change will, no doubt, lessen Sunday studying, which is a great evil in college life. The temptation is somewhat removed. Heretofore, students who neglected to get up their recitations on Saturday or Saturday night were obliged to study on Sunday or fail.

Under the new system they will have Monday and Monday night to prepare Tuesday's recitations. The literary societies will change the time of their weekly sessions from Friday to Saturday night, and the fraternities will change their night of meeting to Monday night.

ALEXANDER BLACK.

In the November issue of THE JOURNAL, it was stated that Mr. Alexander Black would give his famous picture play "A Capital Courtship," in the Wofford Gymnasium, November 26th, under the auspices of the Y. M.

C. A. When THE JOURNAL went to press such was the arrangement; but a few days before the appointed time, the management received a telegram stating that Mr. Black had been suddenly called home and the November date would have to be cancelled. This was a great disappointment to the boys and those who had anticipated seeing Mr. Black present his latest success. We are glad to state, however, that the disappointment is only for a short time. Mr. Black will give his delightful entertainment February 1st. Those who have purchased tickets would do well to retain them, as the number is limited. Tickets will be on sale at Du Pre's Book Store.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

At the regular monthly business meeting for November, which was held on the 3d, the president of the association, Mr. J. P. Gray tendered his resignation, and Mr. E. M. Lander, of the Junior class, was elected to fill the unexpired term of office; that is, until the regular annual election in January. Mr. W. C. Latimer, of the class of '00, was elected treasurer to take the place of Mr. Lander, the former treasurer.

The regular weekly prayer meeting on the first Sunday of the month was conducted by Mr. Latimer. He made an ernest talk—calling attention to the necessity of doing active Christian work at college.

On the following Saturday Dr. W. F. Tillet, Dean of the Theological Faculty of Vanderbilt University, visited the campas and spoke to the boys of the Y. M. C. A. at five o'clock. Dr. Tillet is traveling in the interest of Vanderbilt and presented very forcibly the claims of the University dwelling more especially on the graduate departments and stressing his own—the Theological department. The Doctor spent the next day, Sunday, on the campus and conducted the prayer meeting in the afternoon. His talk was especially suited and very helpful to students at college.

Mr. D. D. Jones, of the Sophomore class, engaged the attention of the Y. M. C. A. on the following Sunday. He spoke on the opportunity of doing Christian work while in college.

Beginning with the fourteenth of the month the Association held ten minute prayer meetings immediately after supper. These meetings were conducted by the students themselves and proved to be of great benefit in the spiritual upbuilding of those who attended.

The prayer meeting on the fourth Sunday of the month was conducted by Mr. M. Auld, of the class of '01. His subject was "Christian Manliness." He made a strong appeal to the students to live manly Christian lives.

ELECTIONS.

At a meeting of the Calhoun Society on Friday night, November 18th, the following officers were elected for the next two months: M. B. Jennings, president; W. R. Crum, vice-president; Ernest Wiggins, first critic; H. W. Woodward, second critic; W. H. Phillips, third critic; J. A. Norton, recording secretary; E. P. Miller, corresponding secretary; P. C. Garris, treasurer; W. C. Koger, censor morum.

In the Preston Society, W. H. Smith was elected monthly orator for December.

The Calhoun Society elected C. E. Peele orator for December.

The president of the Gymnasium Association appointed the following committees:

Reception Committee: E. C. Major, chairman; J. C. Fairy, J. B. Gibson, H. C. Sullivan, and M. W. Gary.

Executive Committee: Prof. Gus M. Chreitzberg, chairman; H. T. Shockley, C. D. Lee, B. H. Boyd, and W. G. Hollis.

THE FRESHMAN AT THE FAIR.

A freshman to the State fair went
(He was his father's only son)
An one thing alone was he intent,
And that thing was to have his fun.

He *thought* he'd be seen by every one
As he walked the streets "like this,"
And that every girl he passed that day
Would be sure to throw him a kiss.

But alas ! what is a freshman's thought ?
It scarce deserves that name,
It is barely equal unto naught
And always ends so very tame.

He reached the city, that is true,
And walked its streets in pride
Until he saw that no one knew
This freshman was inside.

To the fair grounds then he strode,
Perhaps he'd strike on better luck,
(No one would have seen him had he rode)
Scarce there before he met a girl, and "stuck."

He "stuck" for quite a while, he did,
But at last he got away
From the fair grounds then he "slid,"
Nor did he stop, nor did he stay.

He reached the depot in good time,
And took the first train back
And swore "the people at the fair
Are crazy and they all do 'lack.' "

Now don't tease the freshman too much boys,
For all of you know the story,
'Tis all that keeps a "fresh" alive
To dream of his Sophomore glory.

—WHITE, ,01.

CAMPUS DOTS.

Christmas!

Examinations!

Gymnasium Exhibition!

Join the "Cooter" Club.

What has become of the basket ball team?

Are you going home Christmas?

The Fresh. are beginning to look happy.

College will close for the holidays December 22nd.

The boys are beginning to prepare for their regular Xmas examinations.

Mr. H. L. Singleton has returned home on account of his eyes.

Mr. Brown Hyatt, of the Fitting School, was called home a few days ago on account of the death of his uncle.

Soph. A.—"This is a pretty night."

Senior G.—"Yes."

Soph. A.—"In fact they have some very pretty moons here in Spartanburg.

Cadet E. M. Matthews, of Clemson College, spent Monday, November 21st, on the campus, visiting his friend, Mr. Jennings.

Prof. H. N. Snyder attended the Convention of English Teachers, which met in Columbia, November 16-17.

Fresh. H. to Junior M.—"Say, I can't find the number of Trimmier's phone."

Junior M.—"I guess not under the head of Greenville."

Mr. W. F. Scott, of Furman, spent Thanksgiving holiday on the campus, with his friend, Mr. E. H. Hall.

Miss Agnes Littlejohn, of Gaffney, is visiting her sister, Miss Ione Littlejohn, of the Freshman class.

Mr. C. H. Leitner, of the class of '98, who is now

teaching at Jonesville, paid the campus a visit recently. Charlie was one of the star foot ball players of '96.

The College Glee Club will render the music in the chapel on December 6th. We have plenty of musical talent in college. Why not cultivate it, so as to furnish music for all our public entertainments?

Prof. D. W. Daniel, of the class of '92, now professor of English in Clemson College, was on the campus November 18th, and paid the Preston Society a very pleasant visit.

Thanksgiving day was very pleasantly observed by the students. Many of them walked out to Cedar Springs and were kindly showed over the building and grounds of the institution. Those who lived near enough went home.

The manager of the base ball team, Prof. Chreitzberg, received a challenge some time ago from Cornell University to play a game here in the early spring, when they will be out on a Southern tour.

The Historical Society of the South Carolina Conference has had a new book-case made and put in the room adjoining the college library.

Mrs. S. H. White, who has been visiting the family of Dr. Carlisle, has returned to her home in Johnson.

Quite a number of the boys took in the State Fair this year and report a nice time. The following are those who attended: Messrs. Bradham, Adams, Edwards, Wiggins and Woodward, of the Senior class; Garris and Latimer, of the Junior class; White, Bennett, Gibson, Brabham, C., and Wilson, of the Sophomore class; Dean, Dickson and Singleton, of the Freshman class.

Prof. J. A. Gamewell represented Dr. Carlisle at a meeting of the Educational Committee, which met in Nashville, November 13th. This committee was appointed by the last General Conference of the M. E.

Church South, for the purpose of regulating and grading the minimum standard of all the schools, colleges and universities which are under the control of the church.

The Calhoun Society has appointed a committee to purchase a new robe for the president. The committee is hard at work and promises to have something nice for the president to wear at the coming joint debate of the two societies. The robe is to cost not less than forty dollars.

At a recent meeting of the two literary societies it was decided to change the order of the Junior debate at commencement. Heretofore a Preston and a Calhoun have spoken together, now one society will take the affirmative and the other society the negative. The object of this change is to create a friendly rivalry and to make the decision of the debates a matter of pride to the society that wins.

The students are discussing the advisability of establishing a camp in the college of the United Sons of Confederate Veterans. Maj. Bonham, of Anderson, S. C., commanding the South Carolina Division is very anxious to establish these camps in every college in South Carolina. The requirements that make a student eligible is that he must be a direct descendant of some veteran of the army or navy of the Confederate States.

THE ORATORICAL ASSOCIATION.

Delegates representing Wofford College, Furman University, Clemson College, Erskine College, and the Presbyterian College of South Carolina, met in Columbia, November 18-17, and organized a State Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association.

The objects of this organization are to bring the colleges of the State into closer touch with each other, to foster and promote the cultivation of oratory and to press on together in the work which is common to us all. It is the earnest desire of the Local Editor that the colleges that have not yet joined the association will join and let us work together for the development and improvement of oratory among the young students of the State. We can only make a grand success of the movement by receiving the hearty co-operation of every one.

The first contest will be held in the auditorium of Erskine College, the last Friday night in April 1899.

The following are the officers of the association :

President, W.C. Allen, Furman University, Greenville, S. C.; Vice-President, P. C. Garris, Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C.; Secretary, G. E. Edwards, Wofford College, Spartanburg, S. C.; Treasurer, A. L. Thompson, Presbyterian College, Clinton, S. C.; Corresponding Secretary, W L. Moise, Clemson College, S. C.

Executive Committee : P. C. Garris, Chairman, Wofford; J. B. Newman, Clemson; J. L. Hunter, Erskine; S. W. Garrett, Furman; Earnest Wiggins, Wofford; W. B. Doyle, Presbyterian College of South Carolina.

CONSTITUTION

——OF THE——

South Carolina Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association.

ARTICLE I.—TITLE

The name of this organization shall be the South Carolina Inter-Collegiate Oratorial Association.

ARTICLE II.—OBJECTS.

The objects of this Association shall be : to develop closer and more friendly relations between the colleges of the State; to foster and promote the cultivation of oratory in the several colleges, and to hold annual oratorical contests, debates, and such other literary contests, at such times and places as shall be decided upon by the Executive Committee.

ARTICLE III.—MEMBERSHIP.

SEC. I. The membership of the association shall be composed of two kinds—college and personal.

SEC. II. The Association is composed of the following college membership : Furman University, Wofford College, Clemson Agricultural College, Presbyterian College of South Carolina, Erskine College, and such other institutions as shall be admitted by a unanimous vote of all the members of the Association present at any annual convention.

SEC. III. The personal membership shall be composed of the charter members of the Association, and the representatives selected annually by the colleges. They shall be the active members of the Association for one year immediately following the contest in which they take part, when their names shall be added to the alumni roll of the Association.

ARTICLE IV.—OFFICERS.

SEC. I. The officers of this Association shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Recorder, Treasurer, and Corresponding Secretary, one from each of the five colleges now represented in the Association, and alternating annually in the order of colleges as named.

SEC. II.—All officers of the Association shall be elected by ballot—the nomination being made by a nominating committee appointed by the president, and the college representative receiving a majority vote shall be declared the the choice of the Association.

SEC. III. The President of the Association on his retirement from office, and ex-prizemen, shall have their names enrolled on the honor roll of the Association.

ARTICLE V.—DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

SEC. I. It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings. He shall be master of ceremonies at the annual contest; shall cast the deciding vote in all cases of a tie in the convention; shall deliver, or have delivered, all awards to successful contestants; shall attach his signature to certificates of membership; and shall have power to call special meetings at the written request of a majority of the colleges represented in the Association.

SEC. II. The Vice-President shall be active chairman of the Executive Committee; and as representive of his institution he shall have a voice in all deliberations of the Committee. In case of absence, by request, removal from the State, or death of the President, the Vice-President shall become the active President of the Association.

SEC. III. It shall be the duty of the Secretary and Recorder to keep an accurate copy, to record constitution and by-laws, all amendments which shall be made by the Association. He shall also keep in suitable record the membership of the Association, both active and alumni according to colleges represented; shall keep and file the proceedings of the annual convention, and copies of all orations delivered in annual contest.

SEC IV. It shall be the duty of the Corresponding Secretary, to sign and issue certificates of personal membership upon the order of the President; shall attend to such correspondence as may devolve upon him and any other duties the Association may authorize.

SEC. V. The Treasurer shall keep all accounts of the Association, and pay all bills approved by the Executive Committee. He shall keep on deposit all moneys belonging to the Association; shall receive all dues and receipt for same.

ARTICLE VI.—EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

SEC. I. The President shall appoint annually an Executive Committee consisting of one representative form each college having membership in the Association. No officer, with the exception of the Vice-President, shall be a member of the Executive Committee.

SEC. II. It shall be the duty of the Executive Committee to audit all accounts before they are presented to the Association. The Committee shall decide all contests in regard to personal membership.

SEC. III. The annual oratorial contests of the Association snall be

under the control of the Executive Committee. The Committee shall arrange annual champion debates, to follow the oratorial contests, if this is found practicable.

ARTICLE VII.—COMMITTEE ON DECISION.

SEC. I. Six persons shall constitute the Committee on Decision. This Committee shall be selected annually by the Executive Committee acting, with the President of the Association, and shall serve only in the contest following their selection.

SEC. II The members of the Committee on Decision shall not at any time have been connected in any capacity, directly or indirectly, with any contesting institution. No member of Committee, Section A, shall be selected from South Carolina.

SEC. III. Any college of the Association shall have the right to object to any member of the committee, but not more than two objections shall be allowed from any college. All objections shall be in writing, and in the hands of the Chairman of the Executive Committee at least twenty-five days for Committee, Secton A, and ten days for Committee, Section B, previous to the contest.

SEC. IV. The Committee on Decision shall be divided into two equal sections, A and B. Section A shall be selected at least sixty days previous to the contest, and each college of the Association shall be notified as soon as practicable of the Committee's selection and acceptance- This Committee, Section A, shall compare all orations submited to them, and shall grade them on the following points! *Originality, Thought, and Rhetoric*—giving one final grade for each oration. This grade shall be on the scale of one hundred—the best oration, if considered perfect, being graded one hundred and the remaining orations in proportion to their merit as compared with the first.

SEC. V. Section B shall be selected at least fifteen days previous to the contest. This committee section shall grade on *Delivery*. All points shall rank equally; shall be graded without consultation, each member of the section giving one grade to each oration. This grade, which shall be on the scale of one hundred as in section A, shall then be sealed to be opened only for the final count.

SEC. VI. The Secretary of the Association, at least thirty days before the contest, shall forward a type-written copy of each oration to each member of Committee section A, who shall grade them and send sealed copies of their grades to the "Secretary of the Sealed Marks" of Committee section B. These grades shall reach their destination at least four days before the contest. Neither the name of the authors of the orations, nor the institutions represented shall be known by any member of Committee section A. It shall be the duty of the Secretary of the Association to furnish each member of Committee section A, with

the name and address of the "Secretary of the Sealed Marks" of Committee section B.

SEC. VII. At the close of the contest and in the presence of the audience assembled, the "Secretary of the Sealed Marks" of committee section B, assisted by the remaining members of the Committee on Decision shall make a final average At no other place and time, and under no other circumstances whatsoever, shall any of the sealed grades be opened.

SEC. VIII. The orator, the name of whose grade from all members of the entire Committee on Decision is found to be greatest, shall be awarded the first honor place. The orator, whose name is next highest, shall be awarded the second honor place. In case of a tie for first or second honor, or both, Committee section B shall retire, and without consultation, shall cast one sealed ballot for the orator, or orators, judged by them to be most entitled to the prize or prizes. The "Secretary of the Sealed Marks," attended by the Committee section B, shall then announce to the audience the result; he shall name the orator who receives the first honor place first. The markings of the entire Committee on Decision shall be published in at least one daily newspaper.

ARTICLE VIII.—ORATIONS.

In the contests of this Association, no oration shall contain more than twenty-five hundred words, and it shall be the duty of the Secretary to construe this article strictly to the letter, and to return any oration exceeding the above limit. Any analysis, outline or explanation attached to the oration, shall be considered a part thereof, counted and graded accordingly. All orations shall be prepared and written by the contestants themselves, without assistance, on penalty of exclusion from the contest.

ARTICLE IX.—REPRESENTATIVES.

The mode of selection of the contestants from each college shall be decided by each institution forming this Association. Each college shall be entitled to only one representative, and he shall be a member of one of the literary societies; shall be an undergraduate at the time of his selection Each representative shall have made and forwarded to the Secretary three type-written copies of his oration at least twenty-five days previous to the contest.

ARTICLE X.—FEES.

SEC. I. Each college of the Association shall pay an annual fee of ten dollars. This fee shall be paid at least thirty days previous to the contest.

SEC. II. Each representative for the annual contest shall pay a fee of one dollar. Upon the payment of this fee, the Treasurer shall issue his receipt, which shall be forwarded to the President, who shall then order the Secretary to issue a certificate of membership in the Association. Any representative who shall fail to pay this fee

within forty days previous to the contest shall not be allowed to enter the contest for prizes.

ARTICLE XI.—PRIZES.

As testimonials of success in the contests of this Association, there shall be awarded two prizes: as first honor, a gold medal of the value of twenty-five dollars; as second honor, a gold medal of the value of ten dollars.

ARTICLE XII.—CONVENTIONS.

SEC. I. The annual convention shall consist of the Executive Committee, the contestants from each college, and the officers of the Association.

SEC. II. The annual convention of the Association shall meet in the afternoon of the day on which the contest is held. Each college representative shall be entitled to one vote. All representatives who take part in the contest and all officers of the Association present shall attend the convention. Failure to do so, without a valid excuse, shall subject offender to expulsion. All alumni members present shall have a right to take part in the deliberations of the convention, but shall not be allowed to vote upon any question except a motion to adjourn.

ARTICLE XIII.—EXCLUSION FROM MEMBERSHIP.

Any college of the Association failing to send its quota of representatives to any annual contest without furnishing to the Executive Committee a satisfactory reason, or failing to pay its annual dues within the time limit, shall be excluded from the Association.

ARTICLE XIV.—CONTESTANTS.

SEC I. All contestants shall draw for places on the day preceeding the contest. Each contestant's place, name, and subject of oration alone shall appear on the programme.

SEC. II. A contestant shall not appear in uniform, or wear college colors, medals, or pins; and no college banner shall be placed in any position whatsoever during the time of the contest, so as to designate the representative of any college.

ARTICLE XV.—PUBLICATIONS.

The Association shall have no official organ, but each college of the association shall publish once in its magazine or college paper, during the term following the contest, the oration of its representative, a list of officers, prize men, date and place of next contest, and the constitution of the Association.

ABTICLE XVI.—AMENDMENTS.

SEC. I. All questions of parliamentary forms and usages, not provided for by this constitution, shall be referred to "Robert's Rules of Order."

SEC. II. This constitution may be amended at any annual convention of the Association by a two-thirds vote of the colloge representatives present.

WOFFORD DIRECTORY.

WOFFORD COLLEGE.

JAS H. CARLISLE, L. L. D., Pres. J. A. GAMEWELL, A. M., Sec.

WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL.

Jonas P. Gray, Editor-in-Chief. Ernest Wiggins, Business Manager

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M. B. Jennings, Pres.; W. R, Crum, Vice-Pres.; Ernest Wiggins, 1st Critic; J. A. Norton, Rec. Sec; P. C. Garris, Treas.

PRESTON LITERARY SOCIETY.

L. L. Hardin Pres; J. T. Outzs, Vice-Pres; C. W. Watson, 1st Critic; St. C. W. Muckenfuss, Sec; W. H. Fields, Treas.

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J. P. Gray, Pres. C. W. Watson, V. Pres. G. E. Edwards, Sec. E. M. Lander, Treas.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Prof. A. B. Cooke, Pres; Gus M. Creitzburg, ('95) Manager; J. C. Fairey, Ass't M'g'r; C. B. Burnett, Capt. of Base Ball Team '99.

GYMNASIUM ASSOCIATION.

E. P. Miller, Pres; C. D. Lee, V. Pres; E. C. Major, Sec. and Treas.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

W. E. Burnett, ('76) Pres; Prof. J. Fleming Brown, ('76) Sec. and Treas

FRATERNITIES.

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Literary Department.

HENRY J. BRABHAM, JR., EDITOR.

A HEALTH: TO C. B. S.

Written for December issue.

My comrades, who for three long years
  Have labored steadfastly,
Let's pledge a health ere we shall rush
  To homes so joyously!

A toast to days of long ago,
  The dearest days of all,
That fill our hearts with fond desire
  Because beyond recall.

A health! To the maid whose radiant eyes
  May dance to see us come;
Whose radiant eyes and loveliness
  May some day light our home.

And now your glasses once more fill
  From out the flowing urn.
Long life to him who to our class
  Shall never more return!

A.—1900.

BROOK GREEN.

Anyone who has ever sailed down the Maccamaw or any other of the large rivers of this State, not far from where they empty into the ocean, in one of those slow, easy-going river streams, which are used mostly for "freighters," but also to convey the few travellers who prefer this way of travelling, cannot forget the beautiful scenery that is certain to attract his attention. Large rice fields take up all the low river land, and sometimes, as far as the eye can reach, not a tree can be seen. At short intervals of space, however, hills and elevations appear all along and near the banks of the river, and begin to rise with a steep ascent at the very water's edge. On these hills and elevations are situated the negro quarters, outhouses, home of the overseer, and old moss-covered anti-bellum mansions—the home of the Squire. Back of, and to one side of the "big-house," in long rows are usually situated the negro quarters. These are built of logs and with one chimney, and usually set north and south. There is no partition in them, and the single chimney that they have, sometimes made of brick; but usually of clay and sticks, is almost always built at the northern end. But that which attracts the eye of the traveller more than anything else, are those large groves of stately live oaks, which, covered and draped with long festoons of gray moss, rise above everything, unless it is the high brick tower of the old-fashioned rice mill in the distance, and seem to be the real monarch of the place, including everything, from the humble huts of the feeble and helpless slaves, nestled beneath them, to the tall massive ivy-covered stone chimneys of the old mansion.

On a bright sunshiny day last June, when everything seemed to be at its best and all the nature around seemed to have a cheerful appearance, it was my good fortune, in company with several of my friends, to have for the first time an opportunity of visiting one of these old typ-

ical, picturesque, ante-bellum homes and plantations, for which the lower section of this State is especially noted.

Situated about eighteen miles above the old historic town of Georgetown, right near the banks of the Maccamaw river, is Brook Green. This old ante-bellum home and plantation, though now owned by Northerners, was originally settled and owned by Southerners, until a few years ago. However, it still retains that picturesque antiquated appearance of former days. It received its characteristic name from the nature of its surroundings. It is surrounded by marshy land, covered with a thick growth of green shrubbery, and several sparkling springs rise up on the grounds, and these cause little brooks to originate and flow through the grounds.

As before stated, it was a bright June morning that we arrived at this place. We made our entrance through the front gate. This gate was approached through the main driveway. This driveway was a very long one, and on each side were rows of stately live oaks which, with their spreading moss-covered branches formed a beautiful arch over our heads. The yard proper and the adjoining surroundings were enclosed by a very high fence, which was of a very old and antiquated design. The owners of the place being away at their summer home, and the gateway being securely fastened, it was with not a little trouble that we gained entrance. We did so, however, after having been cross-questioned considerably by an old negro woman, who had complete control of the enclosure. She was one of the old class, having been born and reared at her present place of abode, and that peculiar brogue and way of talking common to the low country negroes, made it sometimes very difficult for us to understand her at all. She, however, finally becoming satisfied as to the good intentions and purpose of our visit, consented to give us entrance and to be our chaperon herself and to show us through. A better one could not have been found, for she not only

knew every "nook and crook" of the old estate "like a book," but could relate every incident of importance that had happened on the premises during her lifetime, from a short biography of all the members of her old "boss's and missus's" family to a thrilling account of the ghosts and visions of her former owners, which still appear and haunt her, especially in her midnight slumbers during the summer months when the place is almost deserted. This, however, was a subject on which we could induce her to say but very little, for she said that if she talked about them they would appear and haunt her the following night.

The interior of the old mansion we visited first. The winding stairway with its richly carved wooden panels, and the peculiar arrangement of the passageway in general, surprised us beyond expectation. There were, however, so many rooms, cellars and strange looking passages to the house. we did not have the time to visit all of them.

The first room we visited was the large, roomy, old-fashioned drawing-room. On one side of this room was an old style square piano, ornamented with very richly carved cabinet work. On the other side was the old family library, an equal to which I have never seen at the home of a private family. Besides the works of most of the standard authors, it seemed as if additions of most of the new books of today were continually being made. On the walls was hung a collection of some of the finest paintings I ever saw. The greater part of them, however, we did not see on account of their having been covered with drapery for protection during the absence of the owners. The fire-place was very large and colonial like, and was set off by a set of very large, delicately and richly wrought brazen andirons. The mantle was very high, and was made of granite and hardwood, richly carved and ornamented, and suspended directly above the centre was one of those old massive colonial calendar clocks. Other minor ornaments adorned either side. The hearth was lain with highly ornamented Dresden tiling.

We now passed on to the ball-room. At this season of the year, however, its being used only during the winter months, it would necessarily present a very deserted appearance. A few old rustic cobweb-covered conversational chairs and resting settees scattereddisorderly about the room comprised the furniture; here and there a richly wrought brazen candelabrum was suspended from the ceiling, and on the massive mantle of the fire-place some empty champagne bottles and wine glasses were to be seen. But before we reached this room we saw several things which are also worthy of mention. Some of these were the wine and champagne cellars, and olden-time sideboards. I have read and heard a good deal about wine and champagne cellars, but never had the remotest idea that they were anything like what we found these to be. The old glass front sideboards built in the wall, contained one of the finest collections of decorated china and cut glassware I ever saw.

We now passed on and up to the suite of rooms occupied by the two sons of the old Squire. These rooms were on the second floor and on the end of the house that extended back toward the river. From these rooms, the boat landing at the rear of the house could be seen, and a good view of the river and surrounding country for a considerable distance could be had. These rooms were lavishly ornamented and contained a specimen representing almost every kind of sport that the higher aristocratic class of this day indulged in, from an old style fencing outfit to a collection of paintings in oil of most of the noted and blooded horses and dogs of their time.

From the above room we passed down to the old "boss's" room, and then made our exit. In this room everything that could add to the comfort and easy life of an elderly country gentleman was to be found. In this room we saw several characteristic articles hanging on the walls, and scattered around in the room. A very large set of authors hung on the wall above the mantle,

and several old war relics—rusty swords, pistols, etc., were hanging carelessly on the wall, or laying in a disarranged manner about the room.

Just back of the mansion and leading down to the bank of the river was a long flight of stone steps. These steps had the signs of age on them, and where they were not covered by moss, presented a damp and crumbly appearance. At the foot of these steps, from which a good view of the gently flowing river could be had, and right near the bank of the river, a spring of cold sparkling water bubbled forth. From what our chaperon said of this place, it was a favorite haunt of the young people, especially on moonlight nights, and "many a tale of woe" had been told there.

We now retraced our steps, and passed on into the yard in front of the house. Here a collection of almost every known variety of flowers in full bloom met our gaze, and, together with the large spreading magnolia which was also in full bloom, on either side of us, imparted to the air for a considerable distance around a very sweet-smelling and pleasant odor indeed. Under one of these trees on some old rustic seats, we sat down for a short rest before making our final departure. Suddedly our kind attendant called our attention to one very important feature of the place she had neglected to show us—the dogs, and more especially, the dog cemetery. This, of couse, was very interesting, and she seemed to take more pleasure in showing us this than anything else we had seen. The dogs, a pack of rat-terriers, their quarters, way of caring for them, was soon seen and every detail connected with it explained, and we moved on to the cemetary. We were completely astonished at the unheard-of sight we here saw. Under a large spreading magnolia tree were several graves carefully laid off, and neatly marked by a small marble slab. Several of them bore short inscriptions. One that I remember was this: "Bijon, age 18 years. Always faithful to his master." Bijon, however, was not a rat-terrier, but a Newfoundland.

Our time being now about up, we thanked our attendant for her kindness, cast a few glances back at the old mansion and its green glistening ivy-covered chimneys, mounted our bikes, and returned to our cottage on Pauley's Island. J. H. B.

———:o:———

SOUTHERN MEN IN THE RECENT WAR.

Now that we are enjoying peace after a short-lived war, which was nevertheless glorious for the American arms, it will be well worth our while to take notice of the very active and important part played in that war by our Southern countrymen, both on land and on the sea. We should not do this for the purpose of stirring up sectional jealousy, but rather to show that the South is just as ready to do her duty, and especially to defend the national flag as she was in the days of the American Revolution. And how can anyone who has in the least kept up with the record of current events during the last eight months, deny that they did play an important part?

From the very beginning of the war until the close, Southern men had the confidence of nearly all, and after events proved that they deserved it. Of all the heroes of the struggle probably only one stands out more prominently than Wheeler and Hobson, and that one is Admiral Dewey. I do not deny that the North had representatives in the war as well as the South, for Admiral Dewey was a native of Vermont. He was the hero of the war, and Vermont should be proud to claim him as son. Bnt we have Wheeler, one of the best strategists in the war. When the war broke out he was comparatively old, and besides that, he held the position of a congressman from Alabama. Notwithstanding all these things, he offered his services to President McKinley who promptly accepted them, well knowing his sterling worth as a soldier. Gen. Wheeler did not, like a great many, just take charge of a camp, but asked to be assigned to the field of action. His request was granted

and he was immediately ordered to Cuba. What he did there is now history and is history of which any man or nation may be proud. He did the work for which Gen. Shafter got the honor.

Gen. Wheeler was our representative in the army, but that was not the only place in which the Southerner showed his true worth, for some of the most daring acts of the entire war were those of Hobson, Bagley and Blue, all Southern men. But this might have been expected of the South, for what country that had produced such men as Maury and Semmes, could not produce such men again after a short lapse of only about forty years? Very few indeed are they that are classed among this kind, and the South is certainly not one of them. Her sons in the navy had illustrious heroes to guide their footsteps, and they did not prove false to their teaching. The thrilling and wonderful deed of Lieut. Hobson has few equals in the world's history. The fame of Hobson is now world-wide and well it deserves to be. He not only planned the sinking of the Merrimac in the entrance of Santiago harbor, but he himself with several picked men carried the design out also. It is hard to realize what a terrible undertaking it really was. A man, going down on board a sinking vessel, which will explode at any moment without the least warning, is in a position which very few of us envy. Besides Lieut. Hobson, Victor Blue deserves to be mentioned. He carried dispatches from the American fleet to the Cuban camp, and even crossed the island when it swarmed with Spanish soldiers, thirsting for the life of every American. North Carolina also gave a true son to the cause of Cuban liberty. He was Worth Bagley, the first American officer to fall in the war. He was instantly killed by a shell which was fired from the heavy harbor batteries in Cardenas Bay. These are only a few instances of Southern courage.

One of the pleasant facts to remember concerning the brave deeds performed by men of the South is that no

one is trying to claim somebody else's honor. This is not exactly the case at the North. Sampson and Shafter are still disputing over the surrender of Santiago, both claiming the honor of it. They should wait and let the world decide that question.

J. WALTER DICKSON.

———:o:———

A FRESHMAN'S DREAM.

Upon his couch a Fresh lies dreaming,
And sweet dreams they can only be,
As "dipping far into the future,"
A lovely vision does he see.

Four years of constant toil and study,
From Freshman through the Senior class,
Have brought him crowned with many honors,
Since he has *never* failed "to pass."

And now at last it is commencement,
Upon a subject very deep,
He startles all his learned hearers
Who scarce can their amazement keep.

They, breathless, listen till he closes,
And now the wild applause he hears,
Indeed, for such e'er lasting (?) honor,
Who would not gladly toil for years ?

Now stepping forth for his diploma,
As from the scroll his name is read,
He turns to make his bow politely,
But, lo ! he turned *clear* out of bed.

—KENDREE W. LONG FELLOW, '01

———:o:———

BUCEPHALUS.

In a certain section of upper Carolina during the latter part of the slavery perid, were the houses of some of the most pretentious and aristocratic families in the state. The houses were something after the style of the old country-seat and were surrounded by broad lawns and tall hedges. Beyond these were the great barns and storehouses of the plantation which seemed to be the center of activity of the whole place.

This community, however, has sadly changed in recent years. Only the dilapidated remains of former wealth now survive in a few old farmhouses scattered at intervals of a few miles and rising gloomily up from the cluster of little negro cabins around them.

One of these houses in particular is worthy of description. It is a large three-story building originally brown but now black with mold and for years has been untenanted except by owls and bats. Standing on a little eminence it commands a splendid view of a shallow, winding river which flows near it and from which it is separated only by a deep narrow valley so thickly grown with large wateroaks that it is almost impenetrable.

Years ago this house was occupied by an unfortunate man who, driven insane by disease and business failures, came there to spend the rest of his miserable existence. Believing it his duty to take his own life, he at last got possession of an old razor and at midnight ended his unhappy career. The story was current in the neighborhood that his ghost was the chief of a band of phantoms who made the old house their headquarters. The others were the spirits of a murderer who was hanged on an old oak a little distance away, and of a company of British spies who were shot just beyond the gate. Together they held hideous carnivals in the dark valley and on the neighboring hillside, making sport of any traveller who chanced that way. These stories were firmly believed by the negroes and were confirmed by visions of the old man with his throat cut wandering about the house holding a light high above his head and followed by his companions.

At the time of which I write, there lived an old bachelor in another farm-house not far away. This old gentleman, Josiah Brown, as we shall call him, was a merry, bald-headed old fellow, whose rosy, smiling face seemed to carry sunshine with it. The idol of the children, who never tired of sitting on his knee playing with his great silver watch, and listening to his stories, he was also a great favorite with old ladies. Too, he had a way of

rubbing his hands rigorously together when anything pleased him, by which one might well determine his opinion of anything.

About this time he was much interested in horses and had lately purchased several, with one of which he was especially pleased. It was a tall white horse, very light of foot, and the fastest trotter for miles around. Like most others, however, he had his fault, which in this case was a fiery-temper that frequently made him unmanageable. This quality, as Josiah thought, made the name Bucephalus very appropriate, and he was accordingly designated Bucephalus, to serve as a constant reminder to him of his fault.

Living alone, Josiah had always preferred to act as his own housekeeper and had gotten along remarkably well until this craze for horses had taken him away from home much of the time. So with no one to oversee them, the rheumatic old servants postponed their duties until their "mis'ry got better," and consequently usually neglected them altogether. The household was a scene of the wildest confusion of outdoor tools and indoor furniture. At last Josiah was unable to tolerate it any longer, and determined to rectify matters by—getting a wife!

In pursuit of this plan, he arranged to pay a visit to a certain spinster of the neighborhood, a Miss Betsy Bobbett, who lived just beyond the river. This much being accomplished, he smiled, rubbed his hands together, and eagerly waited for the time to come.

The night came at last, but unfortunately, Josiah was detained a couple of hours before he could leave. Then some extra time must be spent on his toilet, and being little accustomed to such carefulness, he progressed only very slowly. After what seemed to him an interminable length of time, he came down stairs to be greeted with such exclamations as these: "Lowsy, Mass 'Si, how fine you do look!" Miss Betsy ought to feel flattered, sho'," and many others of the kind.

On going to the barn Josiah was provoked at finding

that the wayward Bucephalus had not returned from pasture that evening and that his next choice was a great bay horse little fitted for fast travelling. Hastily saddling the horse, Josiah rode away in the darkness, for it was already about nine o'clock and there was no moon. Under such circumstances many a lover would have given up the call, but with slight modification, "there is no crank like an old crank," and not knowing what preparations might have been made in the way of a supper, Josiah held to his first resolution.

He had not gone far when his heart sank at the thought that he would have to pass the old house. Though by no means so wildly superstitious as many of the people around, yet he could not help feeling influenced by the plausible tales of the wonderful deeds of the ghosts. He tried in vain to think of other things; and now reaching the old oak on which the murderer was hanged, though he scarcely expected to see anything, he could not keep his eyes from the spot. He continued to gaze until he was opposite the place and was already feeling relieved at seeing nothing, when there was a slight rustle in the bushes, and something white came slowly toward him. His muscles became rigid, his hair stood on end, and he could only stare helplessly at the object before him. Then with mighty effort he gave his horse a cut and clattered away over the stony road with a noise loud enough to be heard for miles. Looking back he beheld the ghost close at his heels. Then he leant over on his horse's neck as if to avert some terrible blow and rushed on in the race which to poor Josiah was for life or death. They were passing the old house now and glancing back over his shoulder Josiah's excited imagination multiplied the phantom into a numberless mass, which he imagined came from the old house. His movement had caused the saddle to turn slightly, throwing Josiah off his balance. Frantically seizing his horses mane, he held on with all his might, while they plunged down

the hill, across the valley and over the bridge with the ghost gaining at every step. Reaching the summit of the hill beyond which the Bobbett home stood, his nerves would hold out no longer and raising in the saddle, he uttered one loud shriek.

In a few moments they had reached their destination and, seemingly instinctively, the horse swerved in toward the gate; but alas! a little too quickly, for as they went in, Josiah leant too far inward, and struck one of the tall gate-posts which brought him from his already extremely unsteady seat.

Tumbling heavily to the ground, he lay sprawling just inside the gate with one arm badly bruised and the other dislocated by the fall. Unable to rise, he lay there shouting for help. Hearing a step and looking quickly up, he saw the ghost standing over him. Then, as a cold nose was thrust into his hand, he recognized—his own Bucephalus!

His calls soon brought the family and he was carried tenderly into the house and a physician summoned. When he had been examined, the doctor thought it best that he should remain where he was for a few days. His stay was prolonged into a week during which he was most attentively nursed by Miss Betsy herself.

As a result of this stay, he fell desperately in love with Miss Betsy and, for her part, she not very reluctantly consented to assist in rectifying the disordered household of Josiah and all caused by that wonderful horse Bucephalus! Now every time a ghost is mentioned, Josiah rubs his hands together contented, smiles and looks knowingly across at Mrs. Betsy, as if to say, "Some ghosts are a blessing."

PUELLA M. LITTLEJOHN, '01.

THE STORY OF GREEN BRIER NEIGHBORHOOD.

In a certain county of this state, there is a small country community which seems the last remnant of a departed age. They still cling to old beliefs and customs with the rural simplicity and piety of their grandfathers. It is almost unbelievable that such a community exists in a progressive, nineteenth century country. But it does. It is situated in a sparsely settled part of South Carolina, and its few neighbors are of a different religious sect. Consequently it has never been enticed over into modern ways.

On account of some sectarian troubles, a few families migrated from the North to South Carolina soon after the Revolution and shut themselves off from the world. They called their new home Green Brier neighborhood. Outsiders have called them by such names as "Old Timy," but we shall call them by the name of their choice.

Between the community and the outside world, runs a small creek, which could scarcely be taken for such were it not for the sun glistening on its waters through breaks in the thick alders, willows, and canes growing on its banks. Up and down the creek, for several miles, extend rich bottom lands, divided into cornfields and pastures. In one large open pasture, there is a solitary group of trees, whose shade no cattle ever seek. In the background small elevations rise, some times abruptly and sometimes gradually. Some of these have been cleared and planted in cotton and other farm products. On the largest of these hills, which is crowned with an abundant growth of immense oaks, almost limbless pines, and tall poplars seemingly defying the approach of outsiders, are grouped the principal houses of the community. Now and then, the neighing of horses, the bleating of sheep, and the tinkle of cow bells may be heard along the bottom lands, and small animals

may be seen rooting beneath the oaks; for these people raise all their food and make all their clothes.

The inhabitants seem always busy, but never forget to observe the Sabbath.

This peaceful scene has never been disturbed but once. During the Civil War, a squad of negro soldiers insulted a white lady. A Louisianian, in the Confederate service, was near and ordered them off. They seized him and carried him to that solitary group of trees in Green Brier neighborhood. There, in the darkness of the night, they forced him to dig his own grave, while they sat around singing and praying. Toward morning the brutes shot the man who had dared to defend a woman and buried him in a grave dug with his own hands.

The quiet community was very much stirred up. Their good old parson died the next morning. Long fostering of the same old ideas had made the people very superstitious and religious, and they considered the grave as "possessed." Their superstitious fear was greatly increased when Judith Sempleton's husband found a small white boy wandering around near the path of the negroes. The kind hearted people could do nothing but keep the child.

Soon after, it was reported through the neighborhood that the Louisianian rose every Monday night to visit his home, and that the negroes returned to torment the man's spirit. If any person ventured near the grave he would be seized and thrown into the empty grave. Then their fear was so increased that no one would go near the grave by day or night.

Soon the community settled down into its accustomed life as far as possible. The boy, Jule Sempleton, grew up the rival of all the other neighborhood boys. He seemed to have brought the outside life with him. In some, there was a kind of secret jealousy for Jule. Such was the case with Peter Brock, who was Jule's rival suitor for the love of Edith Lardner.

In time, Jule became the instructor of the neighborhood boys and girls. One Autumn evening, on account of an invitation to a quilting party at Mr. Gardner's, he closed school earlier than usual and started home to "fix-up" for the party. It was one of those bright Autumn days peculiar to that part of South Carolina; the sun was neither too near or too far away. The trees were begining too to show their naked branches, and the ground was covered with leaves which had served their generation and were still to serve the next. Almost all the birds had departed for warmer parts. Only a few remained, and they seemed filled with overflowing joy. Everything appeared to be full of gladness. Jule walked on, scarcely noticing it. His own heart was full of joy; he was going to see Edith. At the foot of the hill on which his home stood, he stopped to drink from a sparkling spring. A sow with her litter of pigs scurried away up the hill—the runt, struggling behind, was now and then lost from sight in the leaves. Jule paused on the threshold to look at a tall maple, as the last rays of the sun fell through its golden brown leaves and glistened on the feathers of a turky gobbler strutling arouud among a large drove beneath.

The road to Mr. Gardner's lay through the bottom land. Jule went alone. The fodder had been pulled and large ears of corn hung from the naked stalks. The milch cows had been carried home and only the dry cattle remained in the pasture. The horses and mules too had been turned into the pasture for night. Darkness overtook him on the way. The pines sighed mournfully and the little screech owls began to hoot in the woods. He did not notice it, for he was thinking of the future farm Edith and he would possess. They would raise the largest corn; their cattle would be the slickest and fattest and would give the most milk; there would be no runts among their hogs; their horses would be the finest and fastest; in short, their's would be the pick of the neighborhood. As he entered the yard, his

reverie was interrupted by the crowing of a rooster in the top of a tall cedar.

Inside all was merriment. The large living room was lit up by tallow candles, placed on the shorter of two pieces of plank fastened together at a right angle and hung against the wall. It was too warm for fire, and the large four-foot fire-place was filled with fresh cedar boughs. Four large split-bottom chairs supported the old-style quilting frame, four twelve foot scantlings held together at the corners by pegs pushed through auger holes about two inches apart. On two sides of the frame, were seated four persons. They quilted an arm's length and rolled up and others took their places. There were three such quilts up. In the dining room, the table was already almost groaning, under the good things of the farm, and more were added.

Jule stepped into this scene with as light a heart as men ever possessed. Edith was talking with a bevy of girls, and Peter Brock was no where in sight. Jule had scarcely greeted Edith when she was called away to the kitchen. To pass away the time, Jule strolled out on the front porch where the men of the neighborhood were gossiping—the Louisianian coming in for a good share of their notice. Before he had been there long, an old negro rode hurriedly up on a horse and told Jule his mother was very ill. (She had remained at home with a sick child.) Jule jumped on the horse and hurried towards home. As he left the yard, it was the last time Green Brier neighborhood saw Jule Sempleton. The quilting party broke up. Old Aunt Miranda Brown remarked that, while she was on her way to the party, she had heard a screech owl hoot and she had put the tongs in the kitchen fire as soon as she got to Mrs. Gardner's. Uncle Joshua Stebbins said a rooster crowing so late was a sure sign of death in the community.

The neighborhood was startled the next morning by the report that Judith Sempleton was alive, and that it was Jule who was missing. Peter Brock appeared that morning, seeming nearer dead than alive. He was as

pale as a ghost and reported that he had been looking for a stray cow and had stayed out after dark. About seven o'clock, he had ventured nearer than usual to the solitary group of trees. (I have neglected to say it was Monday night.) He heard terrible cries issuing from the grove and was so paralyzed with fear that he could not move until day. The people easily surmised Jule's fate and placed a tombstone to his memory in their burying ground Whenever the affair was mentioned after this, in his presence, Peter would tremble and turn pale. Everybody thought it was because of his own narrow escape. But Fate thought differently.

About a month afterwards, Peter Brock and Edith Gardner were married. The day after this, Peter was in the pasture breaking a colt. The colt became unmanageable and appsoached nearer and nearer to the Louisianian's grove. Peter could neither dismount nor check the coult, and it rushed into the grove and appeared on the other side without a rider. Several brave men ventured in and found Peter dead with his crushed head lying on a bleached skull.

J. B. M.

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A MAKER OF STIRRING VERSES.

That Macaulay was a fascinating essayest and a delightful historian few, if any, will for a moment doubt. Indeed, he stands out in bold relief above all others who have attempted the history or the essay, not so much in philosophical depth of thought nor yet in unbiased accuracy of incident but in those pleasing qualities of an author which make his writings popular. But while we admire his essays and are delighted with his history, we are likely to overlook entirely a third side of his literary effort or, perhaps, we stop and wonder that a man who was so preeminent in these two sides of composition should also have added no little fame to his reputation by the writing of poetry.

Early in life did Macaulay begin to write verse. Soon after he was eight he wrote a poem of twelve books, entitled "Fingal." It was very easy for Macaulay to put his thoughts into verse, but by the good sense of his mother he was not spoiled on account of his early precocity. At twelve we find him writing a very creditable epitaph on Henry Martyn. So also in 1813 he wrote "Lines to the Memory of Pitt." His first poem which attracted any considerable attention was "Pompeii,"written when he was nineteen and by which he gained the chancellor's medal at Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1821 he was again awarded the chancellor's medal by writing his poem, "Evening." Among his other earlier poems there were none better than his "Battle of Ivry," a stirring piece of action describing the victory of Henry the Fourth of France over his opposing party, "The Cavalier's March to London," "The Spanish Armada," "A Song of the Huguenots," and "The Battle of Naseby." As in his "Battle of Ivry," these other poems are strong in action and show very little sentiment.

Macaulay continued to write short pieces throughout his political career and also while he was devoting most of his literary energy to the essay. But the most noted piece of poetic production was his "Lays of Ancient Rome." The instance of this collection was a peculiar theory Macaulay held as to the early literary productions of all countries. He took the ground, as we saw in his essay on Milton, that the earliest literary expression of every nation, tribe, or people was the ballad. He cites the Homeric tales of Greece, the early ballad singers of the Germans and the Scots and similar proofs from the history of many other peoples. He holds that from these early ballads, which were to some extent founded on fact, there arose the legendary history of a nation. Now, the Latin literature is especially devoid of this form of early ballad poetry. But although these supposed ballads have been lost, Macaulay takes the ground that nevertheless such ballad literature did exist

and so he attempts to put himself back in those days of the early republic and create for us songs which he feels sure must have been chanted by those old Roman bards.

There are four of these Lays. The first, "Horatius," commemorates the heroic deed of Horatius Cochs when he kept back the Etruscan army on Jarniculum while the bridge across the Liber was being torn down at his back.

The second is a lay based on the legend which has been handed down from early Roman times about Castor and Pollux coming to the assistance of the Romans at the Battle of Regillus. There are many passages in the Lay which seem to be almost exact copies of Homer's Iliad and the spirit of those old war times is entered into with vividness.

The third Lay, "Virginia," he imagines to be the foundation of the well known legend of the stabbing of Virginia by her father rather than have her sold a slave although they were Plebians. Macaulay supposes the bard to have sung this ballad first when seventy years later, the Plebs elected two of their number tribunes in direct opposition to the Patricians. The rhythm of this lay is different from the others, for it is telling, not of a victory of the Romans over some outside enemy, but of the common people over the aristocracy.

Macaulay's last, the "Prophecy of Capys," is perhaps the best of the collection. This is represented as having been written later in Roman history than the others, on the day of the great triumph of the Latins over the Greek invader Pyrrhus. As the title suggests, the bard is in a prophetic strain of mind and sees the greatness of Rome increasing and increasing until she has swallowed up all her foes.

As was said in regard to his shorter poems, Macaulay is above all a poet of action. The emotions of the man are kept in the back ground and even in "Virginia" do they crop out very seldom.

ERNEST McP. LANDER.

A STUDENT'S CALLING IN COLLEGE.

Monthly Oration for Preston Society.

I feel proud that the privilege is mine of speaking to the young men of my society on a subject which I know merits their careful consideration. Should you ask me the most noble resolve that a young man could form on leaving the old parental roof to enter the dangers of a college career, my answer would be, a grim decision to stand for the right. On this decision depends your success, not only during your college years, but even after you have gone out to win for yourself a name in this busy, bustling world of thrift and enterprise.

As I look into your faces tonight a feeling of sadness comes over me, for no doubt, at this very hour in homes far remote from this hall, kind parents are sitting around the evening firesides and as they look at the embers die quietly away, they are wondering what you are doing here in old Wofford College.

Young men, if we would only stand up for that which is noble and right, it lies in our power to crown every expectation of kind parents with success, and to make these very walls sound our praise. As the beautiful comet sweeps across the star-lit sky leaving a trail of light far behind it, so it is your privilege and my privilege to so spend our days and years in college that a trail of light will be left shining behind us long after the hand of time has pointed us to the grave, and the stately walls of dear old Wofford have crumbled into the dust. You may search this world over and over again until you grow weary of searching, and you will never find a grander and more enduring monument than that of young man, who on coming to college, manfully dedicated his life to the right. Mathematicians in their reckonings may scale the heavens, weigh immense planets and solve the deepest problems of God's universe, but when it comes to reckoning the results of a college life well spent,

their instruments fall to the ground while their reasoning is powerless.

How great! how grand and how glorious is such a life! It stands as a towering lighthouse on the shore of life's troubled ocean, guiding young men safely over the tossing billows of temptation. We may call this old world bad, but as bad as it may seem, it knows a good man when it sees him, and never does it fail in the long run to honor his heroism.

Not many years ago an angry, howling mob broke out in the city of Paris. Down her broad avenues it moved, carrying bloodshed and destruction. The entreaties of kind citizens availed nothing. Military aid was summoned, but as the crashing of a mighty avalanche, it moved forward on its mission of death. Suddenly, a venerable man of more than three score years and ten ran out upon the street and stood in front of the mob. It could proceed no further. The leader of the mob turned to his men and said: "Be quiet, for sixty years of pure life stands ready to address you." Ere the old man had spoken but a few words, the mob had dispersed. It could stand the clashing of musketry and the roaring of cannonade, but it could not stand the power of a pure life. In standing for the right many times will we be forced to face the angry rabble, but let us remember, when such crisis come, that a good man is always a majority wherever he may be thrown.

With regard to our college life, all of us would like to be good scholars. It is an honorable aspiration and I dare not discount it. We would have our professors in bidding us adieu to whisper to the world "he was a scholar." But how emply would that honor be if side by side with it they could not say "he was a goodboy." This grand epetome will ring in the ears of the world long after the sun of earthly wisdom has gone down.

It lies not within the power of mortal pen to tell how much science has done for the world. It has clothed the

wide, unbroken forests with royalty and reared kings' palaces over the haunts of ravenous beasts; it has levelled vile mounds of paganism to the earth, and on the mouldering ruins has built churches and reared cathedrals; in the face of its onward march the roar of the hungry savage has given way to the polished tongue of the statesman, but contrasted with one grand principle of right, what is science? It is nothing. "It is better to inspire the heart with one noble sentiment than to teach the mind a truth of science." Science may create, but it takes right to perpetuate. Science may instruct the mind and make it keen and perceptive, but it takes right to inspire the heart and make life noble and heroic.

Furthermore, we can't afford to come to college and spend our time to no advantage. From a financial point of view, some of you may be able to spend thrice four years to no advantage, but when it comes to the fond hopes that are centered in you, and the eager eyes that are looking to your success, not one of you can. That Divinity that shapes our ends will not allow the ungrateful son to trample underfoot the fond hopes of kind parents without the execution of the strictest penalty. We can't afford to pay so dearly for a few sinful pleasures. Life is so earnest and means so much that you should

> "Count that day lost whose low descending sun,
> Views from thy hand no worthy action done."

We can't afford to hurl that which is noblest and best within us to the ground, give wrong the ascendency, just to enjoy a pleasure which will endure only for a moment, and after robbing us of our manhood leaves us to grieve ever what might have been.

> "I saw a young life broken,
> By sin's destructive art;
> And touched with a Christian pity
> I took him to my heart.
> He lived with a noble purpose,
> And struggled not in vain;
> But the life that sin had stricken
> Never soared as high again."

On one occasion the forces of proud Rome came in contact with the invincible Persian phalanx. The brave Romans made charge after charge against it but met appalling death at each charge, while the phalanx moved steadily forward. A retreat was sounded down the line. Just as the army began the retreat, the gallant Roman commander rode out in front of the retreating army, threw himself upon the ground, exclaiming "if you retreat you must retreat over the dead body of your commander." The brave Romans could not resist that noble appeal to manhood. They turned again upon the phalanx, swept it from the field and took up the song of victory. So, young men, there is a lesson in this striking incident for us. Every time we hold out the banner conquered and begin a retreat from that which is right because the battle is sore, it is one thing certain, we retreat over the ghastly form of our lost manhood.

Had I the power to cast the horoscope over this gathering of young men and look at you in the light that you are going to bear twenty years hence, what would I see! No doubt I would see some of you out in the world doing well, living a life both creditable to yourself and to your fellowman, and filling the place God has called you to fill. While on the other hand what would meet my gaze? Would I be going too far to say that I would see some of you mere driftwood on life's troubled ocean with no sails to catch the gentle zephyrs from heaven, and no post in view? I fear that such would meet my gaze. Who in this intelligent body of young men will make up the sad side of this picture? I do not know but the probabilities are, they will come from those who did not stand for the right during the college years.

The wide unbounded future lies out before us, and in the great onset of coming life, nothing is going to aid us so much in standing for the right tomorrow as the fact that we stood for the right today. "Happy and strong is that man who has many great yesterdays back of

him." You ask how strong a certain young student in college is. That may seem a very difficult question, but in reality it is not. That student is as strong as he is right. Where does the strength of our great American nation lie? Does it lie in the fact that she has strewn the sea with her white winged argosies of commerce and has wafted her national greatness the earth around? Or does it lie in the fact that victory has merged upon her banners from the time she came as a tiny babe from England, to the time when her gallant seamen chased the towering gallions of the Cristobal Colon over the trackless waters and destroyed Spanish sovereignty on the island of Cuba? Or does it lie in the fact that she has produced one of the grandest and most towering constitutions ever the product of human thought? Neither of these facts account for her greatness. Raise the standard of right in every state and watch the little band that huddles around it, and you will see where her strength lies. As it is a big day in the life of the frollicking boy when he realizes that there is something else in the world to live for besides traps and play-houses, so it is a big day in my life and your life when we realize that our strength is measured by our standard of right. If college life does nothing, other than teach us this lesson, it will have done all for us. "Be sure you are right and then go ahead" said David Crockett, a man before whose dauntless courage obstacles fled away as the baseless fabric of a vision. So when we know that we are right, high walled battlements of error fall to the ground to give us sway.

Napoleon's watchword was glory, while the Duke of Wellington's was duty. They meet on the immortal field of Waterloo. Coming in the distance we see proud Napoleon holding aloft the gawdy, glistening banner of glory, pledged by the French army that it should never trail in the dust. We see the Duke of Wellington coming holding aloft the banner of duty. Nearer and nearer they come; the battle begins. My God, what a scene!

Duty and glory contending in blood. Belching cannon send up volumes of smoke painting the canvass of hell on the sky, while the wail of death sounds and resounds down the lines in tones of horror. "O that night would come" cries the bewildered Wellington. Is it possible that the banner of duty must trail in the dust! Behold! the banner of glory has fallen, and the French are retreating and proud Napoleon has been captured and sent to St. Helena's lonely isle and duty has triumphed.

> "For right is right since God is God
> And right the day must win."

So, young men, let us resolve this night to crown our college life by standing to the right, however hard it may seem, so that when we have merged out into life and fought all of its battles bravely, and lie back to gaze upon its closing scenes, that whether in a foreign land among strangers, or amid the circle of loved, our dear old Alma Mater may whisper to the world "it is only a hero dying."

A. E. DRIGGERS.

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BISMARCK.

The last decade of the nineteenth century has seen many and varied changes in the affairs of the world; has seen pass from this life into the great future men, statesmen who have had long the foremost hand in the management of these affairs of this respective nations. The two greatest among these men have been the "Grand Old Man" of England and the "Iron Chancellor" of the united German Empire. It would be very interesting and perhaps profitable to draw comparisons and contrasts of these two great leaders, but such is not my purpose. I wish to give a short sketch of Bismarck's life and the great part he played in the unification of the German States.

Otto Edward Leopold von Bismarck was born in

Schonhausen, Prussia, April 1, 1815, the son of well-to-do parents from the middle class of people. By them he was designed for great things, and was sent to many schools, where he was a leader among the students in drinking, duelling, etc., earning for himself the title of "Mad Bismarck." After studying and practicing law a short time, in '39 he settled down on a farm of his father's, in Pomerania, where, by his numerous eccentricities, he became the wonder of his neighbors.

On the farm he remained until 1847, when he made a formal and formidable entrance into Prussian politics in this wise: "The year before the February troubles in Paris [1847] set the match to the mass of explosive material which lay thickly strewn over Europe, the King of Prussia, who had promised a constitution to the people, presents them with a strange mediaeval assembly which he called the United Diet. In this diet, which was very unlike anything they had expected, but afforded nevertheless a certain opportunity for the expression of public opinion, Herr von Bismarck, a young squire of Pomerania, belonging to a knightly family, made himself conspicious by the violence of his hostility to modern ideas."

Nothing came of the Diet, and Bismarck returned home. The next year when there were great uprisings all over Europe of the common people demanding reform, Bismarck declared his intention of arming the peasantry around him and marching upon Berlin to help put down the uprisings; and came near murdering one man who attempted to dissuade him from his purpose.

From 1848 until 1862, he spent as a representative of of Prussia at Frankfort, St. Petersburg and Paris. It is probable that it was during this time he changed so radically to the great controlling idea of his later life. It is known that as a young man he opposed the unification of the German States into an Empire, and probably opposed this idea in the Diet. But in his intercourse with Austria, Russia and France, when he saw

their commanding and leading positions in European affairs, the desire came to him to make his native land as powerful, if not more so. Prussia was to be the political centre of the union as from 1818 she had been the commercial centre.

Bismarck's chance came in 1862, when he was recalled from Paris to become prime minister to William I, King of Prussia. It would be well to pause here long enough to notice one of his most striking characteristics, and that was the stubborn determination of having his own way; and have it he would, fairly, if possible, unfairly if need be: by force, by entreaty, by diplomacy, and there is one case on record of a way won by tears, even as a woman would have done. He thought nothing of misleading the representatives of other powers, when it would further his ends to do so, nor would he scruple to make his royal master his dupe, as in the case of the famous Ems despatch, when he edited the King's message to Napoleon before sending it. But it was seldom he deceived the King, as he found it easy to force one whom, on taking his place as prime-minister, he found on the point of abdication.

He accepted the position of prime-minister of Prussia with that one great desire in his mind, the unification of Germany, and with a master hand he accomplished it in nine short years. The events of those years, mostly spent in war, we can pass over rapidly.

He first picked a quarrel with Denmark as to the ownership of Schleswig-Holstein, and with the aid of Austria in a short war, (Bismarck had said, "The fight must be short and sharp; I have no superflous money,") a treaty was signed turning over Schleswig, Holstein, and Laurenburg to the allied powers. Almost immediately, as probably Bismarck had foreseen, there was a dispute between Prussia and Austria as to the lion's share. This led to a war so short as to be known as the Seven Weeks' War, and Austria, before that time one of the leading powers of Europe, was obliged to step down and

see Prussia take her place, which she has ever since held.

In 1866, a conference of the German States was called together by Prussia, and invited to form a German Empire. The Northern States half-way consented, but the Southern States delayed, considering whether or not to join r ance. Bismarck did not attempt to persuade them, as he had the Northern States with him, and the wisdom of his course is shown by the fact of their joining before the Franco-Prussian war.

After the Austrian war, Bismarck forced France to declare war against Germany on a pretext that there was talk of giving the throne of Spain to a relative of the Prussian King, and because Napoleon's demand for certain counties along the Southern border of Germany had not been granted. The war was short, not lasting a year, under the leadership of that great general, von Moltke, and terminated in the complete overthrow of France, and the crowning at Versailles of Wm. I as the first Emperor of the united German Empire.

Half of Bismarck's great work was over, culminating in this act, but still as difficult a task awaited him in the organization of the different states into unity. But only one who had done what Bismarck had done, could do it. He did it. Dominant and domineering, seeing with political foresight what should be done, he, "the maker and unmaker of things," left Germany in 1890 one of the foremost powers of Europe.

Undoubtedly Bismarck had his faults, great ones we know, but his services to Germany cannot be overestimated, and his position among statesmen will be foremost among the greatest.

NORTON— 1900.

JACK ON HIS WHEEL.

[CONTINUED.]

Uncle Tom no doubt went to his humble cottage that night with many fond recollections of the past quickly flitting through his mind. He was also highly rejoiced at having seen a son of his youthful "Young Massa." No doubt Susan Jane was given the whole story of the break down and also given a very fine "Afric" description of Mas. Jack.

We imagine her delight at hearing that Uncle Tom had "sant" his "specks" to "Mas Jim," and that an engagement was already made for her and her husband to meet Mas. Jack at the roadside on the following Tuesday.

As for Jack, he had soon forgotten Uncle Tom, notwithstanding his kind assistance in time of need, and his much ado about Jack and his wonderful way of traveling or, more fitting, his "Much Ado About Nothing," but we should not accuse him of having an unappreciative nature, for we may be assured that the labor of travel was what made him forget his friend.

The roads were not so muddy now, but were very sandy; and wet sand—none can know such *pleasures* except through experience.

With many falls, and tumbles, strivings Jack at last came in sight of what we have called the midway town.

As he slowly but surely approached this little town a thousand thoughts revolved in his mind. "What am I to do with myself when I reach town." "It is getting dark, and I couldn't go any further even if I knew the road, and by the way, I have sent my valice on, and didn't even keep back an extra collar. And my pants! And my hat! And my shirt and cuffs! O, what shall I, can I, or may I do? "My uncle will not think of allowing me to pass through the town with-

out stopping at least a day, and yet I know he will be ashamed to own me as his kinsman in this garb."

Before Jack could really realize the seriousness of the situation, he was just in front of his uncle's home. There was nothing for it now, but to go in, and make the best of the worst.

The door was opened before Jack was half-way up the front steps, and Uncle James, stood in the open doorway a man of a little more than average height, quite robust, with a true stately bearing bearing—for he was a politician—dark shaggy locks, large brown eyes that literally glistened from beneath the bold forehead, clean shaven, then clearly defined lips with the graceful curves of an Indian bow, with a nose so smooth and perfect, yet so prominent, with a neck so large and round, so smooth and soft, his features all blendiug into softness, and yet clearly showing their submission to a will that was his own.

"Come in Jack, come in. We are so glad you have come. Hope you are going to spend a while with us—a week at least. We will send immediately for Virginia and Artrebia, and Bessie to take tea with us, and I know you will enjoy their company. I suppose you sent your valise by express, I'll take you to your room, and send for the valise."

My, poor Jack felt bad or worse, under such circumstances, but did not know just how to put a stop to the courtisies of his uncle. He was ashamed, almost afraid to tell, that his valise was, at this time, in —— —— about forty miles away. He felt even more ashamed to say that he did not have so much as a collar. But something had to be done, and right quickly too, so he finally managed to over-ride his embarrassment, and tell Uncle James the true situation.

For a few moments Uncle James seemed baffled, but having a very analytic mind he soon seemed to regain his composure, and had solved the difficulty. "Well Jack," he said, still leading him to his room, "I'll go down and telegraph the agent at ——— to send your

valise up tomorrow, and then you shall have a nice time. Meantime, you brush your hair, and get in the carriage with Joe. He will take you down town, and you can get yourself a shirt and collar. That will make you look all right for this evening, after I explain to the young ladies that you came over on your wheel this afternoon and that your valice was missent."

Jack followed the directions of his uncle, and soon returned from down street with the necessary shirt and collar. But even in those he felt quite out of place and miserably uncomfortable. He alone knew all of the circumstances of his attire it is true, but nevertheless they were very embarrassing, because of the apprehended conjectures of others.

The young ladies were soon heard in the hall, and Jack could hear his Aunt Mattie gently and lovingly welcoming each one by name.

Now there had never been any children at the Robinson home, so the young ladies knew—perhaps from past experience, perhaps from Uncle James himself—that they were invited to help entertain a friend. It was not an unusual thing to see young ladies at the Robinson home, for Uncle James beside being a very hospitable man, with many attractive traits, and having a passing fondness for young folks, had the most charming wife in all the town. A sincere Christian, gentle, sweet tempered, lady pleasant as a May morning, and notwithstanding the fact that she had passed beyond middle life, she was quite young—as Uncle James often remarked: "My wife is forty-three years young." (Excuse me for exposing a ladys' age, I know it is very unkind to do so, unless she is sixteen,) but the frequency of an invitation to tea was a sufficient cause to arouse suspicion as to whom they were expected to entertain.

Jack soon came down, and was ready but not altogether willing to make his "debut" in an evening suit of the latest cut, or, perhaps more fittingly, the shortest cut.

He was soon in the parlor, and very busily and earnestly making good his apology for his evening suit by way of explanation of his travel. An hour passed quietly by, with the conversation never lacking interest or lagging far behind the most enthusiastic.

Jack's good aunt knew well when a good thing was in order, as well as when a pleasant thing had best be interrupted. So, much to Jack's delight, the merry chimes of the supper bell rang out clear and inviting.

The young guests were ushered into the dining hall by their kind host and his loving lady. All things were in keeping with a most magnificent dining hall. The decorations of the hall stood out in bold relief, and were of such beauty and symmety of arrangement that would tempt even an invalid to hunger.

Poor boy! We blush to accuse his sweet aunt and kind uncle of cruelty, but to Jack it did seem the same. He was given an honored seat between two charming young ladies, who, because of their delicateness in contrast with his enormous appetite, which had been whetted by his long ride, really put him in a painful position. Beside all this, his sweet aunt who had been busy about the household affairs and had as yet heard nothing of Jack's hard ride, calmly announced that he would be the autocrat of the table, and would honor them with a description of his ride.

O, that Jack could have torn out his tongue or could have swallowed ti to satisfy his inward craving or could have been mute for a short while!

The first course of good things of the more substantial type was served, and the servants came around to remove the "debris," in preparation for the next, but poor Jack, his good things were scarcely touched—he had been acting autocrat—and a close observer might have seen a tear standing in his eye, as the servant took away the plate and Jack saw the opportunity gone. So likewise were the second and third courses served, and poor Jack was still without food to eat, though it was in abundance.

You have no doubt often been asked why Jack didn't eat his supper, and have doubtless as many times an-answered "Because he couldn't get it." If you are ever asked this question again, you will do Jack the favor to change your answer and say instead: "*He was acting autocrat.*"

"You have eaten very little Jack, I fear you are not feeling well," Aunt Mattie was kind enough to remark. "Yes, I don't usually eat very heartily at supper, and then too, I am a little fatigued from my ride, and haven't much of an appetite. I trust I shall feel better at break-fast." (Wasn't that an enormous lie? and it was un-premeditated, I believe he couldn't have dreamed a *bigger.*

Supper was finally over, and the guests excused. It had taken several hours at the table, and it was now getting late. The kind hostess and also the invited guests were considerate of Jack's weariness—not of the company—and departed soon after they had entered the drawing-room.

Of course, Jack had to accompany the young ladies home.—Why don't girls carry pistols and go by them-selves?—And you may imagine his *comfortable* feeling walking the street in a bicycle suit after ten o'clock at night with young ladies.

When Jack had bidden the last young lady good-night, and started for his uncle's home, there came a feeling of great relief, and a sweet consolation that he would be able to get to sleep and be out of the misery of hunger.

[CONTINUED.]

WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL

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Editorial Department.

JONAS P. GRAY, EDITOR.

THE NEW YEAR. However varied may be the beginning of the fiscal years of different professions and businesses, the first of January is always an important date in them all. To the merchant it brings a desire for an increase in volume of trade; to the man of a profession it brings a desire to become more perfect in his attainments; to an idler, in reality or its equivalent, it brings a desire for a more undisturbed idleness; to a man of low standards of life it brings a desire to more fully gratify them; to the man of high and noble aims and purposes it brings a desire of increased opportunities of doing what is right and of making amends for what he has done wrong; to the unscrupulous man it brings a burning desire to further his own selfish ends and gratify his own black, unprincipled ambition, mattering

not to what he will have to stoop, or whom he will injure, or what will be the result, elbowing everything and everybody else aside, all this only to gratify a low, contemptible ambition, as rotten and corrupt as the state of affairs it will bring about.

* * * * * * *

In the beginning of this year, let us all make good, righteons resolutions, and do all in our might to carry them out. While making these resolutions, let us remember the JOURNAL needs good, strong, exhaustive, thorough, able, representative essays on varied subjects. Let us all remember that a literary essay is not necessarily confined to the discussion of a literary subject. Let every man, especally in the higher classes, begin to take an unprecedented interest in the JOURNAL so as to completely bewilder the proper editor in the attempt to pick out the best of the good. You have no fall athletics, and you should support the JOURNAL, so that you will readily and frequently promise to write when necessary, and when you do write, give them the very best in your shop, in every respect. Again, though you may have men worthy and able on your JOURNAL staff, the success or failure of the JOURNAL rests entirely on the part you take. And let the JOURNAL in the next five issues far surpass and have no parallel in all its past history.

* * * * * * *

Now, let each man do his whole duty towards himself and his fellow students. This means that he must do his best and be honest in his recitations, etc., and daily associations, his society work, his words and actions, his conduct everywhere, so he will be above any suspicions or any thing else. Let him do cheerfully and gladly all these things, especially remembering that the fortunes of future generations depends on the part he plays, and the world is gradually demanding a larger and fuller part from college graduates, which demand he must learn to consider more seriously each day that comes.

Y. M. C. A. WORK AT R. R. POINTS. A college community is regarded as a miniature world, and in it one might see distinct types of every kind of character that in the outer and larger world develops more fully, perhaps, in making the condition of affairs high or low, good or bad. The Y. M. C. A. in college is to check, and if possible to entirely radicate all evil tendencies among college men, and a Y. M. C. A. at great railroad centers is intended to check all evil tendencies among railroad men, to make the employees better, stronger, more honest, more conscientious; and to fit them for better service. Here in the South, where railroads are comparatively small and few, a railroad Y. M. C. A. is scarcely found. But the great railroad corporations of the North and Northwest realize the good it does their employees, and give annually about $140,000 for buildings and for maintaining this Y. M. C. A. work. Some of our contemporaries are eager to characterize a corporation as a band of heartless men, eager and greedy for their own gain, and regardless of the rights and conveniences, etc., of others. If they insist on this characterization as true, we submit to it; but, we would remind them, then, that the most evil planner and doer sometimes brings about good results. Are such good results as these absolutely unintended,or unknown beforehand? We hold they are not, and therefore doubt the necessary truth of this characterization. A few weeks since, there was a general convention of railroad employees under Y. M. C. A. auspicies, in Cincinnati, if we mistake not. Let us remember that there are about 800,000 railroad employees in the United States. Now, a railroad conductor, returning from this convention, told a gentleman of the Sophomore class, in conversation with him, that there was no room for doubts as to the good this work was accomplishing, clinching his statement with this fact, that the general standard of religion and morals and sense of duty and honor, is fifty per cent. higher than it was when or before the railroad association work

was begun. They are pleased to say a corporation is corrupt, but we are pleased to ask if a corrupt tree can bring forth good fruit? Such great and good results as these are good, and the thing that brought them about must needs be good, at least in some sense, whether their purpose in bringing good is comendable or not. But as long as the corporations do these things, let them live and multiply.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY IN THE SOUTH. About the middle of December last the South was the scene of many notable occasions. President McKinley's visit to the South was in all probability the most important visit in the history of this section. Especially is it important and even historic as regards the utterances of the President respecting the Confederate dead. In view of the valiant services of the South under Federal authority during the recent and other wars, he, though an officer in the Union army during the civil war, declared that it was now time for the North to help the South protect her Confederate dead. All the feelings of jubilee over the restoration of peace were melted into nothing, and a great reconciliation between the different formerly hostile sections of our great country almost completely supplanted them. Different posts of the Grand Army of the Republic quickly seconded the idea. But Mr. Tillman very well says that it is the living Confederates, and not the dead ones, that need this care and protection, and that by spending money for the benefit of thousands of poor and lame living Confederates, instead of erecting monuments to and preserving the graves of thousands of dead ones who are beyond all human help, will a great blessing be brought about. A special bill is or will be before Congress for allowing the Confederate soldiers, widows, etc., to draw full and regular pensions from the Federal government. Many Confederates strenuously object to this idea, and we rather think they are correct in their

objections, in view of all the circumstances.

NECESSITY OF A UNIVERSITY COURSE. In days gone by a man with a comparatively slight education could maintain his profession with a reasonable degree of efficiency and credit. But that day is about gone, as the records of the country will show. From every circumstance, it is quite plain that the trend of every phase of society is towards higher education. It is not because of any affected or assuming or apparently important appearances that such an education might bring about. But the per cent. of college graduates that attain to the highest success in any walk in life they may take up, is rapidly becoming more largely made up of those who took special courses in a university. And let us also remember that the highest and most responsible places in life are getting to be more and more nearly entirely filled by university men. We are not sure but that we can make this statement, that at present, more or less, and especially even in the first few years to come, a man's attainments will be directly proportionate to the thoroughness and extent of his college and university training. Of course, there will be exceptions to this rule, as to all others, but we would ask each college man to be absolutely certain that he is undoubtedly an exception, before he declines to take a university course. But we are inclined to think this law too invariable and comprehensive to permit of very many exceptions.

CORRESPONDENCE OF JOHN C. CALHOUN. Just recently the editor received a communication from Prof. J. Franklin Jameson, of History in Brown University, and managing editor of the American Historical Review. Prof. Jameson has insight and generosity enough to recognize the greatness of Soutb Carolina's greatest statesman, and sees that thousands of

those now living, especially the younger generations, may be incalculably aided and strengthened by a personal knowledge of the struggles that great man had informing a decisive and final opinion, and in also by knowing the reasons, pro and con, that that master thinker had for doing or not doing anything. But above all, the reader will be brought into direct contact, with the personal characters of that man, with all its superb grandeur, which will tend to lift his own standard of life, ennoble his own ideals, strengthen him in right resolutions, broaden his own scope and horizon, and quicken his insight into great and small things. The trustees of Clemson College have kindly consented to turn over to him for his use the letters in their possession, about 400 of his own and about three thousand addressed to him. Grand-children, etc., and friends, admirers, etc., have also offered the use of the letters in their possession. It is Prof. Jameson's desire to make this "Correspondence" complete, and to do this every letter extant of or to Mr. Calhoun should be sent to him. He takes this as one means of getting this done, and we trust this article may do some good in that direction. This will make a complete series of autobiographical, personal knowledge of Mr. Calhoun. We hope this undertaking may be successful. Prof. Jameson is well qualified for this task, from a literary point of view by virtue of professorship and editorship already referred to, and especially well qualified, from a historical point of view, by virtue of his being chairman of the Historical Manuscript Commission and honorary member of the South Carolina Historical Society. We hope that all who revere the memory of Mr. Calhoun and take pride in the history of South Carolina will feel it their duty, if possible, to respond to this appeal.

Among Our Exchanges.

C. W. WATSON, EDITOR.

New Year's greeting to our brother editors and readers.

Among other things devolving upon the exchange editors, it is their special duty to examine and criticise the thoughts and expressions of their fellow-students in other parts of the country. When those thoughts are of such a live and inspiring nature, and when those expressions of are such a vivid and picturesque style, pulsating with light and life approaching the name of "Literature," then it is pleasant in truth to peruse such writings; but when a great many magazines fail to contain such thoughts and expressions, though their outward garments may appear showy and fantastical, or come near to containing such writing, it is then boaring and tiresome, and hard to say what will make up this deficiency, or to suggest the remedy in such cases.

Some few of our exchanges for December contain very praiseworthy articles, others not so good, and still others and others not noted for anything special but for their attempt at literary production. We have all of these in stock from the old year. A great many of the December journals we do not think are up to their usual standard, but we hope with the New Year that these will not only reach their average standard, but surpass anything in the past.

The normal mind will live in the past for its experience, in the present for its practical value, and in the future for its inspiration.—Selected.

We notice in this issue of the *Georgian* a history of the early days of the university, which will no doubt be of great interest to the alumni and patrons of the university, but we think a little less space might be given to local affairs. "Too Too Solid Flesh" is a good short tragedy. College spirit must be pretty high in this university, all seem to be rallying to the needs of the school.

The S. P. W. U. Journal is one of our most welcome visitors. The piece entitled "Woman's Sphere" is well written and in a brief way describes the sphere of woman in a true sense. The first sentence of this article is worth giving: "The apitudes of woman are indices to her prerogatives." The plot in the story, "Who is the Winner," is good, and the end is very good. "My Christmas," is a smooth flowing piece of fiction, and contains some good picturesque and well balanced sentences. We enjoyed greatly reading "From Christmas to Christmas." Let us have more such pieces. This issue of the journal is well edited in all departments, and is to be commended especially for its poetry.

The first story in the *William-Jewell Student* deserves special mention. For it is not a simple shallow love scrape,told by simply narrating a few superficial facts(?), but gives us a good plot, to some extent complicated, and also a splendid background,describing in picturesque language the surroundings of the hero, and stating a few important things concerning his life—his profession. He was a wealthy, but also a very practical man, and one who possessed a strong conviction of right, for, though he had been a man of society and had won popular favor, yet when the crises came for him to choose the right and loose all his wealth, which he found at a late day was willed to another, or to yield the temporary impulse and keep his wealth, as he might have done without any one finding it out, he put himself on the side of right; delivered the possessions to the proper

owner thereby becoming a man indeed, for he had now to bestir himself as he had not had to do in the past, He received for the sacrifice a hundred fold, for in addition to its making a better man of him it aided him in securing as his bride, the owner of the wealth who was his ideal of a woman. The Editorial department of the *William-Jewell Student* also deserves praise, in fact the magazine as a whole is the most inspiring one that has come our way lately.

"College Spirit" is the title of a piece in the *Randolph-Macon Monthly.* The writer takes a money sided view of this question and discusses it in the right "spirit." One statement that he makes is;——— "A College is a society, it is a community of interest not only in what pertains to himself but also in what pertains to his fellow-students." "My Room-mate an Unsung Hero" and "A Summer's Episode" are short stories that do not close as most readers of fiction would like them to, yet they should be commended for giving us something true to nature and as something deviating from the monotonous order. This issue of the Monthly also contains a short history of the Randolph-Macon College which is not objectionable to outsiders, and which may be of great interest to the college, still we think there may be too much space given to local affairs in the Edtorial department. We trust it is only for this special issue.

The Clemson College Chronicle is a well bound magazine and well printed. We commend the "Ode to Henry Timrod," particularly for its subject. "Cupid's Snare," is a good short poem. We think it out of the place of an exchange editor in his own department to be urging the students to bestir themselves in behalf of their magazine. Such an article, we think, would be more properly placed in the editorial.

We welcome to our list of exchanges: *The Amherst*

Literary Monthly, Centre College Cento, Asheville College Monthly, The Mount Holyoke, The Richmond College Messenger, and The Souhtern University Monthly.

CLIPPINGS.

THE SPRIG OF MISTLETO E.

In Oldstone Hall, so the story goes,
Were met the friends of the pure White Rose,
And the Baron's daughter
So fair that nignt
Than the pure White Rose,
Was far more white.
For in secret her wounded lover lay,
A Red Rose hurt in the last affray;
And o'er the door where he lay so low
Hung a fresh-gathered sprig of mistletoe.

'Twas Christmas Eve—and a Whitc Rose Knight,
Whose eyes beamed wild with a fiendish light,
The damsel tracked—
And his arm he threw
Around her waist,
I will take my due.
For Cupid's mistletoe hangs above,
He cried—but a blow from a mailed glove
Flouted his ear, and laid him low
'Neath the fresh-gathered sprig of mistleto e.

The wounded lover has risen in strength,
The White Rose Kight has measured his length
On the floor. She clung
To her lover, they fled
In the night. The two Roses,
The White and the Red.
And lives were lost, hearts broke with tears,
And never at Oldstone these many years
On Christmas Eve do they ever show
A fresh-gathered sprig of mistletoe.

—*S. P. W. U. Journal.*

The truth which God speaks in the still presence of death, with the shadows of the eternal world falling upon

us, is that there is but one thing that is immortal, and that is character; a character framed after the model of Christ, inspired by the spirit of Christ, and ending in the presence and glory of Christ.—Ex.

When sickness come, thy soft hand
Hath soothed my aching brow,
Thy tender voice hath stilled the heart
Which hurts with anguish now.

'Twas thou who taught my infant knee
To kneel upon the sod,
'Twas thou who taught my infant tongue
To lisp the name of God.—Ex.

"When love in a game of three
One heart can win but pain,
While two between them share the joy
That all had hoped to gain.
And one in its bitter sadness
Smiles on, lest others see,
But two in their new found gladness
Forgot 'twas a game of three."—Ex.

LEAVING HOME.

Mother, I would kiss once more
That furrowed cheek of thine,
And press thy aching throbbing heart
Still closer up to mine.
Upon thy breast I've laid my head
On many a former day;
And with thy tresses o'er my face,
I've wiped my tears away.

Alumni Department.

W. RIVES CRUM, EDITOR.

J. G. McLaughlin, '97, is principal of Hendersonville Institute and has several assistants.

A. S. Hydrick, Jr., class '96, has been recently admitted to the bar and will practice at Orangeburg, S. C. "Gus" has the push and energy and we predict for him great success.

G. S. Goodgion, class '91, is principal of the Williamston High School, and has been very successful since leaving college.

J. M. Lander, '79, after graduating chose the missionary field for his life work, in which sphere he has accomplished much and by energy and pluck has risen to the presidency of a Methodist College at Juizde Tora, Brazil. He is one of the many graduates of Wofford who have given their services to christianizing the heathen.

J. H. Purifoy is a rising lawyer of the Saluda bar.

W. T. Hutto, class '80, is representing a Northern clothing house and has met with much success.

Edgar L. Culler, '97, was very popular while in college, and has been elected principal of the Limestone High School, Orangeburg County. We congratulate the trustees of the school in receiving the services of such a worthy and proficient man.

F. Eldon Dibble, class '95, who taught at Gray Court, S. C., has been elected recently to fill the vacancy in the Carlisle Fitting School at Bamberg, caused by the resignation of Prof. Shoemaker. Dibble was a hard student in college and will doubtless fill the position with much credit to himself and his Alma Mater.

G. L. Anderson is travelling salesman for Carroll Adams & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Percy Inabinet, class '97, took his A. M. in '98, is teaching a flourishing school at North, Orangeburg County.

L. B. Haynes, class '72, has been teaching since leaving college. He was professor at Columbia Female College for a number of years; but for the last ten or twelve years he has held the presidency of the Leesville College, Saluda county.

W. K. Smith, class '96, is farming on a large scale in Hampton county.

J. B. Humbert, of '60, is an industrious and progressive farmer of Laurens. He takes a very active part in the church and is highly respected by his fellow-citizens as a christian gentleman.

R. N. Littlejohn, class '60, is running a very successful brokerage business at Charlotte, N. C. He is a thorough business man and is making quite a success.

Rev. R. D. Smart, of '68, is stationed at Memphis, Tenn. He is a true pastor, and is loved and reverenced by his members.

R. C. Nettles, class '69, has made for himself quite a reputation practicing law at Manning, S. C.

Dr. S. N. Holland, class '70, has made quite a success practicing medicine, in connection with farming.

L. C. Cannon, '71, is a man of great business qualities. He recently sold his gold mine in Union county to a Northern syndicate for which he received a considerable sum of money.

R. T. Caston, class '71, is a son on whom Wofford looks with much pride. He is and has been many years a member of the Educational Board of the South Carolina Conference, and in his county has established himself firmly as a lawyer and a business man with great capacity. He is now president of the Bank of Cheraw.

W. H. Wallace, class '71, chose the educational field, and is meeting with much success. He is now superintendent of the Newberry school.

W. P. Irwin, class '72, is the popular and efficient agent of the Southern railroad, Spartanburg, S. C.

Rev. J. E. Carlisle, of '72, has been a member of the South Carolina Conference twenty-five years, and is now stationed at Lancaster. He recently presented the library with a nice collection of books.

W. S. Morrison, class 75, holds a professorship at Clemson College.

E. O. Woods, of '83, is practicing law at Darlington, S. C.

W. A. Parrott, of '83, is at Darlington, S. C. He is very popular in his county, having held the office of Clerk of Court for many years.

Local Department.

G. EMORY EDWARDS, EDITOR.

THE PUBLIC DEBATE.

According to the custom of several years' standing, the two literary societies gave their annual autumn entertainment on Tuesday night, Dec. 6. The exercises were begun with a patriotic oration by Mr. L. E. Wiggins, of the Calhoun Society, on the subject, "When the Saxons Agree." Mr. Wiggins spoke with his usual ease and force, and clearly outlined the many advantages of a mighty compact between the two greatest nations of the world—England and her grown-up daughter, America. Next came the debate, with Messrs. E. H. Hall and Clarence D. Lee representing the Prestron Society and the affirmative side of the query, "Resolved, Is the acquisition of new territory the best policy for the United States," while Messrs. W. C. Martin and W. C. Latimer, defending the negative, did the honors for the Calhouns.

Mr. Hall opened the debate with a strong argument. He proceeded to break down any argument that might be advanced on the line of the Monroe Doctrine, then he pointed out the many material advantages that would necessarily follow the policy of expansion. He stressed the advantages to be derived by the acquirement of coaling stations, the commercial benefits, the military improvements and conveniences, and other advantages. He said that Spain had proven to be incapable of governing the Phillippines, Cuba and Puerto Rico, and that it was the duty of the United States to annex these colonies, and to develop their abundant resources. Mr. Hall presented in short words sound points, and spoke with ease, and some degree of conviction.

The negitive side of the debate was opened by Mr. W. C. Martin of the Calhoun Society. Mr. Martin first established his ground, by saying that it was not the question whether the colonies annexed would be benefitted, but whether any good or benefits would accrue to us by the annexation of these colonies. He said foreign territory must either be annexed as an independency, or as a colony—the one impossible and the other altogether distasteful to the American people. He pointed out the necessary tax burdens that would spring up for the maintenance of a standing army and an increased navy. By Mr. Martin's debate, it was shown that the negative side is not without points, and he did justice to his side of the question.

Mr. C. D. Lee made the closing arguments on the affirmative side of the debate. He showed the need of a heavy navy in time of war to defend our wide stretch of sea coast, also the expenses of establishing military outposts. He said that our great manufacturing and agricultural productions needed an outlet, our internal progress demanded it. He pointed out the many advantages of Cuba and the adjacent islands, as annexed colonies. Mr. Lee spoke to the point, and added force and conviction to his side of the discussion.

The debate was closed by Mr. W. C. Latimer. He pointed out the mistake we had already made in annexing Hawaii. He said that we could not follow the colonizing policy of our mother country, as she governed her colonies by the doctrine of irregularity and inequality, while the crowning feature of American policy was equality to all. We could not govern rightly without a change in our policy. He spent a few moments in answering some points the affirmative had advanced. Mr. Latimer's arguments were presented in good form, and nicely delivered. It is to be regretted that it was not seen fit to appoint a committee to decide the debate, as half of the friendly rivalry lay in the anxiety for a decision.

Following the debate, Mr. W. H. Fields, of the Pres-

ton Society, delivered a well written oration on "Bismarck, the Man and Statesman." Mr. Fields' subject was appropriately chosen, and he showed that he had put much thought and study on the subject.

The exercises of the evening were closed by a delightful reception, given by the two societies in their halls. Its success was established by the reluctancy with which it was brought to a close.

THE GYMNASIUM EXHIBITION.

The third annual exhibition of the Wofford College Gymnasium Association was held in the gymnasium on the evening of Friday, December 9th. The patrons, friends and students of the college had had the opportunity only a few evenings previous of listening to a forensic contest in the chapel, and now they gathered for the purpose and pleasure of enjoying the sight of the physical development of the eighteen sturdy young athletes of the team of '98, who had been training for more than six weeks. The boys who were accorded places on the team had worked hard, and it was a surprise and pride to many to see the numerous signs of physical development which were due to the untiring efforts of Instructor Chreitzberg and the enthusiasm and zeal of Captain Shockly. Promptly at 8 o'clock the team trotted out of the bath room, neatly and tidily dressed in their gymnasium suits. They at once fell to work, and for more than an hour and a half they afforded plenty of amusement to their many friends and ardent admirers. In rapid succession they showed their skill in work with dumbell, horizontal bar, flying rings, parallel bars, mat rolling, horse-vaulting, spring-board tumbling, high and distance diving, mat tumbling, dog roll, and the pyramids. The funny antics, and ludicrous performances of the two clowns kept the audience in a roar all the time. These gymnasium exhibitions are destined to gather around them much college spirit and pride, and besides this, while the college is turning out graduates of intellectual

and moral abilities, the gymnasium has established its place by adding to these graduates the physique of a well developed athlete. The exercises of the evening were brought to a close by an impromptu reception, given to the friends and admirers of the team, which every one heartily enjoyed. These are always pleasant events, and the association does the right thing when they give their friends such treats as this. The following is the list of those who participated in the exercises:

Prof. Gus. M. Chreitzber, Instructor; H. T. Shockley, Captain; and A. Morrison, Ernest Wiggins, E. P. Miller, Joe Gamewell, C D. Lee, J. A. Switzer, C. C. Alexander, J. R. Duncan, I. M. Minus, E. M. Salley, D. D. Wannamaker, A. B. Wannamaker, J. A. Norton, R. W. Power, W. P. Dean, R. C. Oliver. The evening was very pleasantly enjoyed by all, and many impartial judges have said that this was the best exhibition in the history of the association.

A PLEASANT REMEMBRANCE.

Immediately after chapel services on the afternoon of Dec. 14, a very interesting incident took place in the chapel. Prof. and Mrs. C. B. Smith, were presented with a beautiful, appropriately engraved silver tea set, by the Junior and Senior classes. Mr. G. E. Edwards, of the Senior class made the presentation in a few short and approprite words, and expressed the regret with which the whole college, and especially two higher classes, parted with him whom they had learned to respect and admire not only as a professor, but with whom they felt confident when approaching him as a friend. He ended his remarks by forcibly saying that what was our loss was Darlington's gain. Mr. W. C. Latimer, of the Junior class, held the set during the presentation speech. Prof. Smith, when it came time for him to respond, was greatly affected. He said he had been humbled as he never had been before, that he was entirely unaware

that he had won such a bond of friendship among the students in his efforts to do his duty. He plead with the boys as a parting word to make men of themselves, that what the church and State needed was men. The student-body regretted very much to part with Prof. Smith, whose stay on the campus has won for him the respect and best wishes of the entire student-body. We only wish that he may make as many and as true-blue friends at his new home in Darlington, as he has left behind him on the campus.

During his stay with us as financial agent, the college has had many reasons to be gratified with the prosperity and improvements which attended his loyal efforts.

A NEW VENTURE.

Under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. the attractive and interesting picture play of Alexander Black, "A Capital Courtship," will be presented in the college chapel on the evening of Feb. 1. Too much cannot be said in behalf of this venture by the Y. M. C. A. It has never been the policy of the association to take upon themselves the responsibility of guaranteeing remuneration for any lecture, but at the urgent solicitation of many friends they have in this instance decided to undertake the trial, and intend to devote the proceeds to paying off an old debt. It is needless to say anything concerning the play itself or about its author. Anyone who heard last year, Black's Miss Jerry which was presented in this city, has nothing but the most pleasant remembrances of the pleasure it afforded, and the consolation of money well-spent. So boys, give this venture the support, which it so richly deserves, by attending it in solid body. Tickets on sale at DuPre's Book store.

THE OUTLOOK IN ATHLETICS.

With the coming of spring our attention turns towards the interesting subject of athletics at Wofford, in which every students' pride and enthusiasm is centered. Ever since the beginning of inter-collegiate contests in this State, Wofford has never yet failed to obtain an enviable reputation in the list of competing colleges. She has always tried to eradicate from athletics any objectionable features that would tend towards any unpleasantness or disputes which are always to be despised. The prospects as to our maintaining the place we won among colleges last season in baseball are as bright as they have ever been. Five men of last year's team have returned, and the timber at hand to fill the vacancies is unusually plentiful and varied. In fact, one who has aspirations to make team may just as well right now decide that he must play fast and snappy ball. Boys, don't let our past victories dull our best efforts to maintain the position we have proudly won, but rather let them serve as an incentive and inspiration to do even better this coming season. Although no games have been definitely arranged yet, Manager Chreitzberg has challenges from Cornell University and the Universities of Maryland, North Carolina and Georgia. It is very probable that games will be arranged with some of these teams, but the disadvantages under which the management is laboring has made it difficult to agree upon satisfactory terms. The greatest drawback we have to encounter is the lack of a fence to enclose our athletic grounds. We would respectfully call the attention of the faculty and trustees to this pressing need, and urge them to try to fence in our grounds, which can be easily done at a nominal cost. The students have always been liberal in the support of athletics, and should the trustees come to our aid, our enthusiasm and college spirit will be heightened and strengthened, while better arrangements can be agreed upon by our manager in fixing dates and terms.

Now, why not have a field day? Wofford has plenty of material which she can utilize to put on the field a creditable track team—one of which she might well be proud. Then, too, the possession of a good gymnasium helps us wonderfully to attain the best results in physical development. During the winter and early spring months, this highly prized possession serves to keep athletes in trim, keeping their muscles hard, and their wind and endurance in excellent condition, and hence they are in much better condition when regular practice begins. Practice will soon begin now, and no better inspiration could be desired than the sight of the athletic grounds crowded with interested boys who lend their help to the selection of a good team. Let us have an *enclosure, a track team, and a baseball team* that will draw out those inspirations of animated college enthusiasm, which has served in all our past contests as a help to win so many hard fought victories. To the lower classmen we would say, don't be discouraged if you do not make team first year, but just remember that you have two or three more chances at it. Boys, let us hold our ground!

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

Since the last issue of the JOURNAL, the association has been moving along smoothly and now it is beginning the new year under favorable circumstances.

The innovation of having a short mid-week prayer meeting which was begun in December has proven a blessing and a help in conserving the spiritual tone of the association. The regular Sunday afternoon prayer meetings have been interesting and serviceable. The attendance has been up to the average.

The work in the three Bible classes and the Mission study class which was suspended during the Christmas examinations has been resumed since the holidays, and the beginning of the year has been used as the occasion

of enlisting new men in these important classes.

At the first of the month the association held an election of officers for the ensuing year, which resulted as follows: presidect, E. M. Lander, 1900; vice-president, P. C. Garris, 1900; secretary, B. H. Boyd, 1900; and treasurer, L. E. Wiggins, 1900. These officers will take their seats in February to serve until February 1900.

There are several events in the near future which the association is looking forward to with pleasure and profit.

First, with especial interest the association is expecting Mr. Sumner R. Vinton, a travelling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, to visit the college January the seventeenth and eighteenth. A visit from the secretary always proves an inspiration to the association and the student body generally, and it is the confident hope that this visit will be a blessing.

The association is looking forward also to the coming of another visitor—Mr. Alexander Black, the inventor of the delightful picture play. If nothing unforeseen happens Mr. Black will give his entertaining "A Capital Courtship" in the college chapel Wednesday night, February the first. The committee on arrangements are hustling things and they are determined to have nothing less than a great success.

The Y. M. C. A. state convention will this year hold its annual meeting in the city of Spartanburg, February, ninth to twelfth. Of course to all loyal members of the association and to all else who may be interested in christian work this convention will be a pleasure and a blessing. Through the kindness of the faculty the Wofford delegation will be excused from recitations during the convention and thus it is hoped great good will be gained in upbuilding the members of the association individually and making more serviceable and influential the association as a unit. The association at its last regular business meeting elected the following delegates to attend the convention :—

From the Junior class—E. M. Lander, chairman, E. H. Hall, W. C. Latimer, B. H. Boyd, L. E. Wiggins and P. C. Garris; from the Sophomore class, V. W. Brabham, M. Auld, A. E. Driggers, and C. E. Peele; from the Freshman class, N. L. Prince, D. E. Camak and R. L. Sharp.

In behalf of the association and the college in general, we extend to the delegates of other colleges and associations a hearty welcome into our city.

———:o:———

CHAT FROM THE CAMPUS.

Did you have a "hug(e)" time Xmas?

The Christmas holidays began on Thursday, December 22d, and ended Tuesday, January 3d, work being resumed on that day. All the boys, with a few exceptions,, spent the holidays at home, and they must have had a "jolly" time, judging by the way they came back —one at a time.

J. H. Bennett, '01, has dropped out of his class, and has gone to Poughkeepsie, N. Y., to pursue a business course of several months duration.

Mr. J. C. Allen, '98, spent several days on the campus the early part of the month, shaking hands with his many friends and reviewing old familiar scenes. Mr. Allen was on his way to Pacolet, S. C., to assume charge of the high school at that place. Our best wishes are with him.

Messrs. E. H. Hall, '00, and J. Stokes Salley, '00, spent the holidays in Chatanooga, Tenn., where they went as delegates to attend the Thirteenth Biennial Conclave of Kappa Sigma fraternity, which met in that city December 28–31. Both report a pleasant trip, and plenty of Christmas over on the mountains.

The library has recently received five volumes of the Southern Review, edited by Dr. Bledsoe, as a gift from Rev. J. E. Carlisle, of Lancaster, S. C. Besides the pleasure with which we acknowledge this gift, we are reminded that this loyal alumnus has set an example which we hope many of our graduates will follow, and thereby gradually enhance the value of our library.

Fresh Dn—tz—er has a pleasant smile,
But we would like it more,
If he only would dissolve that grin
Into His H_2SO_4.

Bishop Duncan recently conducted chapel exercises and welcomed the boys again to the city and their new years work. Rev. M. L. Carlisle, the genial pastor of Central church, conducted services a few afternoons later and wished us a happy New Year. We are always glad to see these kind of men up on the campus.

Recently the following corps of officers of the Preston Society were elected and duly installed: President, E. C. Major; Vice-Pres., E. H. Hall; 1st Critic, C. B. Burnett; 2nd Critic, C. D. Lee; Recording Secretary, W. H. Fields; Corresponding Secretary, L. T. H. Daniel; Treasurer, B. H. Boyd; 1st Censor, J. P. Gray; 2nd Censor, L. T. H. Daniel.

In the Calhoun Society, D. D. Jones, '01, was recently elected monthly orator for January and C. P. Still, '01, orator for February. Mr. C. E. Peele also delivered in an easy manner, an oration of good thought and sound arguments.

The two literary societies held a joint meeting in the Calhoun Hall Saturday night, January 7, for the purpose of electing a delegate to represent Wofford at the State inter-college oratorical contest, which is to be held in the auditorium of Erskine college the 21st of April.

P. C. Garris, of the Calhoun Society, was elected, with E. H. Hall from the Prestons as alternate. Mr. Garris resigned his position as Vice-President of the State Association and Chairman of Executive committee, in justice to other contestants. M. B. Jennings was nominated to fill the vacancy, subject to the approval of the Executive Committee.

Senior W.—Which is the more useful to man, the sun or the moon?

Senior G.—Why the moon, of course. When there is darkness the moon gives us light; while it is daytime we have no earthly use for the sun.

1st Soph.—I must retire early tonight so as to be fresh when I enter the examination room tomorrow.

2nd Soph.—No, probably you will be *Soph* when you enter, but *Fresh* when you come out.

The Seniors are just finishing a pleasant course in practical work in mineralogy, which they have greatly enjoyed. They will take up the fascinating (?) subject of geology next week. Prof. DuPre has decided to take the class out on a mineralogical tour to the upper or eastern part of the county in the early part of February.

What has become of basket ball, boys? This is too interesting a game for us to drop it so quickly. Let's revive it. Get up several teams and have some class games. This will open the way for good ball practice.

Mr. William Coleman, '95, was in the city a few days ago on business. We were sorry we didn't get to see him up on the campus.

Profs. DuPre, Smith and Blake attended the conference at Greenwood in December. Dr. Carlisle also went down accompanied by his son and daughter.

Those of the Wofford boys who spent the night of December 22d in Columbia, have many reasons to recollect only pleasant things. Among other things calculated to bring back joyous recollections and sweet remembrances, the impromptu reception given by the C. F. C. girls to our boys may be given a most prominent place in the list. It is useless for your editor to attempt to give any detailed account of this happy event, for he himself was most two busy to take any notice of others. We will say, however, that we owe many thanks to our *sisters* for the pleasant evening spent in their city, and hope that this pleasant event will serve to bind the two colleges more closely together.

We are glad to notice again the return of electric lights to our streets. We had begun to come to the sad conclusion that we were to walk in darkness for an indefinite length of time, and nurse many sore places as a result of our nocturnal trips along the city's streets. But the city authorities have signed some kind of a contract and we thank them fer giving us some light on the subject

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The manager is complaing that so many recent graduates are writing to him to discontinue their subscriptions. This is a bad token. You should by all means support your college paper, or at least stand by it. We hope that he wont be grieved by receiving any more such communications.

A SAD DEATH.

It becomes our sad duty to chronicle the death of young Dick Dean, who by his genial and attractive manners, his exemplary conduct and his devotion to duty, had won the hearts of all the boys in college of all classes. None spoke ill of the young Freshman who joined the ranks of 1902 last October, with the determination to bear his colors bravely to the front, where he

would have won the victory in four years. He was very popular not only with the students, but he exercised a magnetic influence over all with whom he came in contact. Dick was only seventeen years old, but he had already learned of the way of right, and his short college career measured up to his ideas of life. While we deeply mourn his death, we feel that he has gone to that place where there is eternal rest. The old college bell in the tower was tolled seventeen times—once for each year of his life. To his grief-stricken and sorely bereaved parents and kindred, the student body extends their deepest sympathy.

Mr. Edwards, the local editor, has been sick since his return and the writing of this department has fallen on another's shoulders. He begs forgiveness wherein he has fallen short of the usual standard, and hopes that it may not be altogether uninteresting to our readers.

E. W.

Calhoun Hall, January 14, 1899.

Whereas, God, in His infinite wisdom, has seen fit to remove from our midst

WILLIAM PINCKNEY DEAN,

a member of our society; and

Whereas, while a member of our society, he showed his sterling worth; be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the Calhoun Literary Society of Wofford College commend him as a youth of high integrity, a faithful student, and a dutiful brother; and be it

Resolved, that we deeply mourn with the bereaved family of our deceased friend and brother, and tender them our profound sympathy; and be it further

Resolved, That a page in our minute book be inscribed to his memory; that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased and given for publication in THE JOURNAL.

ERNEST WIGGINS,
C. C. ALEXANDER,
C. E. PEELE,
Committee.

Whereas, Almighty God in His Allwise Providence has seen fit to take from among us

WILLIAM PINCKNEY DEAN,

and,

Whereas, We, the members of the Freshman Class, do lament this deep loss; therefore be it

Resolved, That we deeply mourn with the bereaved family of our deceased friend and brother, and tender them our profound sympathy; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased and given for publication in THE JOURNAL and Baptist Courier.

BELTON A. BENNETT,
D. ENGLISH CAMAK,
DAVE C. STROTHER,
Committee.

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Wofford College JOURNAL.

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WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL

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Literary Department.

HENRY J. BRABHAM, JR., EDITOR.

SONNET.

I dreamed; and in my dream there came a sound,
A fluttering of wings; a hovering spell
Of strange and sweet bewilderment; there fell
A vapor of soft odors all around
And whispering voices, light as fancy, bound
The motions of my heart, as when a bell
Has ceased its brazen clangor and we dwell
With stifled breath upon the murmurs, drowned
At length, and still we bend a listening ear.
But, though I held my breath to catch a word
Falling from angel lips, I only heard
That murmur as of bees some drowsy day
In summer. Life, so thou art! Every way
Sweet voices float—their words we never hear.

OLIN D. WANNAMAKER.

Vanderbilt Dec. 31, '98.

KING AELFRED, THE GREAT.

In looking over English history we find recorded there the names of many great and noble men, who, by their heroic bravery shown in her battles, by their eloquence displayed in her halls of Parliament, and by the magnificent contributions they have made to her literature, have been placed on her roll of honor.

Among the first on this roll of fame is one of her earliest kings who perhaps has done more for his country than any other Englishman. I refer to King Aelfred the Great.

That he has done more for England than any other Englishman may be doubted by some at first, but when we take into consideration the time in which he lived, the great odds against which he was compelled to strive, and what he accomplished in spite of them all, it will heighten the glory of his achievements in behalf of his native land.

Born in 849 A. D. during the time when the much dreaded Danes were continually making savage inroads on the possessions of the Saxons, his whole life was spent under these same inhospitable conditions. Of his earlier years we know very little, but from the year 871 when he ascended the throne of Wessex, the Anglo Saxon chronicle is but a history of his achievements until his death in 901.

The circumstances attending his ascension are interesting. During the reign of Aethelred, Aelfred's brother, the Danes had not only, according to their customs made inroads for plunder into Wessex but had also equipped large hosts to march against the Saxons, determined to conquer and settle as they went. In the midst of the terrible battle of Ashdown Aethelred was killed and Aelfred just twenty-one years old assumed command. Imagine in what a position the young King was placed, with a very small army against this host of

invaders, his resources exhausted and no one to send aid. He decided upon the wisest course possible after the defeat and death of his brother, and bought peace from the piraes in order that he might recruit his exhausted resources. This done he returns to Winchester with his army and during the little breathing spell thus obtained employs himself in making preparations for another attack which he expects.

After a peace of about seven years the Danes in company with their allies organize another army even larger than before and march against the little kingdom of Aelfred. He with a mere handful in comparison confronts them at Edington, and after a great battle defeats them. Their leader Guthrum he baptized as a Christian and bound him by a solemn treaty. This was the famous treaty of Wedmore by which Aelfred, glad to get rid of the intruders on any terms, gives over to them all of the northern part of England, and retains for himself the small county of Wessex. Such a treaty as this seems hardly worthy the name of a treaty, but as someone has said, "by saving Wessex he saved England." The victory gave the faltering Saxons courage and showed them that it was possible to overcome the invaders, hitherto thought invincible, and probably drive them from England. Impelled by this new hope those tribes who had formerly held back on account of fear, now joined the standard of Aelfred. The spell which the Danes had wrought was at length broken and henceforth the Saxons assumed the offensive part. The kingdom of Wessex now enjoyed a long peace of fifteen years which was not broken except for one short struggle. As great as Aelfred was in war it would hardly be expected that he would have a very peace loving nature, but he was truly as great in peace as in war.

We find him in his old age uttering such sentiments as this: "I have striven to live worthily so as to leave to men that come after a remembrance of me in good works." This noble purpose be accomplished fully,

and in order to do so we find him during the few years of peace, between the attacks of the Danes, building a fleet so that his country might be able to cope with foreign powers. The laws which before had been tribal rather than national, he codified and gave them a national character, thereby laying the foundation for the present legal system of England.

Among the most potent influences which Aelfred used to benefit and uplift his people was along educational lines. He himself became a palace teacher and we find him importing noted scholars to his court, such as Grimbold and John the Old Saxon. His highest ambition was to make every free born Englishman able to read his mother tongue. Besides this we find him doing distinctively literary work. He was himself a translator and put into his own native Anglo Saxon tongue several of the best books of his day. Orosius' "History of the World" was in Latin and in order to make it of use to his people he translated it into the common vernacular. In addition to the matter given by Orosius he also adds stories which he himself had heard from travelers such as Othere and Wulftsan. He gives us the first modern account of our ancestors the Germans, since Tacitus.

To this may be added the translation of Baede's "Ecclesiastical History of England," Pope Gregory's "Pastoral Cares" and Beotheus' "Consolations of Philosophy." He also may have had a part in enlarging and expanding the Anglo Saxon chronicles and probably compounded some verses.

The wonder is how he could have found time under such unfavorable circumstances, in the little breathing time he could get, to do such literary work and so much of it. It is a true index to his generous and self sacrificing nature; he was ready to do anything for his people, to regulate the laws in order that they might be more in accord with justice, to instruct them in literature, and above all to fight for them to the death.

LEM E. WIGGINS, 1900.

INCIDENTS OF '65.

It was a cold, clear day in the latter part of February. There was a strong wind from the north which made the blood tingle in the veins, and which went whistling away toward our beloved South, bearing sad news to still sadder homes; for it was apparent to everyone that Lee could not hold out much longer against the overwhelming force, constantly increasing, which Grant was bringing to bear against his half-clothed, half-starved army.

The winter, now passing away, had been especially severe on the Confederate army. From the winter encampment in front of Petersburg many, refused a furlough, had deserted to go home to see their starving wives and children; and desertion was increasing, for almost every deserter who was caught, tried and sentenced, was either pardoned outright or had his sentence commuted by the President. When General Lee remonstrated with him, telling him he was demoralizing the army, President Davis plainly told him to mind his own business. The President by such actions toward the only man in the South in whom everybody put entire confidence and trust, and looked to for final success, had already alienated many of the people, and they now demanded that General Lee be made commander-in-chief of all the armies of the South, which would give him sole charge of the army, this was done, and no better choice could have been made. Of sterling honesty and spotless character, heretofore rather shunning responsible positions, he accepted this one now because he thought it his duty. He stopped desertion as far as possible, and sought men throughout the South to fill his army. But no men were there. Already the conscription officers had literally "robbed the cradle and the grave." General Lee's plan, formed during the autumn of 1864, of arming the negroes had been frustrated by the dilatoriness of Congress. And here he was with an army of 33,000 men, by no

means to be increased, to defend a line forty miles long against an opposing army of 400,000; and the time for the commencement of the summer campaign not far off.

Your attention is called on the cold morning of which I speak, to a small tent about midway between Petersburg and Hatcher's Run, or a point on the line of defence about eight miles from Petersburg. It is on a slight rise, covered with pine trees, and stretching away on both sides of it are similar tents. It is on the line General Lee is defending, or to be more accurate, picketing. To the front about one hundred yards distant can be seen the picket line of the yankees, and farther back where the branches of the trees are swayed by the wind, can be seen gleams of many white tents.

Inside the tent can be heard voices, one weak the other strong.

"And you didn't get anything but tobacco? Wonder if they think we can live on tobacco?"

"The Commissary General says he's looking for supplies from the South at any moment; that he has heard a blockade runner has gotten into Wilmington loaded with supplies which will be shipped immediately. Well, I'll go out and see if I can't swap some tobacco."

A moment later he appeared on the Confederate picket line, ragged and unkept. The government at this time was totally unable to clothe its army, which was left to clothe itself as best possible. The man looked up and down the line to see if any officers were in hearing distance, nodded to a picket and hailed:

"Hello, yank."

A Union picket showed himself. "Hello, Johnny; What's it?"

"Say, yer want some tobacco fer some coffee and flour?"

"Yep, meet me half way in fifteen minutes."

Both men disappeared, and everything was again quiet along the line. Some minutes later a man could be seen emerging from the yankee line, with some

packages in his arms. He was without his gun, and walked along confidently until he came to a fallen tree about half way between the lines, on which he first deposited his load, and then himself. He did not have long to wait, when the Confederate came up and spoke. They had exchanged supplies on the line before, and the "rate of exchange" being already fixed, each was quickly back to his own line.

This system of getting rations, since the government had failed to supply the army regularly had become quite common. The exchange was generally fairly made, but sometimes a yankee confident of his power would secure the Confederate's tobacco, or whatever else he was exchanging, and "strike a bee-line" for his own line. Once a yankee attempted it on our friend. The Confederate watched him a few moments undecided what course of action to pursue, and then "took out" after him. No telling what the Federals thought as the solitary "Johnny" charged them, gunless; but they halted him, sent for a lieutenant and to him a tale of woe was told. He knew that what he heard was against the rules of war, also orders, but he had the other man to the exchange hunted up, reprimanded him, made him turn over to the Confederate what he had bargained for, sent the "Confed" back to his line rejoicing, but with a warning not to be found "swapping things" again. But hunger was a harder enemy to fight than the yanks and warnings combined, and the exchanging continued.

About the beginning of March, our young man again returned from the commissary to his tent, where his younger brother, wounded in a skirmish some time before, was waiting for him.

"Well, where are your rations?"

"The army is without food again; there is not even any tobacco to be obtained now. I know they are starving at home, too; the entire South is in the same fix we are. God knows what is to become of us; we can only look to Gen. Lee and wait."

"Was there any news?"

"Oh, yes; I almost forgot to tell you. I have been promoted for bravery to first lieutenancy. You remember in the same skirmish in which you were wounded, the captain and lieutenant were also wounded and had gone to the hospital. The few men on the line were fast becoming demoralized, realizing the large number of the enemy in our front, but I held them together until reinforcements arrived. Simply duty done, and now I am full lieutenant. I go up tomorrow to try my chances for a uniform."

The government at this time could not only not clothe the soldiers, but could furnish only one uniform. unmade, to a company. For this uniform the commissioned officers of the company would draw.

The next day the newly made lieutenant set out to draw for his uniform, and was so lucky as to get it. Wrapping the new gray cloth in a bundle, he went back to his tent to tell his brother the good news, and let themselves live together on glory as long as possible.

As he was sitting before a small fire that night with his brother, discussing plans for having the uniform made, the bugle call was sounded for his company to fall into line; and it was ordered to a point five miles west to help repel a night attack. They hurried down there and fell to work; but their absence from their own place in the line of defence necessitated a line in which the men were stationed five yards apart, and if this part of the line were attacked, it could only be hoped the enemy would not force them too far back before reinforcements from some other part of the line could be rushed to their aid.

The attack on the lines four miles west was repelled after two hours fighting, and the company was ordered back to its own place in the line.

Late that night, about one o'clock, a solitary figure, cold and tired, was hunting for a tent which had been pitched on a slight raise, covered with pines. He found

it, but it was dark and silent. Entering it, he could see by the still glowing embers of the fire that it was empty. His uniform and his brother were both missing. Hunting up some comrades of another company, who had remained on the line after his company's departure, he learned that an attack had been made upon that part of the line during his absence, and that the Confederates had fallen back, leaving their tents in the hands of the enemy, who had plundered them, and had taken some who were in the tents, wounded, prisoners. An arrival of reinforcements had helped them to drive back the enemy, and they were now in the possession of their old line.

Alas, then, his brother, and precious uniform, upon which his children might have gazed with wonder and awe, were both in the hands of the enemy. No more uniform for him; he would have to perform his duties as lieutenant in his same old dress. It was a great disappointment, probably the greatest of the war for him.

The brother turned up a month or two after the war, just from a yankee prison, but the uniform is still unaccounted for. If we could only know of its travels and duties since it was captured! it would be such interesting history, as contrasted with "what might have been."

NORTON.

———:o:———

THE TRAINING OF A MAN OF LETTERS.

In his essay on Madame D'Arblay, Macaulay makes one of his characteristic bold propositions. The example that he gives is Crisp, the friend and counsellor of Frances Burney. He maintains that a critic, a connoisseur of literature, must not himself be a genius. He must not be a great poet nor a great dramatist. He must not be remarkably developed or remarkably talented along any one line or branch of writing. To be an acute and accurate critic and an unerring connoisseur he must be well read, broadly cultured, and in touch with the r

fining influences of cultured and educated companions. This explanation of why Crisp was a good critic and a poor dramatist, well illustrates the field of work for which Macaulay's education and training fitted him. It shows how Macaulay might become a great essayist, a great critic, and a great man of letters; it shows how he would never have been a great poet or dramatist.

From earliest childhood Macaulay was a great reader. His nurse was astonished at his talking "print-words;" his mother marveled at his descriptions of things he had read, and his use of the exact phraseology of the book. The first man to whom he was sent was a Mr. Greaves. He attended his school as a day scholar, and early exhibited a remarkable desire to shirk the routine work of the school and an ambition to write a huge poem or a prose work on some mammoth subject. He wrote many things at this time, and it is remarkable that even at this early age his spelling was correct, his punctuation punctiliously accurate, and his expression lucid and forceful. His writings exhibited many of those qualities that distinguished him in after years.

His next teacher was a Mr. Preston, who lived in a little village near Cambridge. The choice of a teacher in this instance was fortunate. His teacher was not a broad man, nor was he a liberal man. He was a very religious man, and often interrupted interesting lesso s with inquiries as to his pupil.' spiritual condition. But he knew how to teach, and better still, he often let his pupils follow their own inclinations in their studies.

In his eighteenth year, in 1818, Macaulay entered Trinity College, Cambridge. This event was memorable in his life and in his education, and is one on which he always looked back with pleasure. His affection for Cambridge during his stay there and in after life was indeed ideal. Trevelyan says: "Of all his places of sojourn during his joyous and shining pilgrimage through the world, Trinity and Trinity alone, had any share with his home in Macaulay's affection and loyalty.

During his education there he seldom went out of the building at night. In that building was all that his heart desired. In that building were men who were ever ready for debate or discussion. In that building was a society which cherished all that was genuine and condemned all that was pretentious. He could choose those whom he liked and associate only with those whom he liked. He loved in his student days to wander about the historic walls and walks of Trinity, book in hand, as with a chosen companion. Here in his old age he loved to return and gaze with longing upon the scenes of his boyhood.

His companions at Trinity were Thornton, the two Coleridges, Derwent and others. But his chief companion and one who left the impress of his character and mind upon him was Austin, Austin and Austin alone dominated Macaulay. He influenced Macaulay in politics as no man had ever to do afterward. Many were the discussions that arose between these two mighty conversationalists. Macaulay's flow of language and resources were great, and he had wonderful power of sarcasm. If is said that when these two would enter into a discussion everyone else was silent and an audience, attentive and intent, would be formed.

Macaulay was not a good student in all of his departments. He was averse to mathematics, and to the sciences generally, and denounced them as "soul-starving." He was not ranked high in the classics. This kept him out of some college honors.

But he cared little for college honors at the time, and in after life said that he would not give two pence to be able to say that he had been "senior wrangler."

One factor in his education I have omitted, his voluminous, voracious reading. With the possible exception of John Stuart Mill, he was the most precocious child in English history. But as a reader he has never been equalled. His reading was diverse, thorough—universal. His memory was marvelous—miraculous. He could thoroughly and carefully read a book in the

time another man would skim it. He could skim it as fast as one could turn the leaves. He memorized at a glance and without effort, and he took in the contents of a page at a glance. He could repeat in after years verses that he had seen with a casual glance and that had not been seen by him since. It is unnecessary here to enumerate his numerous feats of memory and of rapid reading. They are familiar to all who have read his life.

In Macaulay we have one more instance of a man neglecting all the routine duties of life and concentrating his power on what his instinct told him was his chosen field. History has repeated itself, and history will continue to repeat itself. Men will continue to neglect their routine duties, they will still be upbraided for slothfulness, and their names will be fresh when their upbraiders are forgotten. Dame Genius will continue to take care of her own.

Macaulay was not a great poet, he was not a great creator. He had little creative power. But he was a great critic, a brilliant narrator and had wonderful resources. His writings are not deep, but they are brilliant; they are not thought-compelling, but interest-compelling.

"If Macaulay had educated himself differently he might have kept his seat for Edinburg, but he would never have written the description of England in the "History." "

A.

———:o:———

WAS SHE RIGHT?

It was a beautiful night. The moon was sending forth her rays of purest light through the branches of a large magnolia, under which sat a young couple. Evidently they were lovers and did not realize the lateness of the hour, as neither made any movement to go. They had been talking in an exceedingly low tone;but through the

still air rang the clear and almost passionate voice of the young girl: "Yes, Hurbert, I have always loved you and I trust no unpleasantness will ever come between us again. I will also promise never to encourage Tom while you are away."

"Mary, I can ask nothing more. and if you will only remain as faithful to this last promise as to the others you have made me, all will be well."

Hurbert Hayne and Mary Hasgood had been sweethearts since childhood, and during this time they had had many needless quarrels, such as young lovers generally have. He had remained unusually late tonight, for he was to leave on tomorrow for Harvard University and would be away one long year. To these young lovers it seemed almost an age, and many were the promises made and given before the parting farewell was said.

The first few months after Hurbert's departure a regular correspondence was carried on, but as time advanced it gradually relaxed, until a very indignant letter from him brought it to a close. He had learned through one of his best friends that Tom Hannon, his bitterest rival and the cause of all their former "break-ups," had in his absence been a constant visitor at the home of the Hasgoods. This last news, together with that of former disagreements, was more than the jealous heart of Hurbert could endure, so he resolved to end their relations by writing the letter above mentioned. O! how much he hated to give Mary up, and once in his life, he allowed his pride to conquer him. His boyish dreams and youthful ambitions had always been in behalf of Mary, but this last quarrel had entirely swept away his former plans. He did not act as many young men have done under similar circumstances, fall into habits unbecoming the dignity of a true gentleman, but he determined to make such a man of himself that she would regret her unfaithfulness. He continued his studies with as much earnestness as ever, and gradu-

ated with high honors. Accepting law as his profession he located in New York, and in a few years rose to be one of the most promising young attorneys of that great city.

Having long since laid aside all worldly enjoyments and pleasures, he devoted his time and energy to the upbuilding of his profession, for after severing his relations with Mary he never afterwards desired to gain the confidence and affections of any young lady. His business and social standing necessitated his going into society on many occasions, still at every available opportunity, he would decline all invitations to join in the gay yachting and theatrical parties.

Four years have come and gone since Hurbert left his beloved Southern home to fulfill his ambitious in the world, and many are the changes that have taken place. During all these years Tom had been very attentive to Mary, yet she would often treat him with coldness and indifference; but he always accepted it with a quiet good humor, so it would pass unnoticed. Mary realized she did not love Tom with the sincerity necessary for them to become more than friends, and this was why she had held him off so long; but he had been so patient so unwearying in trying to win her love that, on his next visit, she had promised to give him a final and definite answer.

A few nights later as Tom was ascending the long drive leading to the Hasgood mansion, he felt as one doomed, for he was soon to learn his fate. What would it be? Would it be the coveted prize he had so vainly sought since boyhood, or would the long years of anxious waiting ever afterwards go unrewarded? It was certainly not the latter, for later in the evening we see him leaving, and there is no longer the dejected look on his face, but in its place is hope and newness of life. He could not have been otherwise, for Mary had promised to marry him on the seventeenth of November, which was hardly a month distant, and they would leave immediately for the Atlanta Exposition to spend their honeymoon.

On looking over the hotel arrivals in the city paper next day, Mary came to a name that made her heart stand still, for there was the familiar name of "Hurbert Hayne, Esq., New York City." His visit was very unexpected, not even his relatives or intimate friends knew it, and his arrival naturally brought forth many conjectures and fantastic stories. Some thought that it was business, while others, remembering his past relations with Mary, predicted that something concerning them accounted for his return. This supersition, however, was laid aside when her marriage with Tom was announced.

A few days after his arrival, Hurbert, in company with a friend, was walking in the park, and on turning a short bend, suddenly came upon a beautiful young lady. He recognized her at once to be Mary, and raised his hat. She returned it with a bow and smile that brought back to him the happy recollections of his boyhood's love. He accompanied her home, but ere they reached there they were chatting as gaily as they had done four years before. He explained to her that being worn with the cares of business life, he had come South, thinking his health would be greatly benefitted by the change; that he would remain in his native city several weeks visiting relatives and friends, and thence to Atlanta to spend several days. He told her how all these years there had been a terrible yearning in his heart for his dear Southern home and its surroundings, that several times he had anticipated a trip South, but each time it had been marred by some legal transaction.

The next day found them together, and before a week came to a close they were nearly the same Hurbert and Mary of their youth. He told her he believed it was perfectly natural for them to love each other, and that she could easily ask Tom to release her from the engagement. She said she was sure she loved Hurbert more than Tom, but it would be dreadful to deceive him after things had gone so far. A girl never realizes

the influence a man can sustain over her until she loves him. This was Mary's greatest weakness, but she did not know it until afterwards.

In the meantime preparations for her marriage with Tom were steadily carried on. Tom, thinking it would be showing Hurbert a good deal of respect, asked him to be one of his attendants, since they were boys together and afterwards were rivals for the hand of the girl he was soon to marry. He accepted it, readily assuring Tom he considered it a great honor he was conferring upon him. The ceremony was to be solemnized according to the Episcopalian forms, and on account of its being public, the social element of the grand old city Charleston, looked forward to it with great interest.

While people talked and criticised about her carrying on with Hurbert, the wedding day arrived, and long before the appointed hour for the marriage ceremony, the long avenues leading to the church were crowded with vehicles of all kinds. Elegantly dressed people could everywhere be seen hurrying in the direction of the brilliantly decorated church. The front seats of the galleries, and the pews near the altar and along the broad aisle all were occupied by spectators. The appointed hour had come, the attendants had assembled to their places, the minister was standing before the marriage altar, the folding gates had been opened by beautiful little girls carrying sweet-scented flowers, the groom was standing at the door eagerly awaiting the expected bride; but he looked in vain, for she was already on her way to Atlanta as the bride of the lover of her youth, Hurbert Hayne.

J. B. Gibson, '01.

ODE TO W. C,

'Tis true we love the beautiful,
But beautiful do all things seem
For which we have that tender love
Which speaks the message of the heart.
The rose which bloomed long years ago,
And now is faded to the world
Will ever bloom, for one—the son,
On mother's faded, furrowed cheek;
And so no pillars with their arch
Of brilliant shining, frescoed work
No polished tiling, lofty spires
Which brightly sparkle in the sun,
No spacious halls by sculptors' art
Adorned with graceful effigies,
No edifice however great
To Wofford's sons can e'er excel
The one which made them nobler men.
May honor everlasting be
Your recompense for lessons taught
Which turned men from that lower life
And gave them higher thoughts and hopes.
And while the good which has been done
Exceeds all estimates of men,
May future years of such good prove
That *now* your work is just begun.

—KENDREE W. LITTLEJOHN, '01.

:o:

CHARLEY'S CASE.

"Good morning, Doctor," said Charley Gordon as he walked in to Dr. Miller's office rather early one morning.

"Good morning, sir. How are you? Have a chair, sir."

"No, I haven't the time, thank you."

"Is there something I can do for you?" said the doctor rather politely.

"Well-a-yes sir; but as a rather tedious mental examination would be necessary, in order to find the causes and the manner in which to treat my case, I would prefer to make an engagement with you at your residence, at about, say, seven o'clock this evening if it does not inconvenience you."

"O, no, I always make engagements suitable to my patients even if they do inconvenience me. But, perhaps, it would be better to have the examination in my surgical room, just above the office here."

"No, no. It must be strictly private and concerning, perhaps, not more than three of us."

"Oh, yes, you expect to call in some one else to aid me in the work," said the doctor pleasingly.

"No, if there is to be any help, I will need it, I don't mean concerning another surgeon by saying cencerning three," replied Charley explainingly.

"I feel that you are fully competent to dispose of the case, and believe that you will treat it in a manner that will cause the least pain to me. Will you not?" continued Charley.

"Oh, yes, that has always been my motto. The least pain consistent with the greatest relief. So I will have everything arranged for your comfort," replied the doctor in a boasting manner.

"Thank you." So saying Charley walked out to attend to his daily routine of business, and to formulate some plan of alleviating his trouble without the danger of a personal interview with the doctor. Throughout the day he was troubled over the matter. For several months his lively spirit had been suppressed, and now his case was becoming critical. So, at last, he decided to state plainly and clearly to the doctor the causes and effects of his disease, so that the doctor might advise him.

When the office hours were out the doctor returned home and told his wife and daughter to prepare the sitting room for the young man's comfort. They seemed surprised at first, why the doctor should not conduct the examination at his office. The doctor explained as best he knew. It was a mysterious affair, and the more questions asked, the more diverse the answers, the more conjectures the more explanations. One of them understood the matter, but preferred to pretend ignorance as it was a private affair.

At length the hour came and Charley was on time. The doctor invited him in the sitting room where there was also his wife and daughter (he had met them before) who remained a short while discussing light topics of the day with Charley and the doctor. Who could imagine what a change was soon to come over that pleasant circle! Soon they retired leaving the room for the examination. The doctor walked out and brought in his box of surgical instruments, setting them down beside him.

"I hope it will not be necessary for you to use that," said Charley in a weak voice, for his whole system had been carried to a high point of suspense, on account of the vital decision that would soon be rendered.

"Perhaps not, then it will be the better for you," replied the doctor.

"Well, doctor, I will state the causes and some of the effects and recommend to you a remedy which has nearly always given satisfaction, and feel confident that it will relieve me."

"Oh, yes, but I will prescribe for the causes, and a relief of the the effects will follow. Now tell me openly and plainly without hesitation your trouble, remembering that I will secrete it, and do the best I can for you. As yet I know not your trouble, but it has been a matter of comment that you have not of late been as lively as usual," said the doctor confidingly.

"Well, here is the whole 'case of it,' doctor," began Charley. "As you know I have been a somewhat frequent visitor of your home, one reason is of the friendly relations existing between our families, but there are others of more importance. Whether or not it was caused from these visits, I will not say, but for sometime I have been having slight attacks of enamored sickness, and I fear that it has become a disease, for, as you know, I visited your home just last evening, and upon returning to my father's residence, I was attacked by a severe case of insomnia accompanied by mental

abberrations which continued through the night. This you know is an hereditary disease, which strange to say can be cured by a simple remedy, you have experience, and know what to do for me."

"Oh, well!" interruptingly said the doctor. "You mean to say that you cannot sleep at night on account of your frequent visits?"

"Yes, sir," replied Charley.

"But you attribute it to the wrong cause. It is not the visits, but the time you are in the habit of retiring. I venture the assertion that you do not sleep more than three to four hours during the night, and your constitution is becoming impaired. You need an invigorating tonic, a medicine that will quicken your nerves. For your sleeplessness you need a somnific medicine. So I will get my medicine case and prepare them," said the doctor as he arose to leave the room.

"But wait, doctor, you do not understand me, let me explain more fully. I need not medicine, I need no professional advice, but it is necessary to have your consent as a father." The doctor seemed somewhat frustrated, but sat down again, and Charley continued. "Doctor, you have an amiable daughter. She is the pride of your heart, and justly so. She is loved by all who know her. And I dare say that she is capable of loving also. I care not to narrate her life, but I would like to say that she, by her loving manner, her captivating style, her sweet and pleasing disposition has involuntarily been the cause of my many visits. The natural result is, that I have wooed, and have reasons to believe that I have won. Excuse me, doctor, but you told me to speak plainly and confidingly."

The doctor now began to realize his position, but did not speak. Charley continued with some difficulty, for he fully realized that the father's heart must be won also.

"Last evening I came for the express purpose of learning dear Olive's heart. I told her of the way she had

stolen my heart, of my true love for her, of the resolutions I had adopted, and of the dependency of my future happiness; and lastly I asked her if she could complete my happiness, if she could be happy in a bond of love with me, if she could consent to leave her loving parents, and take me as her protector. Who can express the joy and pride, or the responsibility that I felt when the faint echo of my words came back from those sweet, trembling lips! 'Charley, I am yours through love, through happiness, through death.' Indeed, I realized my position, and have now come that you may realize it also. I know that I am asking for something that millions cannot buy, but when I think of love, unconquerable love, as a divine gift, when I think of the sacrifices of the human race on account of love, when I think that love governs the world to come, it forces me to face you with the vital question. Will you trust your loving daughter to my care and protection?"

Charley expected an immediate answer, but the doctor was in deep thought, and, in truth, did not hear all of the statement. It was too sudden for the doctor, as he had never thought of Charley Gordon in the capacity of his son-in-law. After a few moments he turned his eyes from the flickering fire, and with a piercing look said, "You are too sudden for me, I cannot tell you tonight."

"You must, doctor, I cannot sleep until I know."

"Then I will consult with my family," so saying the doctor left the room, leaving Charley by himself.

The doctor walked in and told his wife the circumstances, but in the mean time, Olive had told her mother of the cause of Charley's visit, and after much pleading had gained her mother's consent. She told the doctor that she had already consented, and that he might do as he thought best. The doctor lay down on the sofa completely baffled. After remaining in silence for a short while he raised up and replied. "I surrender, and leave you in the defence, I see it is of little avail

to try to withstand a force of two divisions, advancing with well prepared signals on both front and rear at the same time. You can inform Mr. Gordon of your decision. I am going to my bed-room, but I fear that I will have an attack of insomnia myself tonight," Saying this the doctor stepped out.

"Olive you will have to inform Mr. Gordon, for your father is indisposed," said the mother kindly to Olive.

"Yes'm, I would volunteer to carry the message of Emily Geiger, or Pocahontas if the occasion demanded," replied Olive in a sprightful tone.

During this time Charley had been sitting in the room gazing at the fire in a dreamy, unconscious manner. Who can imagine his surprise when Olive rushed in the door, awakening him from his dreams.

He jumped up and Olive fell into his arms in a pure, loving embrace.

"Charley, dear Charley, I am yours."

Charley could say nothing. Her head was lying on his breast, while his slightly dropped forward upon her shoulder. They stood in blissful silence, while triumphant love rejoiced that it had again met in the hearts of two of its captives:

> "I did not speak: I could not speak my love.
> Love lieth deep: Love dwells not in lip-depths,
> Love wraps his wings on either side the heart,
> Constraining it with kisses close and warm,
> Absorbing all the incense of sweet thoughts
> So that they pass not to the shrine of sound."

After a few moments of unconsciousness Charley raised his head, and with an extract of bliss from Olive's dimpled, blushing cheeks bid her a happy "good-bye" until he should come to arrange for the nuptials.

CLARENCE D. LEE.

JACK ON HIS WHEEL.

The next day came, but Jack's valise did not.

"Well, surely it cannot be delayed longer than to-night; it will certainly come on the midnight train," Jack said to himself.

Two days had now passed, during which time Jack had been unable to attend one entertainment of a social nature, and had been compelled—by a woeful lack of clothes—to decline an invitation to tea, and also one to dinner. He had been unable to visit even his dear little Cousin Atrebla, or his charming friend Bessie. "Brevity is the soul of wit," but boys, don't try it on the clothes line, for it won't work. The situation was now becoming altogether painful, and it was very evident that clothes had to come by express, be bought, borrowed or stolen, or Jack must leave town, and that without delay.

"And tomorrow is Sunday too. And is it possible that I must ride my wheel on Sunday, father and mother would object to that, and then too, my own conscience will not allow me to ride a wheel on Sunday, when I ought to be at church. But the Good Book says if the ox fall in the ditch on Sunday, pull him out, and my ox has certainly—No that can't be, for I havn't one. Let me see, let me see. By analogy, my valise is—No, that won't do a valise can't be an ox, if it is hide bound. Let's see. By mathematics two halves make a whole—that won't do. By mathematics and Logic combined—two halves make a whole, my valise is two halves of ox's hide, therefore my valice is a whole ox—— Gee! that won't do! Math and Logic always did give me trouble anyway. Psychologically speaking I am conscious of nothing except the "Ego," then I am not conscious that my valise is not—— But I am! Just as I expected, that thing Psychology always did make

me sigh. It says the anatomy of the brain is intricate and the function of its members obscure, and I believe that much of the darn thing, but I'll be hanged if I can believe that I am Jack, and Jack is "Ego," and yet 'tis not "Ego" that wants clothes. I'll try Math once more. I am to the valise as the valise is to an ox. The product of the means is equal to the product of the extremes, then the valise is a valise, that's true. And I am an ox—! Darned if I am, but then there is no disputing figures so I reckon I must be, at any rate I'll let it be so for a while, for if I am, I know that by analogy I have fallen in the ditch on Sunday, and I must pull—not Jack—the ox out. It's all over now; it's settled, I'll go to B—— tomorrow, and get that valise, ox, nou "Ego," two halves, or whatever those professors would call it.

All the while Jack was solving the problem, he was slowly approaching his Uncle's house, and by the time he discovered that he was an ox, he had arrived at the front door, and was aroused from his deep thought by Aunt Mattie "Hey—O Jack, your valice didn't come? "No mam," Jack answered, and that was about all that he found to say just now.

It was fast drawing towards evening, and Jack knew that Uncle James would soon be at home. "Must I tell him that I am going to B—— tomorrow?" He asked himself. "I'll be obliged to tell him, and if he should not like for me to travel on Sunday, what shall I do to justify myself? If I undertake to reason it out with him, I'll be obliged to show that I am an ox, and then, ten to one, he will by some other premise, axiom, or deduction prove me to be a thick headed ass instead of an ox."

Uncle James meanwhile had come and quickly asked Jack the same question that his Aunt Mattie had asked. He got the same answer, with an additional "but er."

"Well what do you think yon will do Jack?"

"Well, I have decided to go to B—— tomorrow; and get my valise, that is, if it is there."

"I hope it is, if you get there, and it has been sent

here, you will be in a worse fix than you are now."

"If it hasn't left yet, I know I'll get there before it does, for I telegraphed the agent, about an hour ago, to hold it lor me."

"Well, some people object to Sunday travel, but I don't see much harm in it, and if I did, I don't see any other way for this particular case. Of course we would be glad for you to stay longer with us, but I know that under the present circumstances you cannot enjoy yourself very much. You must stop with us again on your way back home."

Supper was now ready, and a kind invitation from Aunt Mattie was all that was necessary, and it was not long waiting.

At the table the conversation was somewhat varied but never lacking in interest.

"By the way Jack," Uncle James in the course of the conversation remarked, "I saw one of your professors in town this afternoon.'

"Which one was it Uncle?"

Well, I don't know, I only heard he was a professor, but he is, I suppose, about five feet and nine inches high, somewhat stout—indeed has something of a bay window—walks very erect, with as proud a step as ever I saw, gives his chin, which is sparsely covered by a silvery beard that turns up at the end each strand standing alone, a firm military set. Swings his cane with the air of an English "swell," wears his hat well to the front and slightly down; which when he raises, gives a glance at his silvery locks—that is where the locks ought to be. Shows a very bold forehead, and taken in all, gives some striking resemblance to the "ego sum Romanus civis." His "pinche nez" hang hooked up on his vest lapel, his collars are of the old English cut, and for a crevat, he wears a black "windsor tie," loosely tied into a bow, which, when I saw him, was riding his collar, and seemingly trying to play the merry go round game with it. Not quite so knock-kneed, as to have one leg say to the other, "you let me pass this time,

and I'll let you pass the next," but rather seeming to say, "you are the most distant friend I have."

I hope you will pardon this sketch, as Uncle James is not very skilled in such, and as we do not like to give anything except as it is found in Jack's diary.

Jack determined to go around to see the professor if possible. Uncle James was not certain that he was still in town, but he thought he was visiting a certain family just around the corner.

After supper Jack walked around to Dr——— home in search of his old friend, the professor. Sure enough, there he was, seated with the family on the front piazza enjoying the delightful breeze.

The cordial hand shaking and necessary introductions were soon over, and the profess and Jack were soon busily engaged in reviewing the past collegiate year and surmising the prospects of the approaching one.

"You are looking better than when you left college, I hardly expected to see you up so soon, and looking so well, you remember you were quite sick when you left college," the professor found time to remark.

"Yes, I am feeling much better, thank you." Jack replied, but at the same time he could not help thinking "The professor must have excellent eyes, if he can see so well out her in the dark."

The profess modestly informed Jack that he was to deliver a lecture in the Methodist church on the morrow in the interest of the college, and Jack, knowing that he would be unable to attend, of course began to express his deep regret that under such circumstances—he

But the professor stopped him, "Why Jack where are you going?"

"To B——"

"For what?"

"I'm obliged to go."

The profess, it may be, to relieve the circumstances, or it may be because he was away from home, and in interest of the college beside, or we shall say for no reason at all but for the sake of practicing Jack in his

Latin, came out with a "Quid tibi wis?" Things were getting hot for Jack now. Not only embarrised in the presence of ladies to the extent of being unable to render an excuse in English, but far worse—called upon to make a brilliant display of his ignorance of Latin. Nevertheless, he made a bold attempt to answer. "Opus vestibus puris est mihi."

"Good night, professor, I am sorry I can't sit longer, but I must get a good night's rest, in order to travel tomorrow."

The next morning one might have seen Jack on his wheel eagerly pushing himself along. We shall not enter into any lengthy description of the hardships that he neccessarily underwent before reaching the final end of his labors. Sufficient it is to say that the road was nothing but a deep sand bed all the way, and often Jack found the wheel on top of him, both lying in a deep sand rut. We remember that one fall was very painful too, and Jack long bore the marks received in the contest of the rigidity of his body and that of a wood pile by the road side.

Jack was about to meet a wagon with several ladies in it, going to church. The horse at first did not seem frightened, but became—appearantly so, just as he was about to pass by. Of course Jack tried to dismount, but his speed was too great, and loosing control of his wheel he rushed headlong into a cord of wood— Jack has it recorded in his diary "ten cords," but we think there is a striking similarity between Jack and Falstaf, so we say one. This was about two miles from B——, and being totally disabled in one of his *propellers,* Jack was obliged to ride with one "*twig*" the remaining distance.

We imagine we see poor weary, bruised Jack as he sighted the little town of B———, and as he rode down its public square enquiring the way to Mr. W. H. S's home.

What feelings of relief he must have had when he finally reached the Methodist church, and learned from

an outside listener that his old friend "Stuck" was in the church. But infinitly greater were his joys when he found that that all important valise was at the depot.

With that old familiar whistle, which can be scanned as prettily as a Latin verse (— oo — oo — oo — — oo) Jack had called "Stuck" from the church, and set out for the agent's house.

"Why didn't you answer my telegram?" Jack demanded of the agent.

"I didn't think it needed an answer."

"You had nothing to do with the needs, sir; I am to judge of that."

"But you did not say for me to answer."

"But! But! But! I did, and it was your business to have done so. How did you suppose I was to know whether or not the valise was here?"

"Didn't you send it here?"

"To be sure I did, and I afterwards telegraphed you to send it to Camden, and you didn't do it. Then I telegraphed you to hold it here, and to telegraph me if it were here."

"No you didn't."

"Look here, man, do you think I'm crazy, or what do you take me for?"

"Well, do you think I'm crazy?"

"No, but you are the *darndest* fool I ever saw not to have fits! !"

"I have both telegrams, and I'll show them to you."

The telegrams were handed over, and the particular one read thus: "Hold my valise at B——, if there."

Jack had, as we have said, been bruised in a collision with the wood pile, and now he was about to get his head bruised with a stick, and it would have been caused by the carelessness of the operator at Camden, who sent the message as above instead of sending as it was worded: "Hold my valise at B——, wire if there."

The visit at B—— was altogether pleasant. There were many acquaintances made, and many enjoyable

social events, chief among which was a moon-light pic-nic, given Jack in the beautiful grove just on the outskirts of the town. Were we to give you a description of that pic-nic, we fear you would shed tears of deepest sympathy, not only for Jack, but for his kind friends who arranged for the gathering.

The chaperons were selected, and everything else was arranged most excellantly, fifteen gallons of ice cream were ready for freezing, and cakes of every kind were profusely carried out to the grove. O, what a delightful time was in store for the young folks. But there was a wet time in the old town that night. The oldest citizens had never known such a heavy rain fall before. No one, except the committee was able to partake of the good things. The cream, of course, would not keep, so was thrown away. The cakes were returned to the young ladies who had baked them, and were eaten, we suppose, in sorrow at home.

We recall a dance that Jack in company with his old friend "Stuck" attended. "Stuck" was very reluctant to carry his friend to the dance, but there was nowhere else in particular for them to go that night, so merely for the satisfaction of curiosity they attended.

The dance was about a mile from town, and was very largely attended by the bucksome country lads. We dislike to criticize the attire of a youth, but for the sake of vividness, we find it necessary.

There was one in particular whose costume was most artistically arranged, and most gorgeously made up. But he was not very different from the others, when we consider that they were all dressed in the latest style of the B—— section. Nevertheless, this was the "most 'populus' young man in our county,"as one of the young ladies remarked to Jack. Perhaps this accounts for the close scrutinizing that he underwent.

We notice that the first note in the diary is made, "James Jones, the most 'populus' young man in our country," has very long shaggy hair, of a hue something between white and red, James says, "De gals, dey

calls my hair Auborn," why the hair should have been so long we are unable to understand, unless James was the "fashion setter" among "de boys," and this was his latest idea of hair dress. His eyes were hid from view, by the greasy glasses of his gold rimed? spectacles. His upper lip was covered with a soft down very like the mould on old corn bread, which James very gently stroked every second. His coat, made of brown jeans, was lined throughout with red flannel. His vest was cut low, shirt made from the most gorgeous ginghams,—red and blue squares—collar of celluloid, cuffs of the same, crevat "dat one of the gim'me," tied like a hame string, and tucked in the shirt front, one of "de gal's" silver hat pins for a scarf pin, pants, that without exageration must have been at least twenty-seven inches at the foot, for a number eleven shoe was almost covered by them. Great big, gawdy "jay," with arms long enough to reach around "de gals," tie in a bow knot, and then hang down like sash, dangling about half length below the end of the coat sleves.

James Jones soon had made Jack "quainted wid de gals," and was calling for the next set to get out for a square dance.

"Ain't you a going ter dance, Mr. Jack?"

"No I can't dance a square dance."

"Well, cum on, it ain't much to learn."

"No thank you Mr. Jones, I don' care to learn."

The dance then went on as merrily as if all were perfect in every movement, Mr. Jones leading, and calling the difficult figures.

Three negroes, one with a fiddle, another with a banjo, and the third with a mouth organ, were busily engaged with the "coon chace," and "dat music vas just indoxigating."

After the set was over, Mr. Jones found, we suppose from "Stuck," that Jack could waltz.

He immediately made for him, and insisted that he should waltz. Jack found that there was no way out of it, so he consented, and asked for a partner.

Mr. Jones immediately went in search of a girl that could waltz with Mr. Jack, and in a few moments returned with a big smile on his face. "Here she is Mr. Jack."

My, what a monster stood in front of Jack. About a hundred and seventy-five pounds avoirdupois.

Jack *grabbed* his antagonist, for such she proved to be, and while the negroes played one thing—no one knows what—he pushed and shoved her around the room, keeping time to a waltz that he hummed to himself, while "de boys and gals" stood back against the wall, and remarked: "He sure do dance graceful, don't he?" "Don't dey keep good time wid de music?" "O, Jane, ain't he hansome?" "James ain't no where."

The dance soon broke up in confusion, with Mr. James Jones, razor in hand, lookin' for "dat man wid dem store bought clothes on, what done broke up de dance case de gals think he is something and he ain't nuffin' neither."

Jack left Bishopville the next morning, but we shall not attempt to follow him back home. He was too hard to get to Bishopville.

MARION B. JENNINGS.

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NICARAGUA CANAL. Since the writing up of this department for the January issue, the National Senate at Washington have declared, there being only six dissenting votes, the intention of building an inter-oceanic canal at Panama, by which Delesceps was able to inaugurate a scheme of robbery of such gigantic proportions, but at a place higher up. As to the place they practically adopt the report or recommendations based on a survey in 1872. It is practically a necessity at present and for the future. Last July we annexed the Hawaiian islands. By the war Cuba is more or less directly subject to Federal control. The increase in the outputs of the South in agriculture and manufactures made necessary an increase in facilities and means of disposing of these

products. The related interests of the United States generally and severally and especially of the Southern States and Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, and the Phillippines are so complex and varied and vital that our Senate must surely have committed one of the unpardonable sins had they not adopted this measure. The very nature of business principles no longer permits of the hindrances in time and cost necessary to go around Cape Horn. And, again, competition has become so sharp that, unquestionably, that transportation company that has the largest net gaining will necessarily have the least running expenses. Now, again, a business man can't afford to and won't pay railroad rates when water rates are afforded. Consequently, London, New York, etc., instead of sending eastern freight by way of a trans-continental railway will send it direct, by way of the Nicaragua canal, making the Gulf of Mexico and the adjoining water to literally moan under the burden and stir of the vessels that carry along the larger part of the world's international or even interstate trade generally. This is not merely a dream "to lull to sleep" our readers and Southern people generally, but it is now or will be a stern reality demanding our most serious attention. It will greatly change or completely revolutionize Southern society, especially, from all possible standpoints. We see the results in the determination of an English syndicate to construct a double tracked railway from Toledo, O., via Knoxville (or perhaps Chattanooga) and Atlanta to the sea at Port Royal. This will give all this country of coal, oil, and iron an outlet to the sea. Not only that, but things will be brought in as well as carried out. But beyond a doubt ours will not necessarily be a distinctly agricultural section, but the raw material will be manufactured right here where it is produced, there will be three railroads where we now have one, on the banks of every river and stream there will spring up great cities that thunder on with enterprise and success, the land, atmosphere, and water of our section will will be trans-

formed as if by magic, and all in all ours will be a country that is happy, prosperous, and blest.

And the great centres of trade will slowly but surely change their positions, leaving Boston, New York, etc., and finally stop at Baltimore and all Atlantic and Gulf ports farther South, nearer the rich Southern fields, nearer the great Nicaragua canal. And to justify this statement, we will relate that our recent professor of political economy, etc., (Prof. C. B. Smith) said that not long since he met or at least saw on a train a man who was an official financial agent of a New York syndicate that had bought up every foot of available land in and around Port Royal, to which place this syndicate would transfer the headquarters of their business and likely influence others to do the same in case this measure should pass through Congress.

But Port Royal is not "the only pebble on the beach," for there are others, for instance, Wilmington, Charleston, Savannah, Jacksonville or Tampa, Mobile, New Orleans, Galveston, etc. Since this measure has partly passed, it is not at least probable, if not absolutely certain, that these places will be invaded, so to speak, by companies from other places, and that our cities, and especially the country districts, will then only begin to enter upon a period of prosperity without parallel in history and there be an unquestioned leadership on the part of people at the South in all things financial, intellectual, and above all, moral and spiritual. All things work together for the good of them that love the Lord !

LIFE OR DEATH? It is probable that at an early date there will be adopted a measure which will practically adopt or open the way for the gold standard. Is it possible that such a grave measure will be passed so early after a presidential election that was fought over gold and silver, and in which gold won by such a nervous majority? It is possible that the ruling element in the congress will take advantage of their power so as to hamper the voters in 1900? Is it possible that the

friends of this idea base their arguments upon the Sherman act of '73? Yes, they do. It is inconsistent or anything else pertaining to reason, that they could be bold enough to plead for a single gold standard on the grounds of this Sherman act, when they themselves admit that when this act was passed there was no intention whatsoever to demonetize silver, and that there was not even any such dream that the relative value of silver would deprecate, or at least it was not publicly expressed. Is it possible that such a vast per cent. of our voting population shall consent to this measure's being forced on us as a law when there has been only a single chance for the cause to be publicly, so to speak, put to a test? If the man who agitated the bimetalism question for the first time in the history of our country gets a larger vote than any other defeated presidential candidate before his time, on any issue whatsoever, when the question had been seriously put before the American people for the first time, shall this sentiment not increase in 1900? Shall it not have an overwhelming victory? Shall it not prevail? Or was it merely a spasmodic popular excitement to last for a short while only, a wave that on retreating brings destruction to all who but a short while before had been borne highest on it? In this connection an Englishman in commenting on the American campaign in '96 said, that there was no place in the world where such a wave would enlist so many followers, but there is no place where it would have such a sure check and reverse as in this popular government of the United States. Though this measure has been favorably reported by the House committee on weights and measures, it is highiy improbable that Mr. Bryan's followers will allow it, notwithstanding that the majority of the Congress as it now stands might favor it. Or ever if it is passed, we may be assured that Mr. Bryan will again come forth "to speak of a cause as holy as the cause of liberty—the cause of humanity."

OUR YEARLY EXPENSES. It is estimated that the class of '95, the largest graduating class we have ever had, having thirty-four (34) in it, spent in Spartanburg, during their college course, about fifty thousand dollars ($50,000). The average of the whole class, which began with seventy, gradually dropping down each year, was perhaps nine hundred or a thousand dollars. Speak as you may, the actual average expenses of the boarding students, those not living here, are every bit of from two hundred and ten to two hundred and twenty-five dollars each scholastic year. Some might contend that that estimate is too high, some might contend that that estimate is too low, but we contend that that estimate is, indeed, a very reasonable average.

Now, to take up the money spent as a whole, and not separately, we can very reasonably see why a town or city likes to have cottages in their midst. Now, the Wrightman Hall, at only six and one-half dollars each month for table board, with only about one half the student body, pays out in a scholastic year on an average of about $4,500. Say each room burns about 2½ tons of coal, making about $10, we can estimate the coal used by the students at about from $800 to $1,000. The coal used by the college and different organizations amounts to about $200 or more. And there is about $100 worth of wood and kindling used besides. The gas bills are about $125 at least. The comparatively slight and small expenses of laudering amounts, washerwomen and laundries, to about $1,000, and very likely running as high as $1,200 or $1,500. Also, the kerosene bill runs to about $650 or $700. Under the head of confections, we will include pendars, soda (and other) drinks of all kinds, oysters, cigars, cigarettes, candy, etc., etc., and we safely place this at at least $,1000. The average total expenses for books, stationery, stamps, all kinds of pens (and pins), etc., is safely placed at $$2,000 and very like, at times, the expense of these things is perhaps as high as $3,000. The clothing, shoes, and all furnishings generally that the college

serves as occasion for being bought, cost at least $4,500 or $5,000. The photographs cost $200 or perhaps at times, almost that much more. The railroad expense is at least $500. Fees to the college at the lowest possible estimate are $5,000. The room rent is about $900 or $1,000. And the amount paid into the organizations generally are at least $500, very like running to $1,000. These are entirely caused by our college being here, but are the expenses, or at least the largest and most general ones of the student body. But the expenses of the professors and their families are also to be added. Place the total amount they expend at $4,000, In our board expense, in Whitman Hall, we find that to get the total board expense of the campus, we must add to this $4,500 perhaps $2,500 more, making the total boarding expenses about from $6,000 to $7,000. Now, also, the expenses of the Fitting school can be placed at from $5,000 to $6,000. Thus the total expenses we have mentioned amount to about $35,000 each scholastic year. Surely that is worth having! And besides this, we can safely add from $500 to $1,000 each year for operas, musicals, picture and other kinds, of plays, lectures, etc. Is there anything else, so unpretentious, so quiet, so comparatively inanimate, financially, at least, that after all does the town any more good than or even as much good as our quiet (?) colleges? And its spere of doing good is not limited to Spartanburg. We would consider that on a conservative estimate Wofford College and Converse College together are the cause of at least $100,000 being spent annually, most of it being spent right here in Spartanburg,

Among Our Exchanges.

C. W. WATSON, EDITOR.

"Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good;
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow."

—Wordsworth.

In this issue of the *Southern University Monthly*, the piece entitled "The Spaniard in the Western World" describes well the cause of the Spanish-American war, and also narrates some important facts in regard Spain's history in the New World. The part that England took in the colonization of America, in contrast to the part Spain took, is portrayed in apt clear-cut figures. In "Patriotic Dixie," the author is to be commended for his subject as well as for suggesting some good themes, and excellent surroundings for the wielder of pen and the weaver of thought to break the news to the world of what has been done and what there is to be gotten from our own southland. Yes, there are many silvern streams and fertile plains within its borders ready to yield abundant harvests for a little toil and care.

We welcome among our number of exchanges this month *The Philomathean Monthly*, and from its appearance we believe it bids fair to rank among the first college magazines of the day. The exchange department is well edited. "Prophecy," "The Glory of the Periclean Age," and "Absence," a poem, deserve special mention. The plot in "The Result of a Quarrel" is good.

We are glad to note the wonderful progress the *Criterion* is making. The young ladies deserve a great deal of credit for getting out such an excellent magazine in so short a time. Though only in its second year, it ranks among the leading college publications, The tributes paid to Professor Helmes are especially appropriate, and show the high esteem in which he was held by the students.

The Converse Concept is a regular and welcome visitor. Among the pieces of merit: "Art Artis," and "Mignon" deserve to be mentioned. The editorial and exchange departments are especially good. We also think the spirit that is shown in doing away with college jokes is a good one.

We think most of the college magazines are on the up-grade. and hope they will continue. We believe a great per cent. of them contain matter of real literary worth. Among those of greatest importance we mention *The Carolinian*, which has added a special feature in the way of short stories or sketches.

———:o:———

CLIPPINGS.

That man lasts, but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives;
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creations blank.

—Thomas Gibbon.

THE SNOW-DRIFT.

In the range of inorganic nature, I doubt if any object can be found more perfectly beautiful than a fresh, deep snow-drift, seen under warm light. Its curves are of inconceivable perfection and changefulness, its surface and transparency alike exquisite, its light and shade of inexhaustible variety and inimitable finish, the shadows sharp, pale, and of heavenly color, the reflected lights and multitudinous, and mingled with the sweet occurrences of transmitted light. —Ruskin.

College dictionary: Commencement—the end! Sophomore—a wise person, one of nature's noblemen; Rhetoricals—a review of the tortures of the middle ages; Senior—one who rides a pony in the race for sheepskins; Junior—one who knows it all and tries to teach the faculty; Flunk—a process of changnig from a four to a five years' course; Valedictorian—a wind instrument belonging to the Senior Class; Quiz—an instrument of torture which teachers delight in using on the pupils; Pony—a beast of burden used by students when traveling in unexplored lands; Faculty—a troublesome organization that interferes with the students' enterprise.—Ex.

LIFE'S GOLDEN AGE.

The autumn leaves before they fade
  Are lovely to behold;
The evening seen in grandeur clad
  Sinks in a blaze of Gold.

So is the evening time of life
  The loveliest, grandest stage;
And naught in all the world exels
  The beauty of ripe old age.

—Ex.

[From The Criterion.]

Beauty and virtue each address the mind,
And doubts express if royal heart can rest
Between the two, in perfect love divided;
The foundation of true eloquence replies,
"Both may be loved, beauty to yield delight,
And virtue to excite the generous deeds."

—Dante.

Alumni Department.

W. RIVES CRUM, EDITOR.

TRUE TALES OF TRAVEL.

DECEMBER 23, 1898.

To lay aside work, exile cares and free ourself from responsibilities for a brief time and enter upon a season of rest—change of occupation, is truly a privilege, coveted by all, realized by few. From such conditions, we enter upon our career of experience, making, our thoughts intent upon innocent pleasure. Having, for some time, anticipated a trip to Lower Carolina, this first opportunity was eagerly grasped. Upon the arrival of the day appointed for departure, the face the thermometer of one's feelings reached the point—perfect pleasure.

Our experiences date from the moment we en terthe train. Actual facts, too! Think of it!

Time stole silently away, melting minutes into hours, but our train made haste slowly, much to the distaste of a number of passengers, intent upon reaching home. The air was ripe with complaints concerning the inconceivably slow rate of our train, due to a "hot box," and intensified by the fervid feelings of time lost from the already too short holiday. By such *necessary* happenings, our patience was almost taxed beyond human endurance, only to be rewarded later by an hour and a half's delightful delay at an uninteresting point.

"We are off" yawns a lean, lank, fellow-passenger with a sigh of relief as the train speeds on her way lessening the distance, mile by mile. The recently despondent countenances now light up with new hope, and conversation as generally resumed. How changeable are one's moods, now spiritless, now joy, the climates of our being.

A glance from the bedimmed window shows that the day is fast drawing to a close. The lights are being lit, and our vision is now limited to scenes upon the inside, not altogether uninteresting either. A frown of discontent spreads over my face as the hands of a time-piece fall under my eye informing me of the fact that we were two hours past due, and some miles distant yet to destination. But alas! all things come to him who waits. How true, in this instance especially, for we were met at the station by cheerful, sympathetic friends, and later introduced to a tempting, much-needed supper. If this were all, 'twere good, but our journey in reality had just begun, for we had still 3 different roads and 2 other stopovers before our objective point would be reached, and upon inquiry found that our train would leave at 5:30 o'clock the next morning, and the mercury gradually approaching zero as a limit. Picture to yourself our indecision of mind at this point. The question, what would we do, naturally arose. After a diversity of opinion, decision was reached in favor of executing, or at least attempting to do so, our pre-arranged plans.

Our first break in the journey was a pleasant one, being entertained by congenial friends, and not till startled by the sharp note of a midnight vigil sent as a kindly warning, did we separate. Only then to get a few hours sleep.

DECEMBER 24.

As chance would have it, we caught a noisy street car, and reached the depot on schedule time, only to find the train reported an hour late, all our rush and hurry for naught. 'Twere good that one of our trio possessed a happy nature which acted as a safety-valve for our pent-up feelings. Thus another of a series of disappointments which we were doomed to encounter, was added to our ever-going chain of adverse happenings.

Short distances and long waits is now the order of procedure, the reverse of the preceding day's experience.

And not a very happy change by any means! Vanity ceases to be spicy under such conditions, at least we held a like opinion.

After refreshing ourselves with sleep at a mis-named modern hotel, (for 'twas only an hour's run from our last point), dinner was announced. After which we took in the town, all that there was of it, with a glance from the porch. 'Tis content to be known as a place where three railroads intersect. All its future, then, rests in possibilities,

We are at the depot. To our inquiry about the south-bound train, we got this highly disencouraging answer: "Two hours late." Smile and bear it, and so we did. A second thought, however, called to mind the fact that we were to make rather close connection at the third stop, so in consequence of this, we grew rather anxious. Time wore wearily on, and the possibility of making connection grew steadily less. No effort was made to hold the train till after we found out it would be impossible to reach the meeting point upon schedule time, so as a last resort the sympathy of the telegraph operator was enlisted in our behalf. Through his services and encouraging words, we renewed hope. Hoping against hope as it were.

Tired in body and anxious in mind we entered the car with an unwilling heavy step. The seriousness of the situation dawns upon us—our cherished hopes unrealized—with the prospect of Christmas dinner among strangers, in an all but nameless town. Upon reaching the third point of our checker-board route, our dreams vanished as the agent informed us of the fact that our train had been gone some time. Imagine the situation, stranded in 36 miles of our objective point, and it Christmas eve. Can you think of a worse situation?

To abandon the railroad and look about for other resources is now our only and last hope. With this end in view, backed by a glorious determination, we took ourselves to an inn, and after supper discussed a future course. After much debate we decided, against many

odds, to secure a carriage and proceed. The two points uppermost in our minds being the first and last mile, the intervening space existing only in the imagination. The moon shone brightly and soon we had resumed our journey, all being in high spirits, except the driver, who had a touch of the "chemically pure" within him to drive away the cold as he expressed it. By such a beginning we were somewhat encouraged. All things went well up to 15 miles, when the driver drew rein at a divergence in the road, having reached the limit of his known knowledge of the way. In such a plight we find ourselves, for the first time realizing some of the possible difficulties confronting us. The desire not to disappoint friends over-ruling all else, we were blindly led on.

The country through which we passed being mostly pine lands, our way was dark and gloomy, the monotony being broken only here and there by a farm house. Few points of interest were passed. Semi-occasionally we had to inquire our route, not infrequently arousing some one to give us direction. The attitude of one, especially, was real amusing, however humorous tho' we must forbear, if this comes to an end. To those who aided us on our desolate way, we give a tribute of respect! For the kindness shown us by them was truly noteworthy—sympathy begets kindness.

On we go, lessening the distance gradually. The moon grew dim as the lowering clouds obscured it. Without the light of nature's reflector, our case would be hopeless, as the remaining five miles made a circuitous path through thick woods, and none were familiar with the route. 'Twas four o'clock now and we were still on the road! Darkness was settling down about us without a knowledge of our bearings. With our feelings congealed we ponder the situation. Five o'clock comes and we are still going, without a ray of hope save a beam of light from a log cabin near by and towards which we are making. After several calls evidence of life and stir is heard within. Our wait although but several minutes

seemed as many hours. How feeling affects the recognition of time!

Upon hasty inquiry of numberless questions, we were placed upon the right road within easy reach of destination, now only three miles distant. But having lost our way once we were not over bold, and so prevailed upon the good nature of our true benefactor to pilot us, which he did. As responsibility had been shifted, we settled down to a peace of mind, and lived in thought of the past incidents.

Without further interruption, we reach our objective point in safety, weary in body and mind. All were taken wholly by surprise and the hearty welcome given us compensated past grievances. 'Twas a joyous, happy Christmas, December 25, 1898.

"Alumnus."

Local Department.

G. EMORY EDWARDS, EDITOR.

"A CAPITAL COURTSHIP."

Alexander Black, the inventor of the famous picture plays, presented his facinating play, "A Capital Courtship" in the college chapel on Wednesday evening, February 1st, to an attentive and appreciative audience. Mr. Black's invention of picture plays has been the greatest lyceum attraction in years, and a "Capital Courtship" is the best of these. There is nothing that one enjoys more than reading a good literary novel, but when the story is told to us in a charming manner and pictures representing the principal characters are flashed on the canvas before our eyes, the story gains fascination for us. The pictures are so real and life-like, the scenes so natural that we forget ourselves for the time and think we are listening to and looking at living men and women.

The play unites the novelty of a pictured love story with historical scenes. The scenes bring into view many glimpses of Washington—Pennsylvania Avenue in a snow storm, the White House by moonlight, and skating on the Potomac. There were several striking scenes in the Smithsonian Institution, which introduced Professor Mason, the distinguished scientist, and also Aunt Lydie Jane, the relic hunting character of the story. Several cuts of the ill-fated *Maine* figured in the play. Pictures of such men as Ex-President Cleveland in his private office at the White House, President McKinley, Speaker Reed, Secretary Lamont, Commodore Melville, and General Greely were seen in actual life-size on the canvas.

Perhaps the best part of the play was Jack Gerard's

proposal to Miss Miriam Winfield, not told by Mr. Black, but illustrated by pictures. Words could not have added to the scene. All who had the pleasure of seeing the play pronounce it one of the best attractions of the season. This is the first time that the Y. M. C. A. has ever attempted an entertainment of this kind. It was a complete success, and Mr. Lander, the President, is to be congratulated for furnishing us so *capital* an entertainment.

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MISSIONARY VISITATION.

On the seventeenth of last month Mr. Sumner R. Vinton, who is traveling throughout the South in the interest of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, arrived on the campus for the purpose of meeting the Association in the cause of missions. On the afternoon of that day he met the Mission Study class and held a profitable conference with the members as to the best methods of work. That night Mr. Vinton met a large percentage of the student-body and addressed them on "The World Wide Fields of Missions," stressing more especially the appalling disproportion of Christian workers in heathen lands as compared with those lands which have received the gospel. By way of enforcing this thought, he referred to the map and compared England with South America, and the United States with Africa.

Next morning it so happened that Dr. W. R. Lamberth, Missionary Secretary for the Southern Methodist Church arrived in Spartanburg from Cuba, where he had been for the past five weeks on a tour of inspection, with the purpose in view of establishing Missionary stations throughout the island. During the morning the Doctor visited the campus and met Mr. Vinton, who engaged him to come out that night and take part in the missionary meeting.

Mr. Vinton spent the afternoon in being interviewed personally by those students who were most interested

in the subject of missions. That night Mr. Vinton opened the service with a talk on "Our Personal Responsibility Towards Missions." He presented very clearly and forcibly the different callings, a man might enter in order to do active Christian work among the heathen; as, for instance, the life of a translator, that of a teacher, a Christian physician, or a minister of the gospel. At the conclusion of Mr. Vinton's remarks, Dr. Lamberth spoke of the special urgent needs of our near neighbor, Cuba. He showed very vividly how the Cubans were fast becoming dissatisfied with the degraded Romish church and were reaching out with open arms to America as their liberator in things religious as she had in things temporal. Coming as it did first hand from one who had left Cuba only a few days before, the appeal was necessarily very strong, and good seed was surely sown.

The Association feels sure that it and also the whole college were blessed greatly by the visit of these two men, who are so thoroughly in earnest on the subject of missions. It is a matter of interest to note that both of these gentlemen were born on mission fields. Mr. Vinton's parents and grand-parents were all missionaries as also were Dr. Lamberth's parents.

THE SENIORS ENTERTAINED.

On Monday night, January 30th., Robt. Geddes, one of our number, royally entertained the entire Senior class at his home on Converse street. At 8 o'clock the Seniors began to arrive, and at 8:30 dinner was announced. It is needless to say the announcement met with the approval of every one, as was afterwards proven. A huge table for the "Noble Twelve" was provided, and an elegant repast of six courses was served in delightful style. Just at this point the Editor was too busily engaged to take note of what was going on around him, but it is his honest opinion that every man did his full duty. "Blossom" makes a charming host. It seems

that he knew just what suited each man's appetite, and had prepared those delicacies which would tempt him most. If everyone had been as honest as one of our number we would have exclaimed with him "too full for utterance." After dinner a very pleasant hour was spent in smoking and telling *senatorial* jokes; those who did not indulge in the weed amused themselves by chewing gum. The jokes were rich and varied. It is the opinion of the class that Shakespeare has had its influence on some of its members; especially the character of Sir John Falstaff. The special feature of the hour was the "yarn" contest between "Possie and Jack." It is difficult to decide which came out victorious. As a matter of information, the class would like to know, if the cucumbers and cotton are still growing. The class then repaired to the parlor where music, both vocal and instrumental, was enjoyed for a while. Thus ended a very pleasant evening for the Seniors of '99.

Y. M. C. A. CONVENTION

At the invitation of the people of Spartanburg the State executive committee decided to hold the Twenty-second Annual Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of South Carolina in this city, February 9-12.

An interesting program has been carefully arranged and the exercises will be instructive and entertaining.

Among those speakers coming from beyond the borders of our State mention may be made of several.

Mr. C. L. Gates, Y. M. C. A. Secretary from New York city, will be present and will address the convention on "The Young Men's Christian Association's Right to Live."

Mr. D. A. Sinclair, General Secretary Y. M. C. A. at Dayton, Ohio, will conduct several conferences on "Bible Study" and also on the last night of the convention will deliver an address on "Snatches from History.',

Most of the leaders in Association work of our own

State will attend and also some men prominent in other organizations of Christian work.

The recently developed work among the soldiers will be presented by four speakers who were actively engaged in this department during the past year.

Rev. John Kershaw, Rector of St. Michael's Church, Charleston,S.C.,will address the convention Friday night on "What the Movement of the Y. M. C. A. among the Students of the World Means to the Cause of Christianity."

"Winning Men for Christ One by One" is the subject of an address our own president, Dr.. J. H. Carlisle will deliver Saturday afternoon.

A more thorough examination of the program will assure the reader that the committee has put much thought in arranging it so as to bring out all the many phases of Association work.

The Local Committee on arrangements are looking for ninety or a hundred delegates from the different Associations throughout the State. A large proportion of these delegates will be men from other colleges. To these especially, as well as the others, the JOURNAL and the College through the JOURNAL extends a hearty welcome both to the city and also to the campus.

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CAMPUS DOTS.

Convention.

Black and old gold.

Look out for Valentines.

Lacals are scarce this month.

Come out and play base ball.

Ask Sophs. W. and L. why *u* (you) is long.

Mr. W. H. Zimmerman, of '00, has left college and will take a business course.

Mr. E. W. Still, of Mississippi, is visiting his brother Mr. C. P. Still, of the sophomore class.

Mr. J. H. Carlisle, son of Dr. Carlisle, will soon open up a book store in the city.

The Junior class has completed its work in the historical part of Chemistry, and the members are now busy in the labratory.

What has become of Fire company No. 1, since Captain Smith left college?

Dr. Lamberth, of Nashville, Tenn., Missionary Secretary of the Sothern Methodist church, conducted chapel exercises January 19th.

Prof. A. B. Cooke visited the two literary societies last Friday night and gave an excellent talk to each. Come again professor. We are always glad to see our honorary members.

Captain Burnett is practicing his men every afternoon that the weather will permit. The outlook for a fine base ball team is very promising.

Mr. W. C. Koger, class of '01, has been called home on the account of the illness of his grandmother. We hear that he will not return, but hope this is a mistake.

The constitution and by-laws of the Preston society have been carefully revised. Many needed changes and improvements were made. Look out boys for the censors.

Rev. J. B. Wilson, Presiding Elder of the Greenville district, was on the campus Friday, January 27th, and conducted chapel exercises. Mr. Wilson is the father of V. C. Wilson of the sophomore class.

St. C. W. Muckenfuss, of '00, has left college on account of his health. We are sorry to lose St. Clair and hope he will return next year and finish with the class of '01.

Invitations are out for the annual reception given by the class of '00 to that of '99 of Converse College. Quite a number of the young men have invitations and will attend. No doubt great enjoyment awaits those that attend, and the young men who have secured invitations are to be envied.

The faculty has invited Bishop C. B. Galloway, of Jackson, Miss., to preach the commencement sermon next June. Dr. John C. Kilgo, President of Trinity College, N. C., has been invited by the Preston society to deliver the literary address before the two societies.

Rev. W. A. Rogers, pastor of the Buncombe street church, Greenville, S. C., was on the campus February 7th and conducted chapel exercises. Mr. Robers is a graduate of the class of '72, and has been a trustee of the college for a number of years.

At a recent meeting of the Calhoun society the following officers were elected and duly installed: President, W. R. Crum; Vice-Pres., Ernest Wiggins; 1st Critic, H. S. Parnell; 2nd Critic, W. T. Magness; 3rd Critic, E. M. Lander; Recording Secretary, E. P. Miller; Treasurer, L. E. Wiggins; Corresponding Secretary, H. B. Allen; Censor Morum, C. P. Still.

The chief marshal appointed the following reception committee for the last half of the year: J. A. Norton, chairman, from the Calhoun; L. E. Wiggins, C. P. Still, and W. Z. Dantzler; from the Preston, E. C. Mayor, F. K. Lake and M. W. Gary.

WOFFORD DIRECTORY.

WOFFORD COLLEGE.

JAS H. CARLISLE, L. L. D., Pres. J. A. GAMEWELL, A. M., Sec.

WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL.

Jonas P. Gray, Editor-in-Chief. Ernest Wiggins, Business Manager.

CALHOUN LITERARY SOCIETY.

W. R. Crum, Pres.; Ernest Wiggins, Vice-Pres.; H S. Parnell, 1st Critic; E. P. Miller, Rec. Sec; L. E. Wiggins, Treas.

PRESTON LITERARY SOCIETY.

E. C. Mayor Pres; E. H. Hall, Vice-Pres; C. B. Burnett, 1st Critic W. H. Fields, Rec. Sec.; B. H. Boyd, Treas.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

Ernest Mc. P. Lander, Pres., P. C. Garris, V. President; B. H. Boyd, Sec.; L. E. Wiggins, Treas.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Prof. A. B. Cooke, Pres; Gus M. Creitzburg, ('95) Manager; J. C. Fairey, Ass't M'g'r; C. B. Burnett, Capt. of Base Ball Team '99.

GYMNASIUM ASSOCIATION.

E. P. Miller, Pres; C. D. Lee, V. Pres; E. C. Major, Sec. and Treas.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

W. E. Burnett, ('76) Pres; Prof. J. Fleming Brown, ('76) Sec. and Treas;

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Literary Department.

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THE STORY OF HIS WRECK.

A murderer sat in his dreary cell,
Awaiting the break of day;
When to the scaffold he'd be led
The price of his crime to pay.

He thought of his dear old mother
At whose knee he used to bow;
He thought of the smile her face wore then
And of it's sadness now.

He wished he'd only listened
And heeded her words of advice;
That he'd only obeyed her counsel
And lived a life for Christ.

He thought of the Sunday meeting
That was held in the country church,
Whilst he with bad companions
Played cards down under the birch.

He remembered how one fateful day
He from his master stole;
For he had to pay an "honor" debt
Down in a gambling hole;

How swiftly down the course he went,
The course that leads to hell,
Till at last behind the prison bars he was
Locked in a murderer's cell.

Next day when to the scaffold led,
The noose upon his neck,
The hangman gave him a chance to tell
The story of his wreck.

He simply dropped his head and said
In accents broken and low,
"I didn't obey my mothers advice,
And thus you see me so."

—H. T. S. 1900.

OUR DEBT TO THE PAST: OUR DUTY TO THE FUTURE.

[January Oration of Preston Society.]

We of this age scarcely ever stop to consider the progress that the human race has made. Born amid the miracles of civilization, accustomed to advantages that have been attained only by the alliance of time and toil, we accept them as matter of course, without a thought as to their origin and development. The men who toiled and struggled through the middle ages, and the hard-earned wages of whose labors is our enlightenment, are passed by, without a tribute, or even a thought, by us, who enjoy the best results of their work. Often we act as if the advantages of human achievement were placed here for us to enjoy. We act as if we thought that through all the struggling ages that the world has passed, the results of her agony were solely for us to use. We act as if the legacies of our ancestors were our own, without any obligations being thrown upon us by the fact that we inherited them and must bequeath them. Too often we consume and fail to replenish the forces of civilization.

This ought not to be so. We should consider what our predecessors have done, and learn our duty from their action. The very fact that we, the

"Heirs of all the ages, in the foremost files of time,"

have inherited so much from those ages obliges us to endeavor to bequeath to the future generations all that we have received, redoubled.

Our fathers had ignorance, superstition, heathenism' as the foundation of the noble structure of enlightenment that they have left us. Are we, having none of these disadvantages to battle against, with the end of their marvelous progress as our starting point, and the results and experiences of their failures and successes as guides for our efforts, to sit in idleness and spend our lives and energies amid the luxuries that they have given us?

The future prosperity and progress of our race depend on our action. Let us look to history to prove this statement.

With all her gilded splendor and magnificent culture, with all her military and literary genius, with all her Cæsars and her Ciceros, Rome has fallen. It is hard for us to believe that once Rome's rulers ruled the world, although the story of her glory and of her fall is known to everyone. While her citizens, in their various political schemes, generously struggled for Rome and Romans; while in their patrimonial system of power and position, the son of a noble and public-spirited man always inherited the good qualities of his father, and profited by his experience, while, in their every public action, the good of their country was their first and principal motive—all was well. But when luxury and idleness had begotten ambition, bribery, and murder among her men of power, and had filled her senate halls with jealous, scheming traitors, eager for self-aggrandizement, at whatever cost to Rome, there is nothing strange in the fall of the proud city.

Nineteen hundred years ago England was the dimmest star in the sky of history. She was enshrouded in the clouds of ignorance and barbarism. Why has England's luster so continually brightened, until it has driven those clouds to the last extremities of the horizon that once they so completely shaded? Why has she become the sun of that sky, around which all other bodies revolve, and from which all other bodies borrow their light? Why has she completely eclipsed the dead moon of Rome?

The answer is simple. The sturdy and generous Angles and Saxons, when they became masters of the island, made an almost imperceptible movement forward from the condition in which they found its inhabitants. The sons of the Angles and Saxons took their fathers' places, and moved a little further forward. And is nineteen hundred years, a long time for the sons of these noble men to discover and people a world, consisting

mainly of Christian nations? Is it a long time for them to christianize and civilize the greater part of the world that was in heathenism centuries before England was a name?

But let us come to our own home, to our own day, to the deeds of our own dead.

If there is a spot in the history of the world capable of inspiring the heart of a true Southerner, that spot is the few pages written in the free-flowing life-blood of our fathers, and blotted by the smoke of civil war. Let us turn back reverently a few pages in this nineteenth volume of Christian history that we are just about completing, to these few sacred pages. Let us behold that tattered hero, as he turns with sinking heart from Appomattox, and faces his birth-right of smoking ruins. Let us follow his weary march until he turns into the little lane that leads to what he knew as home. Let us think his thoughts, as he stands under the Southern sky, still black with the smoke of battle, and gazes on those two desolate chimneys that stand like grave-stones over all his happiness and hope. Could we ever forgive the man who then should have given up in despair, and should have refused to accept this birth-right, and to use it, however useless it might have seemed to be, for the best advantage of the land that we are now proud to call *our* Southland? Can we pay an extravagant tribute to the men who bended beneath the burdens of reconstruction in order to upraise their fallen fatherland from the dying embers of its ruins?

The world tells us that our progress in little more than a quarter of a century has been marvellous. Again, the simple reason is that the noble veterans accepted defeat with becoming and heroic submission, and set themselves to work to make the best of their fate. The sons of noble veterans have taken their places, and the grand work goes on.

From these instances we may conclude that human progress or human decline depends upon the individual action or inaction of those who conpose the human race.

Then, when we consider this fact, how can we, as individuals of this race, sit idly down, and use and enjoy the fruits of the labors of our fathers, without endeavoring to produce anything for the benefit of that part of the race that must take our places? We are both ungrateful and inconsiderate in the highest degree, if we take the places of our fathers, which are places of action, and do anything less than the most that is in our power for the upbuilding and advancement of our race.

Man's duty to himself, to his country, to his God, is to be up and doing. *Forward* is his innate motto. *Forward* is the star of the east, that in all ages has beckoned him from darkness into light. *Forward* is the ever-reigning sovereign, who wields the invincible forces of civilization, and under whose command these forces, in the future, will make sweeping conquests, of which the extravagant expectations to which we have been led by recent achievements will be but dim foreshadows.

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul!
As the swift seasons roll
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from Heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine out-grown shell by life's unresting sea."

—THOMAS DANIEL, 1901.

———:o:———

AFTER THIRTY-THREE YEARS IN THE GROUND

The war between the United States and Spain was at its height. Spain had landed forty thousand troops in Cuba, and the Americans were being rapidly expelled from the island. We were losing ground every day, and it seemed as if the treacherous Spaniards were once more to have a firm footing on the island.

The United States was unable to land troops at this time, and it was for this reason that we were losing our footing on Cuban soil. And when this news was announced to the tired army that had been fighting so

bravely, so long against such odds, their hearts sank in despair. But their despair was for the time being only.

I was in Company "B" of the sixth battalion of volunteers from South Carolina. We had just made a successful landing two months later, on the fifth of August eighteen and ninety eight, under cover of darkness on the coast of Cuba, thirty or forty miles from Havana. With us also had landed fifteen thousand other troops of volunteers. We had just pitched our tents, and were getting ready for a little sleep before we undertook to fight on the next day.

About mid-night a Cuban pilot and guide rode into camp to tell us the joyful news that the forces under General Lee had also made successful landing on another coast of the island; this landing place was about twenty-five miles west of us. We all began to talk of our first real battle that we were to experience. This battle was to take place on the morning, or maybe sooner; for the news of our landing must have been heard by the Dons not far away. Anyhow, we were going to get a little sleep, for we had been working hard all the early part of the night.

There were three other men in the tent with me, but they had not taken to their hammocks. I had retired, but did not go immediately to sleep. We soon launched into the talk of war, and as one of the men had been in the Civil War, he began to relate some fights and skirmishes that he had been in. I listened to his graphic descriptions for awhile, but sleep soon got the better of me, and in a few moments I was in the land of dreams. And, veritably, I must have been in the land, and also the mood of dreams, for one appeared to me that was of particular peculiarity, as well as of the nature of the impossible. I will try to relate it now, but I cannot give it that peculiarity and singularity as it appeared to me on that memorable night. Many weeks of hard fighting have passed since this vision appeared to me—but to begin, it appeared something like this.

My thoughts turned towards home, where I, with the

rest of my family, were talking of the Civil War of thirty-three years ago. My father was telling of an occurrence, that happened during the war in a certain place in our back-yard near the old "smoke-house," which was as follows:

"One day a negro servant came running into the house exclaiming that a Yankee was prowling around the "smoke-house," and was also stealing some of our best hams. My father took up his gun and started to investigate, but he had not gone far before he was looking down the barrel of a gun, and the Yankee holding the other end. He—my father—sprang back, and as he did so the Yankee pulled the trigger, but the hammer came down with a "snap" only, and as there was nothing else to do, my father had to kill the man or get killed, and naturally he preferred the former. The bullet took effect just below the soldier's heart, causing instant death. Some farm hands buried the soldier just as he was, with his gun in his hands. They put him into a regular coffin and laid him to rest under the old "smoke-house."

After hearing my father tell of this—but he was loth to do so—I thought I would dig where this soldier had been buried, just for mere curiosity—the old "smoke-house" being torn down. I then procured a shovel and a pick-axe, and proceeded to dig in the spot that was indicated as the place of burial. I had dug unceasingly for an hour and was getting tired of turning up nothing but dirt, and occasionally an earth-worm. Just as I was about to quit digging, I drove the pick-axe deep into the ground as a parting lick, and as I pulled it out there was a splinter of varnished wood sticking to the end. I decided not to stop then, but kept digging vigorously. At last I struck the piece of wood from which the splinter had been torn. As I shoveled the dirt with renewed interest the piece of wood seemed to be larger and longer than a box; but I kept on digging and shoveling. As I uncovered the whole thing it appeared in its true form—a coffin!! I did not touch it, for I was so surprised to

find and see a whole perfect coffin and not some rotten and decayed splinters as I expected. I managed to get up enough courage and strength to pull the coffin out of its resting place of thirty-three years. I did not tell any one of my intentions or doings, but I took off the lid of the coffin, and as there was some glass, perfect and clean, under the lid, I looked in. and—there ! ! As natural as when alive, lay one of the soldiers that wore the blue in the Civil War. He appeared to be sleeping, and his musket was held in the position of "present arms."

He was not petrified, but was perfectly natural in every respect—even his clothes were whole. I did not make known my findings, but kept everything about the mysterious coffin and its occupant a profound secret.

My dream seemed to change—and without cause—right at this point; but the change was a small one only. My family had gone off, and I was left to take care of the house by myself. I, therefore, took the coffin and its mysterious soldier into the house. I left the coffin for a moment to get a screwdriver to take off the lid, but when I came back the right arm of the apparent sleeping soldier was lying by his side; this puzzled me for a moment, but I did not take much notice of the position of the arm. I unscrewed the lid, and as I took it off, the sleeping occupant seemed to take a deep breath; I jumped back in astonishment, but as the figure did not move I came forward and touched him, but he did not stir. I started to go away, and as I did so I looked back—those eyes of the sleeper opened and met my astonished gaze; they opened for a minute only, then closed.

This made my hair stand on end, but as the eyes closed and the figure lay motionless, I once more approached the coffin. I had been standing there perhaps two minutes, when the sleeper turned over on his side—in the meantime I hastily retreated a little. All of a sudden the figure began to move, taking deep and slow breaths at a time, he went through this for a minute, then—he sat up, then arose taking his gun in his hands. Now

there was the soldier that had been buried for thirty-three years standing facing me; his figure, gun, apparel, and ammunition as perfect as life. His eyes were wide open, and he was breathing as freely as I—or, in fact, more so than I, for I was nearly astonished to the point of stupidity, and for a moment I was lacking in perception.

As soon as he had taken his gun into position he saluted me with his hand, and I, mystified, returned his salute. Thereupon he marched straight forward and stood at "attention," he went to "right shoulder arms," then to "present arms," and so on throngh the regular military drill. He marched backward, forward, and "marked time" for a minute or two, then advanced to me and saluted. I returned his salute, and he immediately went to his coffin, put his gun in, and got in himself. I approached the coffin and saw the moving figure of a few seconds ago as motionless as a log; his eyes were closed and he was apparently asleep.

There I stood stupified at such a mysterious happening, but after collecting myself I left the two and went out of the house. (I did not seem to go to any special place.) But when I returned the soldier was sitting up in his resting place evidently waiting for me, for no sooner had he seen me than he got up and saluted; I waited a second to see if he was waiting for me to return his salute, and as he was, I returned his salute. He then went through the same motions and marches as before. And after he had finished and saluted, he got immediately into the coffin and was asleep.

I grew accustomed to this after a little, for he never did anything else than to go through these motions. One day I tried him to see what he could and would do. As soon as he came out of his coffin he saluted as usual, and I motioned to him to follow me; he did so. I tried to talk to him, but found out that he could neither hear nor talk. But I motioned for him to do certain things, he would understand and execute my orders immediately, and after he had finished would come straight to

me and salute. He would wait a moment to see if I had anything else for him to do, and if not, he would go through his drill.

I took him out in the back yard once to try his skill in shooting. I put up a target, and the mute soldier smiled a smile that meant more than if he had put his meanings into words. I took his smile to mean that he was a dead shot, and he could prove it if necessary. I motioned to him to try a shot. He took a careful aim and fired; then he and I went to the target and found that he had missed the bull's-eye by a few inches. He seemed a little surprised at first, but all of a sudden he smiled a peculiar smile and held up five fingers, then he put down one finger and pointed first to the bull's-eye then to his four fingers. I understood by this that he would hit the bull's-eye four out of five times, letting the first shot count as one of the five.

He went back to the one hundred yard limit, took a careful aim and fired. I was near the target, and started to see the effect of his shot, but he motioned me back. He then shot three more times after as many careful, but not long aims. He and I approached the target to find four shots in the center, or the bull's-eye; and two of the four shots were exactly in the center—one on top of the other. He then turned to me with a look of triumph and success. I saluted, and he was soon asleep in his coffin.

One day, about five days after I had unearthed him, I wanted him to go on an errand. I went to the coffin and tried to awake the soldier, but he did not stir or move in the least. I stuck him with a pin, but that did not awake him; so at last I gave him a hard blow on the chest, but he was still as immovable as a stone wall. I found that he had no regular time of awaking, but got in and out of his resting place at various times of the day and night.

The soldier and I had gotten on smoothly for about two weeks, but one evening about six o'clock I started off—I knew not where—and just as I left, the dumb and

feelingless soldier came out of his coffin. I turned back then and went to the side of the house and watched him from the corner through the vines. He simply got out of his resting-place and stood on the front porch as if guarding the place.

Soon I saw a man come up the front walk, but he had no sooner reached the steps than he was halted by the "home-guard"—for this name I will give the soldier. The stranger made some signs to him, then I saw the "home-guard" hold up one finger and point in the direction that I had gone; the man seemed satisfied and went away.

About five minutes afterwards the same stranger and two others came to the house, and as the brave "home-guard" had gone into his coffin, they walked to the front door, opened it, and went in as though they owned the the house. I, of course, went to the door and tried to open it, but it was locked. I also went to the back door, but as I reached it I saw one of the three men standing there as on watch; he had a pistol in his hand, and at my appearance he pointed it at me. I quickly retreated, and as I did so I realized that my house was being robbed. I immediately went to my "home-guard" and tried to awake him, but he did not stir or move in the least.

I gave up all hope of assistance from my guard, and started away. I turned around once to look at the house as I went off—when all of a sudden the lid of the coffin began to rise, then a head appeared, and, then—the "home guard" came into full view. I ran back to him, and as I came running toward him he lowered his gun as if to command a halt, but upon recognizing me he dropped his gun to position and saluted; I returned the salute, and motioned for him to follow me, starting at the same time for the front door. The man on watch at the back door came rushing toward us as we reached the door. As the intelligent "home-guard" saw him, the pistol, and the warning sign, he took in the circumstances at a glance.

He immediately put his shoulder against the door and burst it open. The robber fired twice at the soldier's heart as we entered, both shots hitting the mark. My mysterious "home-guard" turned facing me at the same time smiling a singular smile, and pointing to the two bullet holes in his chest. And grabbing bayonet he ran the man through, and he fell without a groan. Attracted by the two pistol shots, the other two robbers came running out of one of the rooms. My hero coolly aimed his musket at one and fired, the robber dropped; the other in desperation came on with a big knife in his hand. He lunged at the soldier and struck him full in the neck, the feelingless "home-guard grabbed the man and leisurely ran his bayonet through the body of the robber and would-be murderer. The man sank on his back, shuddered a few times, and then expired. The mysterious hero turned around and pointed at the hole the knife had made in his neck. Then he laughed one of those silent and peculiar laughs again.

I looked at the hole and strange to behold there was no blood issuing forth, but there was the knife still sticking in his neck. I pulled the knife out and immediately the hole closed up, and was apparently healed. The two bullet holes were still visible, so I cut the lead out, and they immediately closed and were healed at once. And there stood the strange and wonderful soldier with his blue uniform of the Civil War as motionless as a stature; he was gazing on the three dead robbers in silent contempt. He was a perfect enigma to me.

But here he left me by saluting and returning to his resting-place of thirty three years—not in the ground, but in his coffin from the ground.

I had started to take a look and examine the three dead robbers lying at my feet, but at this point of my dream I was awakened by the rolling of the drum—which meant "to quarters." I was startled and alarmed at first by this seemingly loud interrupting noise, but in a moment it dawned upon me that *he* or the mysterious "home-guard" from out of the ground, was

only one of those fleeting and illusive images that appear in a dream

While I was dressing I found out that the Dons were about to attack us, and as soon as I had donned my uniform for the long-looked-forward-to battle, I joined the ranks—wishing for the company of my "home-guard"—to help win the first battle of a just cause of expelling the treacherous Spaniards from the long-tortured island of Cuba. F. S. Du Pre.

———:o:———

A PLEA FOR FOOT-BALL.

Of all out-door sports foot-ball is undoubtedly, taken all round, the most beneficial to the average college boy; it not only builds him up physically, but mentally and morally. On the "gridiron" the boy meets time and again with the trials and temptations, which he is obliged to face when he goes out into the great battle of life. Some may laugh at this, but nine-tenths of those who laugh know nothing of the game. They say it is brutal, inhuman, and that no civilized community should tolerate such a bloody sport. If one man out of a hundred gets his leg broken, or even his ankle sprained, in a foot-ball game, it is said to be the result of brutality; at the same time if ten persons out of the same number are injured for life, or even killed outright, bicycling, in a gymnasium, etc., it is said to be accidental.

Now, of course, we do not claim that a man never gets injured in this game, for accidents are as liable to occur here as elsewhere; but those who oppose foot-ball exclaim, "how bloody! how barbarous!" when they read the exaggerated accounts in the papers, only taking a one-sided view of it.

Statistics at Wofford show up as follows:

Two years gymnasium work, one leg broken, one arm broken.

Two years bicycling, one collar-bone broken, one ankle fractured.

Two years foot-ball, one nose broken.

These are true statistics, including the past two years of gymnasium work and bicycling, and the last two years during which foot-ball existed.

The old boys at Wofford realize the demoralizing effect on the whole student-body, since this greatest of all great athletic sports, has been banished from the "campus." It was not so deeply felt in '97, reaction had not then fully set in; but during the past fall of '98, the boys have thoroughly realized the loss of that college spirit which comes alone from foot-ball. They had nothing to think of but books, books, books, and home, home, home. Of course, their studies should receive a due share of time and attention, for that is what they are here for. And, of course, the dearest thing to a boy is his home; but to allow his thoughts to dwell on this unfits him for his college duties. There is nothing that takes the "home-sickness" out of a boy so quickly as a hearty college "yell" just before, or *sometimes* just after a foot-ball game.

The "pig-skin" brings the students together as a whole as nothing else can; it gives them college pride; there is more of a brotherly feeling between the boys; they do not look out for "number one" quite so much; but work as a whole, with an aim to sweep everything before them.

Foot-ball not only brings the boys of one college together, but it brings the boys of many colleges together. Being thrown with each other in this way, the students have an opportunity of discussing college affairs, such as literary societies, courses of study, and public literary exercises.

Literary societies, fraternities, clubs, etc., all good in themselves, tend to weaken a wholesome college feeling; while foot-ball unites the boys, and checks all unkind feeling.

A school, college, or university is "dead" during its fall term without this great sport, for it is a great sport, or why should the leading magazines of the United

States and England devote columns of their valuable space to articles and discussions of it?

If foot.ball is not beneficial to a college, why should such institutions as Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, thrive with it?

JOE McD. GAMEWELL.

———:o:———

A STRANGE WILL.

It has been my good fortune or misfortune (as you like) to have come in contact with twenty eccentric gentlemen. Though it is seventy-eight years since I met the first and sixteen the last, each one of the twenty impressed me and so indelibly, that even now I can see that strange bunch as clearly as if it were yesterday, feel the stinging warmth of their strange nature, and hear the discordant note which emanated from the mouth of each as if they were sitting around, (very glad they are not). Yet this strange bunch, bound by the common tie of eccentricity, have nothing in common save the band. One is at one extreme, another, at the other extreme, but 'tis fair since one eccentricity cuts another eccentricity. A sane man has no business among this bunch of fanatics.

I am sorry, indeed, that I shall have to check on this bunch for the father of Henry Magnolier.

Mr. Magnolier had an incurable case; he was a woman-hater, and for what I don't think anybody knows. His wife, a pious woman lived to celebrate their "Silver Wedding," dying shortly afterwards and from that time on no woman ever came his way or did to suit him. The will which he made at the age of sixty and the codicil at seventy will show the growth of this strange plant, and be an unenviable monument to a fanatic father. Mr. Magnolier possessed considerable property and other material wealth which he bequeathed to his only son, on the conditions that he should remain single in a state of absolute bachelorhood until he had scored his seventieth birthday; in case he should marry prior

to that time, all property should go to nearest relatives. The codicil further stipulated that should a woman cross the threshold of the ancestral mansion before the specified time, he, young Magnolier should be deprived of the yearly income for two years for each offence. The old man died leaving this will there being no selected administrator, the will passed into the hands of the Probate Judge, and it passed in succession through the hands of twenty Probate Judges.

Such was the state of affairs when young Magnolier swung loose from his college moorings. He repaired to the family mansion with a heavy heart, halting between two opinions—whether to break the will and enter life a free man or live in luxury the slave of a fanatic's will. He resolved to wait let the issue be what it may. His seventieth birthday seemed a long way off and the chances were that he would be six feet under ground, when it came. Surrounded by his male retinue, he kept state right royally. His tailor was truly his seamstress, and a six-foot African made the little custards, preserved the fruits that smaller and more delicate hands would have done had not circumstances been so adverse. Magnolier seldom, if ever, went to the city, shunned the society of ladies, not because he wanted to, but because he knew that his determination to win the game that his fanatic father had invented would be weakened. First win he would, and win out with the property.

Young Magnolier, when a collegian was quite an athlete—took big stock in college athletics both with his purse and by virtue of his strength. He now had built a thoroughly-equipped gymnasium; he knew that his body must be further developed and constantly exercised, if he was to be anything of a man physically at seventy. He spent two hours daily in his gymnasium. The years flew by and often are the times that we find Magnolier soliloquizing on his hard luck. The reveries of a bachelor possess him, he cannot shake them off, domestic bliss and happiness are not his. He fears they are slipping through his fingers—lost power. Yet

he goes manfully about his work, he works to live to lengthen his life. His gray hair now broke in on his reveries, 'twas like death had visited Magnolier place, but his gray hairs came slowly. At the age of sixty, he still retains his youthful appearance and men wondered how it was that Magnolier kept his youth so well. Between sixty-five and sixty-eight we find him seeking what he ought to have sought much earlier—a wife. The maidens of his younger days were no longer maidens—decrepid old women—some century plant was perhaps about to blossom, but that was the only blossom that survived his seventieth birthday.

Magnolier was yet erect, sixty-nine years had not bent his frame, he was yet fair and handsome, fair and handsome in two generations, loved by the maidens of two generations, but in love with a maiden that belonged to even a third generation. He possessed the strong sturdy qualities of his generation. She possessed those delicate and more refined qualities which mark the younger class of people in America to-day.

Now to make a long story short the wedding day of course was Magnolier's seventieth birthday, and the man of a former generation was bound by the nuptial knot to a maiden of the quickening present. He won out but it was a long game, daring and alarming. His wedding day was "straight flush in a wary hand."

A CENTENARIAN.—MUCKENFUSS, '00.

———:o:———

"HIS FUST ONE."

"De camp-groun' grabe-ya'd hab al'ays bin rated fer hits cur'ous noises," said old John Laws.

"I's neber hered none," said Jack Durant, a stout negro boy.

"Well, dat's *so*," replied John with a knowing air, "fer I's hered 'em wid me own yurs."

"I's got to hiur it fer my fust time yit, and I's pas' dar oodles o' times," answered Jack.

"Wat's dat?" asked Melton, the father of Jack, waking up.

"I sayed dat de camp-groun' grabe-ya'd is ha'nted," said John.

"An' dat ain' all," said Melt, clearing his throat as if he were on the point of telling a yarn, "but deys sperits down dar at de ole oak, w'er' day sayes dat a man wor killed by he runaway hoss. You ricalic de time, don' you Unca Jone?"

"I bleeb so," replied John, "de man w'a' had he bran bust out on dat oak 'twixt ole Bill house and de saplin?"

"Jes so. Dat's de place."

"Well ye kin say w'a' ye please, but I ain' gwine bleeb it," said Jack.

"An' dat ain' all yit," said Melt. "De sperits ob dat oak does meet wid de sperits ob de grabe-ya'd, and does hole a regular conf'ence."

Jack laughed a chuckling laugh and rose up from the stump on which he had been sitting.

"I don' see wat does mek you and Unca Jone so 'spicious, pa," he said.

"Ve'y well, boy."

"I's got to go to see Marrar tonight, sho," said Jack.

"Ye'll see that gohs' tonight, too, "said John and Melt together.

"It'll be my fust one," said Jack, as before."

Here the dark trio separated, Jack going to his house, while John and Melton went to John's house. If Jack had heard John's and Melton's conversation he would have postponed his visit to "Marrar."

After supper Jack walked over to John's house to let his father know he wouldn't be back until late. As he walked out of the door old John said, "Look out for dat sperit tonight. Dis is he night fer prowlin."

* * * * * * * * *

"Miss Marrar, w'at you speck?" asked Jack not five minutes after he had taken his seat.

"I dunno, Jackie, w'at?"

"Unca Jone and pa tryin' to put it in my hade dat de ole camp-groun' grabe-ya'd hab sperits in it.

The couple was interrupted just at this time by the entrance of old Jackson Kennedy, the father of "Marrar."

"Wat's dat 'bout sperits?" asked old Jackson.

Jack told him the same he told Maria.

"W'y bless yo' soul nigga, un time I's passin' dar an' I hered a rumpus in de bushes. My hair riz on eend. "My Marster, wat is dat?" I sayed. But I brisk myse'f up an' walk same lak I ain' hered nuttin, wen rat by me, hyer come sumpin w'at look lak a man, and lak a hoss; and I sayed to myse'f, "Dat's sholy ole Satum!" fer I had been foolin roun' Miss Mary Welch chicken roos'. "But," here the old negro chuckled to himself a little, then continued, "but dem was in me young days, an' bless yo' soul, nigga, no sooner dan dat sumpin' stop side me dan I begun to cough. I turned roun', an' bless yo' heart, dis nigga nem Jack toted dese yer planks." Here old Jackson pointed to his feet as he ended the sentence, and Jack and Maria joined in his laughter, but they were stopped by Kennedy continuing his story. "Bless yo' life and time, nigga, dat ain't all. Jes as I gin the ole oak 'twix de ole Bill house and de big saplin', I hered sumpin lak sumbaudy a-movin' lack. I look up, an' please de good grashus, dar war annuder sumpin. Dis time I neber think nuttin, but jes tuk cross de camp-groun' fiel, w'en "cubliff!"—I went down hade formust in Mars William big ditch. But nigga, don' think I stop' dar; I gallop down de ditch, *rat in de water*, on me all-fo's sem lak a Texa' pony wat Son Ellie say go two mile a minit. It warnt long 'fo' I war a-slammin' an' a-bang-in' Miss Bella' do' neider, an' axin' 'er fer pertection, an' chillun, eby since dat time dis nigga ain' neber pas dat grabe-ya'd at night, not 'til dis ve'y day an' dis ve'y night. So don' you eber say, boy, dat dey ain' sich a thing as a sperit, fer I's '*sperienced*' 'em."

Here old Kennedy's story ended and Jack was almost decided that there were such things as "sperits." Suffice

it to say Jack's nerves were quite wrought up when he took his leave.

* * * * * * * * *

"Good night Miss Marrar. Grashus, dis win' do blow."

"Good night, Jackie, come agin soon," said Maria.

"Well, nigga, wedder you bleeb in spirits er no', dis is de ve'y kin' o' night fer 'em to be a prowlin' 'roun.' "

Jack didn't take this the best but hurried down the road towards the grave-yard. The night was cold and he had drawn his coat collar up so that nothing could be seen above it except the top of his old plug. He quickened his speed as he neared the shining tombstones and - - - -

"My Marster!—wat is — dat? I ain' neber see nuttin' lak dat 'fo'. I be switch if dat *ain'* a sperit sho nuff. My. Mars - - - - - "

These dots can mean Jack's steps as he was running down the hard road towards the "old saplin'." Suddenly he stood as if petrified opposite the ha'nted oak."

"Dat's wusser yit. I ain' *neber*, in *all* me life seen *nuttin* — -

"M - o - o - o - a !"

"Marster he'p me!", and again the only thing could be heard was his rapid retreat across the same old field which old Kennedy had told him *he* ran across. Just then, one at a distance could have heard the splash of water.

"I's gone ! I's gone !"

And sure enough he *was* "gone," for the water was splashing out of the ditch as if he were a horse galloping through it at break-neck speed - — He sprang out the ditch, and as he did, he rolled on the ground as if he were shot.

"Satum's got me ! Satum's got me !" cried Jack, when all was silence for a few seconds. Nothing could be heard but his wrestling with "Satum," Suddenly he put forth again: "Satum's got me ! O ! fer de gracious sake tu'n me loose."

Presently, by his twisting and squirming his foot was freed from the "bamboo," and as soon as he realized it, he was up and - - - - - -

"Who's dar?" asked Melt going up to the door hurriedly. On opening it a large, black, dirty, wet ball rolled over the floor, and Melt first recognized it by,

"I's seen my fust one! I's seen my fust one!"

* * * * * * * * *

Had Jack gone out to the "old oak" the next morning, he would have seen the tracks of "Son Ellie's" white cow, and had he ventured to the "grabe ya'd," he would have seen a large white cloth flying in breeze.

"DON."

WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL

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COTTON. In "The State" of Feb. 17th there appeared an elaborate synopsis of the results of the work of statistician Hyde of the department of agriculture at Washington. It was relative to the average cost in the production of an average acre of cotton in the United States, or you might say in the South. Mr. Hyde busied himself with investigating the question as to whether or not cotton raising was profitable on the basis of the average prices paid for things on the one hand, and the average prices received for things on the other. His conclusions are based on the statements of about twenty thousand farmers all over the country. These statements were in the nature of direct replies to direct questions.

In the case of ordinary upland cotton, in the year '98, there was an average yield of lint cotton per acre of about 255 pounds. Estimating this average yield of

pounds lint at an average of about 5½ or 6 per lb., and adding to this the average yield of cotton seed at an average price, 11.9 cents per bushel, the average total receipts per acre are $19.03. The average net profits per acre are $3.61. The following table will show this :

Expenses:—Rent	$2.88	Gross receipts	$19.03
Plowing	2.81	Total expenses	15.42
Seeds	.21	Net receipts	$ 3.61
Planting seeds	.25		
Fertilizers	1.30		
Distributing fertilizers	.16		
Chopping and hoeing	1.31		
Picking	3.31		
Ginning and pressing	1.92		
Repairing implements	.40		
All other expenses	.41		
Total expenses	$15 42		

The vast per cent. of these farmers are of the opinion that all in all a farm, at the present rate of general expenses in all products, etc., does not pay. But they also assign lack of judgment and bad management as the direct cause. We will assume this proposition, that farmers as a class use less judgment than any other distinct class of men. And we will prove the correctness of this premise. Perhaps one very probable reason is that they are, you might say, more generally uneducated than any other class. Also, they are perhaps the least economical and most extravagant class of people in our country. Now, we find combined in him the two greatest hindrances to material advancement: (a) lack of judgment and bad management, and (b) an ingrained tendency to extravagance. And it is no surprise to find the average farmers in their present condition, especially when we consider that they are not putting forth any efforts to avoid this state of circumstances, are the most unfortunate class of people in our country. A great per cent. of these men hunt or fish or lie idle all the day long when they should be repairing or building houses, bridges, etc., throwing up terraces, threshing peas, shucking corn, sharpening their plows, etc., etc. And yet, my friends, there is no class of people who complain so much about "hard times" as do the

farmers. They have brought it upon themselves, or at least allowed it to be brought upon them. They tell you there is the merchant who is prosperous or perhaps rolling in wealth, they admit the prosperity of the banker, manufacturer, and railroad man. He even admits that they work hard and "are nothing but business." Now, if that farmer will show me a merchant or banker or manufacturer or railroad man who works part of the while and does not work the other part, or who places no value upon economy, or is reckless and extravagant, and uses bad judgment, in each case I will show him a man who is a failure. But on the other hand, if that farmer shows me a farmer who works hard all the year round, every day in the week, and adheres as strictly to sound business principles in his line of work as the banker or merchant does in his, then I will show him a man that is successful to a remarkable degree. Remember this, that that farmer who is thus successful, raises at home everything that is possible, and buys only what he can't raise. But that man who raises only what he can't buy, in fact lives on a farm, but, strictly and correctly speaking, is not a farmer. And a great per cent. of the socialists and anarchists of this country are found among the farming element. They are unquestionably the most fickle class of our population, all things considered. Mr. Hyde also finds that farms, so far as cotton is concerned, are profitable in direct proportion to the amount of fertilizers used. A great per cent. reject this doctrine completely, and others regard it as requiring too much time and money. The great trouble with the farmers is, that they use less judgment than any other class of society. And we right here lay down a principle that any authority on political economy could well advocate, that any man is generally successful in an ordinary businsss according as he uses good judgment and accepts reason as his guide. The average cost of sea island cotton was $21.95; the total gross receipts were $28.65; consequently the net receipts were $6.70 per acre. From these figures, the

average net gains amount to, in either kind of cotton, to about from 15 to 23 per cent. of the amount expended in the original investment. This is possible on a farm, and that farmer should consider himself fortunate who can make 20 per cent. profits on his years work, and who at the same time is more successful and better off generally, than nine-tenths of his fellowmen in the different professions, as many and as widely varied as those professions may be.

And it will be a piece of the most absurd folly for any man to ever presume that this will be a generally prosperous section till these people at the South, "these horny-handed sons of toil," "these producers of wealth," "these mudsills and very foundations of our social and political structure," first learn to consider farming a profession, till they learn the lessons of economy, and learn that that business which yields the largest net returns must necessarily have the least running expenses, till they learn to work diligently the whole year through, till they become less extravagant and work according to strict business principles, till they acquire good judgment and good management as dominating forces in their lives, till they accept reason as their guide in their every thought, word, or act.

DISESTABLISHMENT. The Teutonic people, especially the Anglo-Saxons, have always been, according to Burke, adverse to all or any "implicit submission of mind or opinion." By their very nature, they are opposed to any doctrines or political or religious tenets that would abridge their rights or that would make their titles to full recognition in any phase of life any the less clear. It was this spirit that caused England and Germany to revolt and cast aside Catholicism. It was this spirit that led to America's being colonized and which finally caused her to cast aside English rule. It is that same spirit that in all probability will in a short while, perhaps, cause Englishmen to throw off the hindrances and undemocratic institutions of the Established Church of England. It is true that it is Episco-

pal in its doctrine, but at the same time it does not suit Anglo-Saxons to have of necessity to submit to any one human beings, however good or wise or just, dictating what they shall accept as their religious tenets, or dictating the manner in which they shall worship. Anglo-Saxons are the last people on earth to submit to unnecessary political restrictions or disability. In England a strict member of the church of England or high church party, takes political preferment or precedence over one that is not. And, aye, there's the rub. We don't mean that all Englishmen must conform to that church, but it is generally only through membership in or loyalty to that church, that one attains to the most important political positions.

Gladstone was a strict and devout member of the high church part, a member of the Established Church. But he abolished the Established Church of Ireland, or had it done, because it was not right, because it was useless, inasmuch as no considerable portion of the nation as a whole nor even of any particular section, adhered to this church. Therefore, not being supported by a majority of the people, it was abolished.

And right now Queen Victoria, as "defender of the faith," is about to "strike a snag" in the form of a general and growing demand from all classes of England, that the Established Church, and all that that term implies, no longer "walk hand in hand with the state," but that it be abolished, so that no man of any political creed will take political precedence over another.

We think this demand thoroughly justifiable, and easily understand why the Queen is trying to get the existing disorders settled strictly by the bishops, because she knows that if the question is put before Parliament for final settlement, it will in all probability result in the total abolition and forbidding of a state church or anything that looks like it. She is correct in her idea, for as it stands at present, sixty per cent. of Parliament are Catholics and dissenters of various sorts, and very truly would they be glad to get a fair

lick at it, to destroy it forever. And of the forty per cent. who are members of the Episcopal church, perhaps there are some who do not favor its establishment as a state church.

The same spirit that will likely, if placed before them, pass through Parliament the abolition of this barrier between the political inequality of Englishmen, also, only a short while since, passed through our own Congress that measure completly abolishing the political disabilities of Confederate soldiers.

DOES AN EDUCATION EDUCATE? In the last two years, the leading magazines, especially the Cosmopolitan, have discussed the good and evil in our present systems of education. Some advocate a great amount of text-book education, with little regard for travel. Others advocate a great amount of travel, with little regard for text-book education. Our poet Hayne says that

"Truth always
Lies between two extremes."

And for this reason especially are we desirous of considering the best education we can procure. We believe this result will be attained when we acquire as large text-book education and training as possible, and then supplement it with as extensive and varied travel as circumstances will possible permit.

Prof. Jones, of the University of Iowa, if we mistake not, proved that literary education was not a failure, basing his argument upon the facts that a vast per cent. of presidents, chief justices of the supreme court, secretaries of the different departments, national representatives and senators, of the United States, were college graduates or at least college bred men, and also showed that the per cent. increased as time goes on and as election after election occurs. And most notable of all, was the fact, that an overwhelming majority of the great party leaders and statesmen were college men.

These are facts our opponents must admit.

But we also admit, as did Bismarck, that one-third of men go to early graves as a result of intemperance and excesses, one-third go the to the dogs, and the other third rise and rule the world. This German statesman's statement is but little wrong, if at all, when applied to American conditions.

But please don't judge our colleges only by their many evil and worthless men but also give us credit at least for the good we do.

Quite recently we had the pleasure (?) of hearing a sensible (?) man discuss this question. He said colleges hatched dudes; taught men to want to spread out before the foundation was laid; etc.; and therefore a man should be educated only enough to be able to read and write, and be able to speak good English. He detested the classics. We admit that a great many college men are dudes. But he must admit that there are a great many dudes that never went to college, and perhaps those wouldn't have been dudes if they had gone to college. We, like Bryan in the use of "gold-bug," apologize for the use of the word "dude." But this word most adequately expresses our idea under the circumstances.

That man laid special stress upon the attainments of men who were not from colleges. But he seemed to forget (if indeed he ever knew it) that the vast majority of those who have attained to the highest things and places have been college graduates or college bred men, and, really, by many instances, it would seem that a man's attrinments are proportionate to the extent of his college and post-graduate training and education. That gentleman pointed out college men who were "no good," at least comparatively, but he seemed to forget (if indeed he ever knew it) that we can show that there are also non-college who don't earn their salt. Not only that, but we can show that gentlemen (if he will allow it) that the per cent. of college bred men or graduates who are successful, will far more than equal the per cent. of non-college men who are successful.

We don't claim that a man will be successful because

he is a college man; we don't claim that a man will not be successful because he is not a college man; but we do claim that a college will bring out clearly and intensify the real traits and characteristics of his personal character. If you will pardon the expression, we reply that if a man is a fool, it only makes him a bigger one (of course there are exceptions to all rules), but also if he is sensible, it will make him more so. Sir, a college is of such a nature that any man, however dull or indifferent, will receive more or less inspiration and enthusiasm,since every body of necessity casts its shadows, the peculiar make up and quality of his own character will determine the direction of his shadow, and, the light being brighter, this shadow and personality will be more clearly defined than if he had never been touched by the influences of a college campus. We think his commuity have sufficient reason to give thanks, at least one day in each year, that this gentleman did not go to college, for if he had, in all probabilty, if you allow the expression, he would have been a much bigger fool than he really is now.

If there is nothing in him and he is evil, it will only be shown quicker and more clearly; if there is something in him and he is good, it will show quicker and more clearly. When a man leaves college every man on the campus has some idea as to the nature and extent of his success in his work in after life, judging purely by his record in college.

Now, it is a fact, and we submit it to the judgment of any impartial mind, that a college ought to live and have men put in contact with it, solely because society is able to know a man's personal character without having to first be "bugged" in order to find it out.

And on these grounds it is easy to understand that an educated failure is the most miserable kind of a failure. But will not our friend admit that an educated success is the most enviable and most remarkable kind of success ?

For all these reasons, a thorough and vigorous text-book education and training should be pursued, very probably by compulsion by law, and then take what travels you can. Let colleges live and let men still go to them.

Let every man remember that when he goes to college, he should be very certain he is carrying really some good material there, and that he will not be hatched out as a dude, but as a strong, sturdy, well-grounded, firm, honorable, reliable, christian man, whose record in after life will only go to make larger and stronger the per cent. of college men who are successful and who leave the world better off for their having lived in it.

Among Our Exchanges.

C. W. WATSON, EDITOR.

"Knowledge gives weight, accomplishments give lustre, and many more people *see* than *weigh.—Chesterfield.*

In the February issue of the *S. W. P. U. Journal* is the second article on the "True Basis of Social Relations," and a good article it is. The writer gives some of the important principles, or ground basis, on which the true relations are founded. Doubtless the world is slow indeed to recognize the true relations that exist between *man and man.*

"The Twentieth Century in the Light of the Nineteenth," is the title of the first piece in *The Hendrix College Mirror.* The background is well laid, in narrating some important facts and mentioning some of the landmarks of past history. The writer then suggests some of the forces that have been and are still at work in the world, and from this he goes on to state some of the problems now confronting the civilized world, and compares one that may be mentioned, the problem of "Labor and Capital," which is preventing the world from recognizing in the true and real sense the brotherhood of man. An important period the writer now thinks the world is passing through with only two parallel periods in the world's history, viz: The one just preceeding the French Revolution, and the other, at the beginning of the great religious reformation in Germany.

The author ends this well written article, by saying that "Forward" is the only watchword worthy our posi-

tion, and that the church of God the place to which we are to look for guide.

The next piece in this issue is an article entitled, "The Period of Development," and is written from somewhat the same standpoint as the previous article, i. e., from a prophetic insight, and is worthy of mention.

"Life at the Barracks" gives us an idea of what takes place in the camps.

The editoral and exchange departments of this issue of the *Mirror* show work of merit. Indeed it is a well edited magazine throughout.

In the *Hampden-Sidney Magazine* "The Napoleonic Wars As a Factor in the Foundation of the Present German Empire" shows that the author has given the subject careful study, also skill in narration, and in the arrangement of sentences. "The Old Town Spring" and "A Challenge" are poems worthy of mention.

CLIPPINGS.

I hold
That it becomes no man to nurse despair;
But in the teeth of clenched antagonisms,
To follow up the worthiest till he die.
— *Tennyson.*

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie
Which we ascribe to Heaven.
—*Shakespeare.*

Speak clearly, if you speak at all;
Carve each word before you let it fall.
—*O. W. Holmes.*

I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.
—*Tennyson.*

A happy temper, like the Æolian harp, sings to every breeze.
—*Anon.*

THE FAREWELL.

Slowly sinks the yellow moon,
  Brightly gleams the orient star;
Wake, my love, my pretty love,
  Gently raise the oaken bar.

Dream not, on thy pillow soft,
  While my heart thus yearns for thee;
Let thy dream-soul wing its flight
  To our lover's trysting tree.

Sweetly fall the moonbeams pale
  On thy rose-cheeks, little one;
Hasten, darling, ere the light
  Silv'ring, all its course eas run.

Listen, stars and spirits, sweet,
  Softly tread the path along—
Two snow sandals, coming near,
  Close my evening's farewell song.

—Vanderbilt Observer.

Alumni Department.

W. RIVES CRUM, EDITOR.

J. C. Covington, '92, is doing a thriving mercantile business at Judson, S. C.

"Bill" Crosland, '95, is meeting with much success in his chosen profession of medicine.

Rev. J. C. Roper is stationed at Greers, S. C., where he is doing much to promote the Kingdom of God on earth.

D. T. Outz, class '75, is the popular cashier of the Bank of Johnston, Johnston, S. C.

Rev. R. C. McRoy, class '92, joined the South Carolina Conference shortly after graduating, and is now preaching at Edgefield, S. C.

E. L. Asbell, '92, is meeting with much success at Leesville, S. C., in his chosen profession. He is one of the rising lawyers of the State.

J. Eidson, is practicing law at Hamilton, Tex.

A. W. Lynch, '76, took his A. M. in '82, and is now teaching at Social Circle, Ga.

J. L. Glenn, '79, who has been practicing law at Chester courthouse for a number of years, was recently elected to the State senate from his county by a unanimous vote. He is recognized as one of the most able members of the Chester bar.

S. C. Hodges, '95, while in college was noted as a fine bass singer, but has forsaken his former field of fame. He is now doing a thriving business in the drug line at Greenwood, S. C.

T. R. Graham, class '77, is auditor of Greenwood county.

M. W. Peurifoy, class 98, is teaching at Wards, Edge field County. His scholars speak well of him.

T. C. Blake, class 96, has moved to Laurens, S. C., where he intends doing a successful business in the insurance line.

Jno. B. Henneman, Ph. D., who delivered the address before the Calhoun and Preston Literary Societies, June 13th, 1898, is professor of English at the University of Tennessee. His subject was "The Value of Tradition for the Students of Wofford and Carolina," which he handled with marked skill and ability. It was indeed a treat to have the pleasure of hearing such a distinguished man. His position shows his worth, ability and popularity, although he did not graduate he spent three years with us and no doubt, the seeds, which in after years have sprouted forth into honored and distinguishcd manhood, were planted here.

C. A. Woods, Marion, S. C., has attained eminence at the bar as a lawyer of great ability and practitioner with few equals. He has been elected a trustee of Wofford.

Capt. Charles Petty, class '57, is one among the many Wofford men who did valuable service to the Confederacy in the late war. He held for a while a professorship at the Limestone Springs Institute. After which he engaged in tilling the soil. Several years ago he

purchased the Carolina Spartan, and is still the editor and publisher. He is a loyal supporter of Central Methodist church; although time has given him a hoary head he is still active in the work of God.

E. L. Archer, '71, who is a very successful farmer of this county, has been representing Spartanburg for a number of years in the State senate. He was the prime mover in building the Alumni Hall, which is used as the Fitting School.

Prof. J. F. Brown, '76. the largest class till '92 is professor of Mathematics in Converse College.

Mr. W. M. Jones, class '78, is a very successful lawyer of this city.

Gus. M. Chreitzberg, class'95,who was for several years professor at the Fitting school and instructor in the Gymnasium, has recently accepted the position of bookkeeper in the National Bank of Spartanburg. We congratulate the directors of the bank in securing the service of such an able man.

C. H. Leitner, '98, has been elected professor in the Fitting school and director at the Gymnasium to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Chreitzberg. "Charlie" took an active part in the Gymnasium while in college and we predict for him much success.

Local Department.

G. EMORY EDWARDS, EDITOR.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION MEETING.

A meeting of the Athletic Association was held February 18th. Prof. Chreitzberg having severed his connection with the college, it became necessary for the Association to elect a business manager in his place. The election resulted in the choice of J. C. Fairey, the former assistant business manager. M. W. Adams was elected to take the place of Mr. Fairey as assistant business manager. The boys are very much encouraged at the outlook for a fine base-ball team this year. Five of the old players are back. Among the new men there are some fine ball players. There are from two to four men trying for each position. Captain Burnett will have plenty of material from which to choose a team. Since foot-ball is no more, almost all the athletic energy has been thrown into the "diamond," and this year, especially, the prospects for a good, strong, live, and snappy team are very bright indeed. Wofford is determined to hold up her record of last year and if possible improve on it. The faculty has promised to give the team three trips away from Spartanburg and one of these may be points without the State. The first game of the season will be played on the home ground, with Furman, during the May Festival. Furman and Wofford are old rivals and the game is looked forward to with much interest.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

The anniversary celebration of the Calhoun and Preston societies was held February 22nd. In spite of the unfavorable weather, the students, together with a host of friends from the city and and our sister college, came together to hear the speakers the societies had chosen to represent them on this occasion. The two societies met, each in its own hall, and marched down in a body, to the delightful strains of music furnished by the Fifth Massachusetts regimental band.

The meeting was opened with prayer by President B. F. Wilson, of Converse. President W. R. Crum then introduced as the first speaker, Mr. Ernest Wiggins, of Berkley county, who represented the Calhoun society with an oration on "The Need of a Literary Education in the South." After a short introductory speech as to the reason for the selection of this subject, he began by quoting what Gen. Lee told his soldiers in his farewell address to them at the close of the civil war: "Let us go home and cultivate our virtues." He pointed out what Lee meant by this short sentence, and then hastily reviewed the crippled condition of education in the South immediately after the war, during the days of reconstruction. The schools which then existed were all mainly classical, and this with the war as an additional severe practical training, the men of that generation needed no other kind of training. But now the conditions and surroundings have changed, aims and purposes have varied, and we now have in close conflict the technical education with the classical, when the one should exist as the compliment of the other. The technical education with no literary foundation makes men mere human machines, while the literary course produces the thinkers of the age. Every student should take a literary course before branching off into a specialty. Of course, he should not neglect his special work, but he should first become a thinker and a rea-

soner. Will not skill, is the potential force and energy of life; and intellect not instinct should be the pilot. He described the present so-called scientific tendencies, which too often result in that intellectual deformity we commonly call a crank. He reviewed the part that men educated in literary colleges take in education, religion, and government. Scientific men without the literary training are executors, but not inventors. To attain culture and broadness should be the aim of most of our education.

Mr. Wiggins then reviewed the present educational status of the South, in regard to this ever increasing eagerness after technical education, because of the short course and cheapness financially, and called a halt back to the old classic course. The best idea of a college is that one that fits man for the college of the future.

As a representative of the Preston society Jonas P. Gray, of Spartanburg county, was introduced. His subject was, "Hayne and the South." Mr. Gray began by giving a general state of affairs and society at the South before the sixties, showing the preferment given by Southern people to the law, tending to place all else in quite ordinary rank. Among other things there was a close application to purely literary pursuits, literature being regarded as a supplement or graceful accomplishment.

The South had furnished, indeed South Carolina had furnished, a full share of able and influential statesmen; it was now time for one of her own to sing of her own. Hayne quit the law to answer this call to higher things. But he had the misfortune to struggle with literature in the very face of the natural preferences and inclinations of people at the South He also lost his fortune and his home, and could not write, like Longfellow, hav ing no cares of financial welfare, or no cause or necessity for daily struggle for daily bred. Then he went to his "poet's cottage," "Copse Hill," below Augusta, where he dragged out a miserable existence; but

He longed to sing one noble song,
To thrill, with passion's living breath,
The fools whose scorn had worked him wrong,
And baffied fate, and conquer death.

He wrote war poetry for the South, while Whittier was writing to encourage the North. Hayne was a true Southerner and he struggled to keep that lost cause from being lost. But above all, he was not narrowly prejudiced against the Union, and he showed this broadness and greatness in a stanza of his eulogy to organized government:

"Bright natal born! what face appears,
Beyond the rolling mist of years?
A face whose loftiest traits combine
All virtue of a stainless line
Passed from leal sire to loyal son;
The face of him whose steadfast zeal
Drew harmonies of law and right
From chaos and anarchic night;
Who with a power serene as Fate
Wrought from rude hordes of turbulent states
The granduer of our commonweal:
All hail! all hail! to Washington!"

After the benediction by President B. F. Wilson the audience was invited to repair to the halls of the two societies where a very pleasant reception was held. This was one of the most enjoyable features of the evening and all who stayed were much delighted.

HAMILTON W. MABIE.

On Tuesday morning, February 14th, the entire student body, together with the faculty and ladies of the campus, had the pleasure of hearing one of Hamilton W. Mabie's delightful lectures. Mr. Mabie began by saying that he was always glad of the opportunity to speak to students; that he was a student himself and trusted he would be as long as he lived. His remarks were centered around the thought that education in its fullest and best sense was a necessity for individual,social, and industrial life and salvation. He went on to show that

all that remains to us of the present day from the civilization of the Hebrew, Greek, and Roman is the direct product of education.

The tragedy of the hour is the tragedy of the half trained. The world has no place for the man who has a smattering idea of many things; but the man for whom it is seeking is the man who knows some one thing and knows it well. In these days of constantly multiplying machinery and appliances, the tendency is to force men more and more into special lines of effort if they would succeed. The physician or the lawyer if he wishes to succeed must apply himself almost wholly to one particular branch of his profession. The same is true in all the professions and trades of life. Many persons spread their energies over too wide a field, with the result, that while they might succeed handsomely in one venture, by undertaking too many they dissipate their power of supervision, and in the end fail to obtain the hoped for success. If you have decided to win success in a particular field, stay there, and conquer.

We need to take our education into our business. At this point Mr, Mabie told of an acquaintance of his who, when a young man, became manager of a large mining concern. He carried on the business very successfully for several years, when he had the foresight to see that he needed a more thorough and technical education in order to increase his business and carry it on to the greatest success. He left his business in the hands of competent men; went to Germany and took a three years course in the leading universities of that country studying Chemistry, Mineralogy,and other branches that partained to his business. At the end of the three years he returned to his work in this country, turned his university training into his business and the result is, that he is now owner of one of the largest mining concerns in the United States. Singleness of aim has put many a man in places of honor, or profit, in our land and time, and that, too, in spite of the most forbidding obstacles.

Mr. Mabie gave an interesting account of the life and education of Edward H. Palmer, the great English linguist. He told how he learned language after language in spite of the greatest difficulties; and how in after years, by his knowledge of the Arabic language, he saved England from a war with Egypt, and accomplished in a month what it would have taken the English army perhaps years to do. He closed his address with an earnest exortation to do honest and thorough work. We never know, said he, for what we are fitting ourselves. Time and application today will determine our place and achievements fifty years hence.

Y. M. C. A. CONVENTION.

Under the Local Department in last month's issue there was some mention made of the Annual Convention of Young Men's Christian Association of South Carolina, which met in Spartanburg, February 9–12.

With the exception of one meeting, all the services were held down in the city; however, the college association and college community generally were much interested in the meetings, and we do not think it out of place to speak of it under our locals.

On Thursday night, Feb. 9th, there was a welcoming service, in which J. W. Simpson, of Spartanburg, delivered an appropriate address of greeting to the convention.

Then, after a temporary organization, C. L. Gates, of New York city, a traveling secretary in the employ of the International Committee, addressed the convention on "The Young Men's Christian Association's Right to Live." Mr. Gates spoke with force and interest and briefly outlined the policy and workings of the Y. M. C. A. movement and proved conclusively to every unbiased listener that the Y. M. C. A. was doing a great and much needed work, and that it had a right to live.

Rev. John Lake, of Johnston, who has been intimately connected for a number of years with Association work,

especially the county work; then spoke to the convention on "The Power of the Convention." His talk was very practical and contained valuable suggestions to the delegates—by observing which the greatest good could be gotten out of the convention.

Friday morning—After three quarters of an hour delightfully devoted to Bible study, led by D. A. Sinclair, generel Y. M. C. A., secretary Dayton, O., the committee on nominations made its report and H. E. Ravenel, of Spartanburg, was elected president of the convention. A lively discussion was then entered into on "The Young Men of South Carolina." Under this head the following questions were discussed with interest. Does the Y. M. C. A. reach the young men? How can it reach a greater number? What are some of our difficulties? How can they be overcome? What are the great needs? This discussion was presided over and guided by A. G. Knebel, Y. M. C. A. secretary at Charleston.

A. L. Fish, physical director of the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium at Charleston, then addressed the convention on "How about the Bodies of the Young Men of South Carlina." This was interesting as Mr. Fish told what the Y. M. C. A. was attempting for the physical upbuilding of those men that came within its reach.

Rev. A. T. Jameson, of Camden, read an instructive paper on "How to increase the Bible Work of our Associations." This was very practical as Mr. Jameson hastily reviewed the different courses of Bible study which could be successfully carried on by the associations.

Friday Afternoon—Mr. Sinclair gave another one of his delightful Bible readings. Mr. Sinclair has a very pleasing manner of presenting Bible truths and he shows that he is a close student of the Work.

The rest of the afternoon was principally devoted to a discussion of the work among the soldiers and sailors. This was one of the most interesting services of the

whole convention. W. W. Edge, of the Pesbyterian College, who was a private in the First S. C. regiment, told of this great work of the Association in the army as seen by one of the men.

Rev. E. L. House, chaplain of the Fifth Massachusetts regiment, which was encamped at Greenville, was present and made a very interesting talk on this subject. Frank Mahan, of Charlotte, N. C., and A. G. Knebel, of Charleston, two Y. M. C. A. secretaries who devoted much of their time this last summer and fall in working in the camps, recounted some of their interesting experiences while in this work.

Friday night—After the report of the chairman and of the treasurer of the State committee, Rev. John Kershaw, Rector of St. Michael's, Charleston, delivered an excellent address on "What the Movement of the Y. M. C. A. among the Students of the World means to the cause of Christianity." It was an inspiration to have heard this address, especially so when we remember that it was delivered by a man who fears no official relation to the Association work and yet fully appreciates the magnitude and importance of this great Christian Student Federation movement. This address was one of the best features of the whole convention.

Saturday morning—The morning exercises, after a Bible reading by D. A. Sinclair, were principally devoted to a business meeting. The financial side of the state work was presented and a collection was taken up for the expenses of the work for the ensuing year.

Saturday afternoon was given up to recreative and personal pleasures. In spite of the snow many of the delegates braved the weather and attended an entertainment at Converse College.

Saturday night—Frank Mahan, Y. M. C. A. secretary at Charlotte, addressed the convention on "A glimpse of the varied work of the Young Men's Christian Asso-

ciation." Mr. Mahan very briefly touched on the many different sides of the work of the Association; and his talk was, indeed, an eye-opener to many in the congregation.

Dr. James H. Carlisle, President of Wofford College, then addressed the convention in his forceful style on "Winning Men for Christ one by one." The Doctor's address was replete with wholesome wisdom and practical suggestions to the Christian in his personal appeals to the unsaved. The effects for good of such a lecture cannot be calculated.

Sunday morning—Owing to the continuance of the snow-storm, the services Sunday were not as well attended as they would otherwise have been. Most of the pulpits of the city were filled by leaders of the convention and the morning services were generally of a devotional character.

Sunday Afternoon—At 3 o'clock at Wofford College there was held a college conference, in which the delegates from the several colleges were mainly interested. E. M. Lander, President of Wofford Y. M. C. A., presided at this service. The discussion of the department of devotional Bible study in the College association was opened with an interesting and instructive talk by E. G. Wilson, of South Carolina College, Columbia.

B. H. Boyd, of Wofford, then presented the personal workers class. He showed the need of having such a class and gave some practical suggestions as to the organization of this important work. Mr. Pressley, of Chicora College, Greenville, then gave a short talk on the mission study class and the missionary department generally. All these three topics were freely discussed by different members present and much benefit was derived therefrom. The conference was closed with a talk by W. C. Latimer, of Wofford College, on the important subject, "Does the College Association reach the unsaved men in College." The time for the conference was limited hence many other items of importance and interest to the College Association were necessarily omitted.

At 5 o'clock down town in the Opera House there was held a Men's Mass Meeting. This service was conducted by F. B Smith, of Illinois, a Y. M. C. A. secretary who has lately been connected with the work among the soldiers. Mr. Smith spoke with force upon the subject "Christian strength." His style was attractive and his appeal was almost irresistable. Much good surely resulted from this meeting.

Sunday night—This was the closing service of the convention and was mainly devoted to short talks, testimonies, resolutions, etc. At the close all the members of the convention joined hands and formed a circle around the aisles of the church. While standing thus they all sang "Blest Be the Tie that Binds," after which the benediction was offered. This act adjournd one of the best and most enjoyable annual conventions of the State Y. M. C. A. ever held in South Carolina.

CAMPUS DOTS.

Come out and play base-ball, boys.

The spring examinations will begin about March 20th.

Prof. J. C. Allen. '98, was on the campus March 4th, shaking hands with his friends.

W. H. Zimmerman, lately of the class of 1900, visited the Calhoun society Friday night, March 4th.

W. A. Mason, '01, has left college on account of the health of his mother.

Prof. A. B. Cooke was called to his home in Virginia, March 6th, on account of the illness of his mother.

Mr. H. T. Morrison, of Atlanta, spent a short while on the campus the first of the month, visiting his brother Mr. A. Morrison of the Freshman class.

Rev. W. P. Meadors, Presiding Elder of the Spartanburg district was on the campus Wednesday, March 2nd, and conducted chapel exercises.

Mr. W. C. Koger, of the Sophomore class, who was called home some weeks ago on account of the death of his grandmother returned to college February 27th. Koger's many friends are glad to welcome him back.

Mr. W. C. Latimer left Tuesday morning, March 7th, for a trip through Florida and, perhaps, Cuba. He goes with his father, Hon. A. C. Latimer and a number of congressmen and their families.

Rev. M. L. Carlisle, pastor of the Central Methodist church, conducted the Y. M. C. A. prayer meeting Sunday afternoon. Mr. Carlisle gave the association a very practical and instructive talk. The students are always glad to welcome any of the pastors of the city to their Sunday afternoon services.

Quite a number of the the students will take in Kennan's lecture and Dan Godfrey's band Saturday night.

Prof. D. A. DuPre went to Greenville, March 8th, where he delivered an address on the "English Scientists of the Nineteenth Century."

The Sophomore class held a meeting March 8th, for the purpose of electing speakers for the Sophomore Exhibition to be held in the college chapel Monday night, April 17th. The class elected the following speakers: from the Preston Society, L. T. H. Daniel, A. E. Driggers, and M. Auld; from the Calhoun Society, J. B. Gibson, C. P. Still, and W. C. Koger. The choice of marshals resulted as follows: Chief Marshal, H. B. Brown, from Calhoun; Preston Society, G. T. Bates, M. S. Asbell, and F. K. Lake; Calhoun Society, J. M. Gamewell, V. W. Brabham, and J. B. White.

At a recent meeting of the Preston Society the following officers were elected: President, B. H. Boyd; Vice-Pres., C. B. Burnett; 1st Critic, W. T. Googe; 2nd Critic, L. L. Hardin; Recording Secretary, E. C. Major; Treasurer, C. D. Lee; Corresponding Secretary, F. K. Lake; 1st Censor, W. G. Hollis; 2nd Censor, M. Auld.

Mr. L. L. Dantzler, Editor-in-Chief of THE JOURNAL last year, was on the campus a few days the middle of February. Dantzler is principal of a large school at Prosperity, S. C.

Mr. C. C. Alexander, class of '00, represented the Alpha Tau of the Chi Psi at the fraternity's fifty-eighth annual convention, held in Washington, D. C., February 28th, March 1st and 2nd.

The following debaters have been elected for the Junior debate at commencement: Presiding officer, E. M. Lander, of the Calhoun Society; Calhoun debaters, W. C. Latimer and W. C. Martin; Preston debaters, C. D. Lee and E. H. Hall.

Mr. Jas. H. Carlisle, Jr., a graduate of the class of '85, and the son of our honored President has opened up a book store in the city, and promises to do a good business.

Many of our students had the pleasure of attending the annual Junior Banquet of our sister college, Converse, on the evening of Feb. 13th. It was pronounced by all to be the best ever given, and it is certain that it was thoroughly enjoyed by all those who attended.

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Wofford College JOURNAL.

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WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL

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Literary Department.

HENRY J. BRABHAM, JR., EDITOR.

SONNET 2.

Have we not whispers from a spirit realm ?
Faint sounds far-floating weakly strike the ear,
Too weakly save to know that we do hear
Something harmonious. When autumn elms
With richness of their leafage overwhelm
Our senses while the breeze just lifts the hair
And fans us into reverie, so that near
With far is blended, and the covering film
Of thought makes unity of all the scene,—
Walks there not then across the sun and shade
Something, I know not what, but something made
Of glory that can lift the mortal soul ?
Wordsworth, revealer, thou hast fairly told
What gleams break through the veils that intervene.

OLIN D. WANNAMAKER—Vanderbilt.

:o:

THE "GERMANIA" OF TACITUS.

One of the most interesting books in the Latin course to us is, or should be, the "Germania" of Tacitus. It especially interests us, partly on account of its style, which is terse and to the point, but mainly in what Tacitus tells us of his subject, Germania, the land of the Germans, who were the ancesters of the English-speaking people. Our ancestors, both far and near, have

always held great interest for us, heir-looms have been much treasured, paintings of our forefathers have adorned our walls as precious relics; tales of adventure and valor have descended from father to son and probably much added to them as the days have gone by, family-trees have sprung up and all of us busily trace their lineage back thro' our national youth and childhood to the "old country;" and they in their teens, carry it back farther still.

But in this book, we have given a description of the origin and principal characteristics of those Germanic tribes who produced our race; those characteristics which we find in these nations to day, and some that we do not. It is of this book, its author, but more especially its subject matter, at the same time so closely and yet so distantly related to us, that I wish to write a few words.

Cornelius Publius Tacitus, the author of this book, was born very probably at Rome about the year 55 A. D. He was well-educated, and interested himself in early life much in politics, filling the offices of quaestor, praetor and consul. He retired from politics about 98 A. D., and devoted himself after that exclusively to literatue. He married about 78 A. D., the daughter of Agricola, a wife of whom he wrote; besides this he wrote "Dialogus de Oratore," Annals, and Histories. One of the most intimate of his friends was the younger Pliny, whose letters give us our best ideas of Roman life in the first and second centuries, and who addresses some of his best known letters to Tacitus. The exact time of the death of Tacitus is not known, but it was probably about 115, A. D.

It is not known why Tacitus wrote the "Germania." Some think he wrote it as an introduction to the Histories, which did not give an exact nor full idea of the ountry. It is also thought that it was written to satirize the degeneracy of the Romans in contract with this people. In this case it must have been felt by the Romans for quiet but stinging satire is evident tnroughout

the book; which was published in 98, A. D., just at the time he retired from politics.

As I have said, the style of the "Germania" is very terse, sententious, by which I mean that he uses no superfluous words, and every word he uses has its due weight in the sentence. He packs whole sentences into phrases, and pages into sentences, and to omit translating a single word would spoil the meaning of the sentence; even his *et* has its weight and significance. His use of words is also notable; he always has the right word for the right place, and, in translating, this of course necessitates much care in getting an exact English word as an equivalent; but it helps us much, as we learn to distinguish the shades of meaning of English words.

It is said that Tacitus, like Carlyle, was master of two styles of writing during his life, that of his early days, which belonged to somebody else, was imitated, and that of his later life, which was distinctly his own. Tacitus was a great admirer of Cicero when young and we find all his early books written in the style of this orator and author. It was a smooth, flowing style, rich in expression. In his "Dialogus de Oratore," this Ciceronian style is especially noticed. His "Germania" is the style of his later life, concise, sometimes harshly abrupt, with far-fetched, poetical, even archaic terms and expressions, yet in it we can see at times the early influence of Cicero's style.

Tacitus, in his "Germania," writes of those people inhabiting Germany, which is bounded by the rivers, Rhine and Danube, by mountains in the east, and the ocean on the north. He thinks the people in this tract of land were "indigenous, and free from intermixture with foreigners," and gives us his reasons for so thinking. The land is varied, covered with forests, and interspersed with marshes. It produces grain, but not fruit-trees, and the cattle, though plentiful, are in general of a small breed, but are however, the chief form of wealth. The use of the metals, gold, silver or iron, is hardly known among them.

The people who inhabited Germany about the beginning of the Christian Era were divided into small tribes and scattered throughout the country, bearing no direct political relation, but being of one family. The most important of these tribes were The Batrivi, Chotti, Tencterii, Chanci, Cherusci, Cimbri, Suevi, Marcomonni, and Suiones. "A family likeness pervaded the whole," says Trcitus, and accounts for it and also their physical perfection by the fact that they have never intermarried with other nations. Their principal physical qualities were: "Eyes stern and blue, ruddy hair, large bodies, powerful in sudden exertions, but impatient of toil and labor, least of all capable of sustaining thirst and heat."

These people did not dwell in cities nor even in towns, but in small villages or hamlets. They built their houses of rudely-hewn logs, having a yard extending all around, dividing themselves from their neighbors, "as a precaution agetnst fire, or ignorance of building." They took great care in smearing certain parts of their houses with a brightly colored clay, so that at a distance, it gave the appearance of being painted. For the cold winter months they dug caves in the earth and covered them over with turf. In these, when the country was overrun by a hostile army, they stored their provisions and possessions, and because they were so well hidden, or because the search was not carefully conducted, they were generally over-looked.

The youths were allowed to grow up by no means distinguished from the servants, thinly and meanly clad, to that "bulk of body and limb which we behold with wonder." No one was permitted to carry arms until the state has proved his ability to use them, which, being done, either a chief, or the father, or a relation equipped the boy with an ax, shield and javelin, which is the first honor of youth; before this, he was considered a part of the household; after this he is part of the state.

Their hospitality was unbounded. A party would go unannounced to the house of a friend, and he would royally entertain them as long as his provisions lasted,

when they with their late host, would go to the next house. Their drink was a liquor prepared from barley or wheat fermented; they also purchased wine, those who bordered on the Rhine. Their food was simple: wild fruits, fresh venison, and coagulated milk. One custom of their feasts is worth noticing. They discussed at them reconcilement of enemies, family alliances, appointments of chiefs, and finally peace and war. They thought that the soul was more open to sincerity or warmer to heroism, and that the most secret emotions of their hearts was disclosed in the freedom of festivity. But the next day the snbjects were again canvassed, and each time had its advantages. "They consulted when unable to dissemble; they determined when not liable to mistake."

But it will take too much space to notice all the customs and habits of this people. It will be sufficient to call attention to one or two of their most prominent characteristics. One of the greatest of these was undoubtedly their fidelity. It is especially noticeable in both their public and private lives. It is more particularly noticeable in their war customs, perhaps than elsewhere. "The chiefs fought for victory; the companions for their chiefs." It was disgraceful for the chief to surpass the soldier in valor or the soldier the chief; it was everlasting infamy for the soldiers to retreat from the field of battle leaving their chief thereon.

In their private life, it is equally prominent, and by it only can we account for the purity of their lives, a thing unparalelled among semi-barbarous people. The marriage bond was strict and severe; almost singly they were content with one wife, who did not bring a dowry to her husband, but received one from him, the dowry consisting generally of yoked oxen, a harnessed horse and arms of war, signifying that she came to him as a partner in toils and dangers, to suffer and to dare equally with him in peace and war. Faithfulness was expected of her: adultry was instantly and severely punished. Nor could wealth, influence, or beauty, secure an unvirtuous woman a husband.

Tacitus probably draws our attention to this fact so strongly in order to make the contrast of this custom of the Germans to the sensuality and degeneracy of the Romans more vivid. If the Romans did not learn a lesson therefrom, it was not because there was not one to learn. As the overthrow of the Roman people was helped by their sensual life, so the purity of the Germans aided them to secure their after supremacy.

NORTON.

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

[Oration for Preston Literary Society.]

America has always had her great names. As long as she has been a nation, there have been men from all the walks of life who have counted their lives as nothing when their country was in need; men who have stirred the minds and hearts of the youths of succeeding generations, and inspired them to nobler thoughts, nobler words, and nobler actions; men who have wielded immense influences; and men whom the nation is proud to call her sons. The North has had her Daniel Websters, her Henry Clays, her Lincolns, and her Grants; the South, the land that we love so much, and that we think of as the garden spot of all this fair, green earth, has had her George Washingtons, her John C. Calhouns, her Jefferson Davises, her Robert E. Lees, and her Stonewall Jacksons, and no true American youth can hear such names as mentioned without feeling the blood boil within him, and without feeling his patriotic, young heart swell and heave within his breast. But all these are dead and gone, and the younger generation can only hear of them from the lips of father or grand-father or from the pages of history. But while these brave men are gone, still the same blood which coursed in their veins throbs in the veins of men of today, and we look around us and see that the old spirit of the fore-fathers is yet in our midst. Let us turn our gaze from the past, glorious

as it has been, and fix it upon the still more glorious present.

Perhaps no man on the stage of action for years has created the enthusiasm in patriotism, wielded the influence, or moulded the opinions of men to such an extent, as that man who now sits in the prime of life in the executive chair, next in authority and importance to the Presidential chair, itself, the executive chair of the Empire State, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt.

Unlike so many of the great men of the United States, who were born amid the most humble surroundings and in the lowliest conditions of life, he was brought up amid all the luxuries of wealth and high social position, and given all the advantages which alone can be had from the possession of these blessings. Behind him stretch nine generations of the most influential of American citizens, and the name of Roosevelt has been a familiar one in New York for generation after generation. In his veins flows some of the bluest, most aristocratic blood that can be found on this American continent, and, if any man can, in the true and full sense of the word, lay claim to the name aristocrat, he is that man.

But, if he had been seen thirty years ago as he ran about his father's place as a bare-foot boy, one would never have thought that from that weak, sallow, pale-faced little fellow would have come the successful student, the popular writer, the fearless politician, the adventurous ranchman and hunter, the gallant and daring colonel of the most famous regiment in all the army of the United States, and the honored and popular governor of New York. But, using his own words, "I was determined to make a man of myself. I believed I could do it and I at once set about it." That he succeeded, we have only to look at the magnificent specimen of manhood, both intellectually and physically, which he presents today at the age of forty years, to be convinced.

> "A combination and a form indeed,
> Where every god doth seem to set his seal,
> To give the world assurance of a man."

When he graduated at quite an early age from Harvard University, where he achieved some distinction as a student, and stood ready to choose his life work, it was with calmness and thoughtful deliberation that he chose politics. He took this seemingly strange step, not for selfish ambitions, nor to gratify his own aims, not to further self and use this as a stepping stone to the attainment of honor and fame; but with an intense love for his fellow-men and a burning desire to help them, he entered politics solely for the good that he might thereby do. That this and nothing else was his aim, can be proven all through his career by his utter refusal to stoop to anything that was unworthy the high ideal he had set before him.

He was not destined to remain long in quiet life, and was soon, on account of his splendid abilities, elected to the legislature of New York. There for the first time the true qualities of the man were manifested to their fullest extent, qualities which were to characterize all of his actions and dominate his whole career, foremost of which was the ruling principle of his life, the key-stone of his success, an unswerving devotion to duty and to right, come what might. All that was needed for him was to once see his duty clearly, and then all the influences that could be brought to bear upon him, no matter how great, could in no wise change him from his purpose. By his warm genial disposition he made many friends in the legislature, and a man, won over once as a friend, was always a friend. There he had many a hard-fought battle, all the schemes and tricks of veteran politicians were united to defeat him and his plans, but in all of these he came out victorious, each time with a stronger hold upon his colleagues, and in a very short time he was recognized by every one to be the leader of the republican party in the Lower House. The old politicians made the remark that he could never be elected again, that his politics were altogether too startling, but at the expiration of that term he was elected again and then again. The people of his dis-

trict appreciated his abilities too well for that.

Mr. Roosevelt had always joyed in the wild life of the West, and at the expiration of his third term he spent several years on the plains, going through all the rough life of a cow-boy and a hunter, and every species of large game of the prairies has fallen beneath his rifle. He has given to the world several books on his experiences there, written in his accustomed clear, vivid, lively style, which have been of interest to thousands and which are considered authority on western life. There it was that he made the acquaintances and formed the friendships with those men, who were afterward to follow him so bravely in battle, and who formed the bulk of his regiment.

Such a man, however, could not remain long in that free, open life, and, seeing his abilities and recognizing the superior fitness of the man, President Harrison appointed him commissioner of the civil service. There, as in the legislature, he pressed his word of reform, and, as there, incurred the hatred of many by his loyal devotion to the right, but he also gained the confidence and respect of a much greater number. From this time on he is a national figure. When he gave up the work after six years of service, the department was in the best condition in which it had ever been known to be.

As is always the case, the successful man is in demand, and Mr. Roosevelt was called to the presidency of the Board of Control of the New York police. There the training that he had in his experiences in the legislature and the civil service served him in good stead. Following up his word in those two places, he immediately set about righting the wrongs of the police system, and by his diligence and personal attention made of it one of the most perfect of city organizations, and, as has been said, "If a Roosevelt were always at the head of the police, it would be one of the most magnificent bodies of men that could be found in the country."

In the early part of Mr. McKinley's term, he was appointed first assistant secretary of the navy. If he had

not thought that the path of duty led him there, and that that was the place for him to be, he would never have accepted the position, one which offered little chance of preferment, or of climbing higher in the scale of honor. There he put all the ingenuity of his fertile brain into his work. He discussed all points of need with experienced men, and made himself acquainted with all departments and phases of his work. He made the remark to a friend, "We shall have to fight Spain," and, believing this from the bottom of his his heart, he prepared the navy for such an emergency, and it is to him more than any one else that the grand achievments of that arm of the service in the late war with Spain are due. He insisted that every vessel should be in perfect order, all coaling stations full, and the men practised regularly in marksmanship, and it was at his suggestion that that soul-inspiring message was sent to Admiral Dewey, "Capture or destroy the Spanish fleet."

Having done his duty conscientiously, he felt the warlike spirit of his fathers, who for generations back had taken part in every war in which their country was involved, struggling within him, and he longed to be at the front. The circumstances of the raising of the "Rough Riders" is familiar to every one. It is no wonder that men flocked to his standard, and that it was a question, not of getting men, but of rejecting. It was through his own personal efforts and those of his colleague, Colonel Wood, that the regiment was gotten equipped and ready for the front in such an amazingly short time. And will anyone say that they did not quit themselves like true Americans in every engagement? Will anyone dare accuse a single man of them of failing to do his duty in any wise? Will anyone say that they have not proved themselves worthy of the love, admiration, and respect which they have gained? I dare say no. Colonel Roosevelt devoted himself to his men, was the life and soul of the whole regiment, and the men were never happier than when he was among them, or nothing ever encouraged them to deeds of immortal

bravery like the magic presence of their beloved colonel, who knew every man in the regiment, both officer and private by name. They have written for themselves on the pages of history a name that will never be forgotton, and the making of that glorious name is in a great measure due to the influence of their colonel upon them. When he returned to his native land in August, it was to find himself the most popular man in the army, possibly in the whole nation.

The man whose life is actuated by the principles of honor and integrity will push his way to the top, and his last and greatest success is his election as governor of New York. This is no marvellous thing, for as some one has said, "He has attained what is a simply irresistible popularity by the process of making himself unpopular from time to time by doing his duty regardless of consequences," and the people of New York have only rewarded as he deserved a man who has given the whole of his life to the uplifting of others.

He is a man of indomitable perseverance, a man with high ideals before him and with the highest sense of honor and right. The manner in which he has conducted his whole life will easily verify this. Many have been the times when a man of weaker conviction and less perseverance would have given up in despair, but there is no give-up in the man, and, whenever he has drawn upon himself the hatred of politicians, it has, always been in upholding a grand cause and one which defeated their own selfish, greedy plans. He has been severely criticized, as is true, but in many of these cases it has been by men who were jealous of the ability and the growing popularity of the young statesman and soldier.

But the principle of devotion to duty has been the one principle of his life that has stood out prominently above all others. It is this spirit that decided all of his actions as commissioner of the civil service; it is this spirit that influenced all that he did in the hurry and bustle of the police control of New York, and that prompted him to undertake his work of reform in that place which, of all

places, needed it so much; it is this spirit that induced him to leave the lively, exciting place as president of the Board to accept the obscure assistant secretaryship of the navy, which as some one has said, "Was only the king cog of a vast machine whose business it was to keep the navy in readiness for war." It is this same spirit that prompted him at the first call of the president to lay aside all, and, collecting to himself a band of brave daring men like himself, to respond with readiness to that call and to ride away to the front at the head of these cow-boys and college men; and it is this same spirit that sent him into the fight at Los Guasimas, leading those brave boys of the "Rough Riders," never asking any man to go where he would not lead him, and that sent him up the slopes of San Jaun Hill under the scorching rays of a June sun, facing the belching mouths of Spanish cannon and a bristling row of rifles and bayonets, as regardless of the storm of bullets that flew around him as if they had been so many leaves falling from the trees, an example of bravery, of heroism that inspired his men and made their charge irresistible.

Will any one say that the brave men are all dead? will any one say that the spirit of the old heroes is gone, and that the day of great men is past? Shall we not rather give love and respect to as true a hero as ever trod the soil of free America, and unite in resounding his praises? By the study of his life, great lessons can be learned, and great inspiration be gotten, and everyone, as he reads of his actions, feels his whole being wrought up as he thinks that that man is an American. May the great example that he has set for the younger generation be followed by many; may the noble spirit of self-denial and devotion to duty, of bravery and patriotism, that he has shown to us in his struggles for the betterment of a people, down-trodden and oppressed, still beat high in many a heart; may his name always have the glory and the luster that it now has; and may the men of coming generations look back upon him with love and reverence. Richly does he deserve all the hon-

or and praise that can be bestowed upon him, and richly may they fall upon his head, and may He that ruleth over all, and holdeth the sea in the hollow of His great hand, forbid that the day should ever dawn, when true Americans cannot speak with honor and pride of Theodore Roosevelt!

M. AULD "1901."

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AN OLD HOUSE.

"'Tis the place and all around it, as of old the curlews call,
Dreary gleams about the mooreland flying over Locksly Hall."

Early one fine June morning in eighteen hundred and ninety eight, just after I returned home for vacation, a party, consisting of two boys besides myself, started out on a bicycle ride across the country to Georgetown. We left home intending to "rough it," as you would have noticed, had you seen us that day. One of us had a tent strapped to his wheel, another, cooking utensils, and the third a hatchet, matches and such other sundry articles as were needful to our journey.

We saw nothing interesting in the country through which we passed, until we came near Georgetown. Situated on the top of a hill about one-half mile from the road on which we were traveling was a large house, which, from where we were, seemed to be a very elegant mansion; however, it appeared very strange, indeed, that such a palace should be surrounded by so desolate a country, and above all, why was it that the drive-way had been suffered to go to ruin, and the stately oaks, that were lined up on each side of it like tall, black sentinels guarding its passage. Why were they decaying and falling to pieces, uncared for? Such were the questions that we put to one another as we walked, for it was impossible to ride, picking our way, first around some decaying limb, from one of the trees over head, then stepping over some pool of stagnant water, the basin for which had been formed long years ago by the carriage wheels of rich slave-holders and planters.

After ten minutes walking we reached the end of the avenue of oaks, where we were stopped by a pair of very heavy iron gates, greatly injured by rust and the storms of years, but still you could see traces of their former grandeur in the carvings, which could even now, be traced very easily, and the huge lion heads that crowned the top of each post. Here we left our "wheels" and climbed the gates, which were locked and bolted most securely. Once on the other side all traces of the road disappeared, so we took a straight course towards the house, across the barren fields. The nearer we came to it the drearier it appeared. Time had been working upon it with a heavy hand, the once perfect masonry had failed to stand the wear and tear of years, and was crumbling to pieces; the roof, for the most part, was falling in, many of the window-glasses were broken out, and the bats flew in and out unmolested.

Was this the house we had seen from the road? It hardly seemed possible! We approached the aged building with a sense of awe, and very cautiously too, listening all the while for the slightest sound of man or beast; but save the gentle flutter of the bats' wings not a sound did we hear, not even a dog barked. After carefully exploring the exterior of the house and the adjoining yard, curiosity led us to explore, if possible, the interior. The front door was securely locked, so we turned our attention to the back; by this time it was sun-down, but finding the back door also fastened we began to knock it down, with limbs from the dying trees. To our horror we heard sounds within, although very faint, as of some one going to and fro on tip-toe in the hall. We immediately ceased knocking and began to look at one another with questioning faces. By this time the foot-falls sounded just inside the door, although still very indistinct, as if the persons, for there appeared to be more than one, were trying not to be heard. Suddenly one of the boys struck the door, and instantly there arose such a clamor inside that we all remembered very suddenly it was time to leave, as it was getting late. As we

stopped running to climb the gates we looed back for the first time, and saw what had frightened us so badly. Several large owls were hovering over the top of the roofless building preparing to settle again into their dark abode. WHITE, J. B.—1901.

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OUR NEW CITIZENS.

(February Oration Calhoun Society.)

Mr. President:—The tragedies of political drama, enacted during the dusk of the present century, settled forever the most important issues of the 19th century in the minds of five of the six powers which practically rule the world. England gave assent to the movement of her sister in the west. Russia, Germany, and France swallowed the bitter pill of national humiliation in abject silence: Japan "The Young Giant of the Orient" stands quietly by, to profit by the actions of a greater people on great things. The nations of Europe, feeling that the international rupture of '98 has been closed forever, have laid aside the sword and buckler, taken up the plow, and reaper, and are settled once more into the quiet sequestered vale of a happy, and prosperous life. The God of nature looks on this happy prospect with an approving grace, and smiles benignantly on man in his sublimest state. And while all is moving with peaceful tranquility in the Old World, the very vitals of the New are being torn by domestic troubles.

The annexation of the islands of the Pacific will go down in history, as the most imprudent act of the American people. To admit these people into the sisterhood of the United States gives them the same rights and privileges of every other state in the Union. They must pay the same tax; they must enjoy the same personal and religious freedom; and for their crimes they must suffer the same penalty.

Again, as citizens of the United States these people

cannot be justly ruled unless they are represented; they cannot be justly tazed unless they are represented, and how can this be?

It would be impossible to give each of these islands an individual representative, so by dividing them into statehoods with a population equal to that of an average state of the Union, or about that of the state of Kentucky, we would then have five new states to come into the Union. And according to our constitution, they must be represented by representatives chosen from themselves, and by themselves. And like every state they would be entitled to two senators, and according to their population, they would be entitled each to eleven representatives, thus making ten additional senators and congressmen.

Imagine if you please Senator McLaurin of South Carolina seated in the Senate Chamber next to a Philipine Chinaman who is unable to speak one word of English. Or Congressman Speight, of Mississippi, seated by a Malay with a ring in his lip, stripped naked to his waist, his head wrapped in a bandanner handkerchief, the gift of some anti-prohibition congressman to induce him to cast his vote to raise the income tax on liquor. God forbid! that, the dignity of so agust an assembly as the executive body of the United States, will even be lowered by the presence of the rat eaters of Manilla, the pirates of San Mateo, or the jugglers of Hindoo.

Again, the inhabitants of these islands are chiefly emigrants from the various countries of Asia, a few from the lower and minor provinces of Europe, and practically no English. Taken as a class they make the very element that we must keep shut out; the very element that will bring to the cheek of fair Columbia, the blush of a national dishonor.

The native Indian lives at an average of two cents per day; the native Japanese lives at an average of one and one-half cents per day; the native Chinaman lives at an average of one cent per day. Let the Golden Gate

swing open, and in twelve months time this country will be flooded with Indian, Japanese and Chinese. They will push their way through the Western states, overrun the Middle Pacific, and ere we are aware of it will be knocking at our own doors.

Let the Chinaman once get a firm footing in this country, and our steam laundries which give daily employment to thousands of men, women and children, will close, and their employees must walk into the streets with no work by which to earn their daily bread. Let the Japanese once get a footing and the already small price of farm labor will be reduced fifty per cent, and again the laboring man must give up his work because his pay is not self-sustaining. Admit the East Indians and the average pay of your factory hand will be thirty cents per day and the servant girl for her board. A year ago there was carried into the patent office at Washington a machine which did the work of ten men. A child twelve years old can tend it. Couple that to a Mongolian at thirty cents per day, place ten of them in a cotton factory and a hundred men must go out of that factory, never to return again as laboring men. Thus we have thrown into our streets men, women and children, without work, without money and without food.

Can a gracious God, from on high look down upon a worse state of affairs? Can the pen of mortal man draw a more complete picture of pain and suffering? Can the human eye behold a vision more heart-rending? Or do the cords of sympathy call for a more touching response? And yet we are the authors of our own woe.

The day laborer, under the proper surroundings, is the backbone of a nation; an indispensible factor in the progress of civilization; the pillow on which all the nations of earth rest their national pride and dignity; he walks uprightly in the sight of God and man. And the gold of the demagogue cannot buy him. But with all

that he is merely human, with human wants and human passions. Turned loose in destitution he becomes as a roaring lion, and woe be unto his victim. Made desperate by hunger and privation; he knows no law and has but one purpose; he must wreak his vengence on the usuper of his throne.

He does not hold stocks and bonds, therefore he cannot see the justice of starvation by competition. He is not a philosopher—he cannot see why he should be unseated by one less worthy than himself. He is not a politician, he cannot see the benefit a nation will derive in importing a class of barbarians to do his work at less than half his standard of pay, which has already reached the minimum. And why should he? With one hand bound fast to his side, with the other he stands deep into the care of this infernal combination, and there it sticks held fast by the iron hand of the law. The Chinaman as he goes about his daily task, and smokes away his miserable existence; the Indian as he tends his loom, and drags out a life of sinful indulgence, comes to us and says: "I am an American citizen, and you must protect me." He induced us to take him and forces us to keep him. Argument, supplication, and entreaties are of no avail against this infuriated mob, we must use lead and steel and, deny him his very existence. We call out the militia. Against this impenetrable barrier he rushes head long and dies. And who are the militia? We are not the Chinamans or the Indians, we are not the laboring man, consequently we must be the militia. Our bayonets must hold him at bay. Our lead must rob him of of his life. Our eyes must see the flower of our nation cut off in the bloom of youth and mingled in the dust. Our ears must hear the death rattle of a fellow citizen, who when he comes before the great white throne can hold us responsible for his very life.

Is it within the providence of an all wise God to permit a Christian nation to die an ignoble death just in

the blush of manhood. Is the sphere of man so narrow that even his past experience is worthless to him. The North may further her political aims by crucifying herself. The East from her throne of royal splendor may sink into obscurity by her internal corruptions. The West may tarnish her golden name with innocent blood. But the South, never! never!! never!!! In the presence of such inhumanity the hills of South Carolina would crumble into dust; the bayous of Mississippi would feed her fertle valleys with hemlock and gall; the fair plains of Texas would wither the head of nature with a frown of disgust; the nearing end of the 19th century would quicken its pace to out-run the closing scene of a nation's dishonor; and the bright sun to the 20th would rise in blood. CLARENCE P. STILL.

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UNCLE DENNIS—A PLANTATION ECHO.

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The day seemed unutterably dull. Even the book I was reading had become uninteresting, and longing for something to break the monotony of the surroundings, I laid my book aside and strolled off down town. Before I had reached there, however, I was accosted by a friend with the question, "Would I like to take a drive in the country?" He was a surveyor and said he was going out to the old Harrington estate to run out a tract of land, over which there had long since been a dispute.

I accepted the invitation readily, and after a delightful ride of an hour and a half we turned into the avenue leading to the old homestead. It was a typical Ante Bellum residence with large stone pillars, broad halls and long verandas, but through years of serious neglect it was fast falling into decay. I had often heard of its magnificence before the reconstruction days, that it was once the home of culture of refinement; and with the determination to learn something of its history, we

reined our horse in at the gate of the old mansion. The numerous out-buildings and the large barns and stables told that it was once the seat of wealth, and the broad fields stretching down near the river gave it an air of desolation that greatly excited my interest.

Leaving my friend with the persons with whom he had the appointment, I started for the rear of the yard, where I had espied an old darkey feeding a hen with a brood of young chickens. After telling him where I lived and what brought me here, he seemed inclined to talk, and after a few minutes conversation I had persuaded him to tell me about his, "Ole Marster an' de good ole times befo' de war."

"Well, he began, I wuz born an' rais'd on dis same plantation which you now see me stayin' on, an' I ain't neber been off it to libe, kase I couldn' neber be satisfied no whar else. Since I can first 'member, I use' to hole Old Marsters hoss fur him to git on, an' I wuz 'bout de house constant, as you know my mammy wuz de main cook...

"Well when Marse Lock wuz born de wuz great rejoicins on de whole place, an' when dee told me I cud go in an' look at my young Marster, I wuz de proud'st nigger in de wuld. I stood looking at him a long time, an' I declar' I thought he wuz de purtiest little thing I eber seed all bundled up in shalls an' flannels. Befo' I left Mistis ask'd me if I did'nt want to be his body-servant, an' I wuz so pleased an' glad I culdn' keep still fur nearly two weeks."

"Well, Marse Lock he grow'd up so fast he nearly 'bout kotch me. an' when he wuz big 'nuff to go to skule,, Ole Marster sont him ober to Squire Barkers, 'cause de had a gobernesss, or sume sich a name, (I know one thing her name wuz Miss Cook) to teach de chillars ober dar. I wud carry him ober dar ebery monnin' an' dribe 'Ole Princess,' dat wuz Mistis hoss, an' fetch him back in de ebenin'. Squire Barker he had two chil'ens, a boy an' a girl, an' de girl, Miss Elise, wuz de purtiest

little thing 'magionable wid long brown curls. It wuz'nt long befo' I 'picioned dat Marse Lock wuz sorty takin' to her, kase ebery monnin' he wud have he ma go to de green-house an' git de purtiest flobers she cud find an' carry dem to her, an' he wud talk 'bout her constant on de way der an' back, an' wud always ask my 'pinion ob her. Ob cose I prais'd her up befo' him, and ebery time I said anything nice 'bout her he wud gib me sume ob his dinner, an' you bet I told him often she wuz purty."

After a short meditation the old fellow went on:

"Well, things went on 'bout de same 'till Marse Lock an', Lynn, dat wuz Squire Barbers's son, went way to college, an' ob cose I went 'long to wait on 'em. We had a mitty fine time 'long dem times, an none dem uther fellers culdn' out-shine my two boys. Marse Lock he and Miss Elise wud write to each urr constant, an' de presents he sont her wuz 'tonishing; but we had'nt been up dar long fo' I 'picioned dat de dauter ob de President wuz sorty takin' to Marse Lock. He wuz so hansome dat no one culdn' help takin' to him, an' dis made me mitty juberous fur Miss Elise, kase de ebenin' befo' we left, she call'd me on de back poch, an, said kine ob serious like, dat I must take good keer of Marse Lock. I wuz doin' all I cud fur her, but pres'n'y I seed he didn' talk 'bout her as much as common, but wuz wid Miss Edith constant, so one ebenin' I tole him dat I specks Miss Elise wud like to see him mitty well. Dis made him sorty serious an' solemn, an' I 'picioned I seed a teer fall, kase I know'd he thought ob ole times. He didn' go wid Miss Edith very much 'till arfter the big celebrashion, an' dat wuz a big time fur you know Marse Lock he wun de prize, an' Miss Edith sont him up so many flowers up dar on de stage, dat he sorty 'clin'd to turn to her agin.

"Well, you know when Christmas com'd 'round Miss Edith purval'd on me an' Marse Lock to stay up dar wid dem, an' fin'ly we 'cided to stay, but it didn' 'zackly suit my d'sires. We had a mitty fine time dough, an'

de way I tole dem peoples 'bout Ole Marsters plantations an' niggers an' hoss's an' kerridges an' things wuz a caution, an' dem people look'd up to me an' Marse Lock as if we wuz princes, an' an' I sorty hated to 'perience de time fur skule to begin agin. When it did, a letter com'd from Miss Elise to Marse Lock—I 'member de time as well as if it wuz yistidy. He wuz sittin' in he room studyin', when I brought an' hand it to him, an' a look ob joy com'd ober his face when he seed who it wuz from. I sot in a cheer an' watch'd he face as he read it, an' sometimes it wud go up an' den it wud go down an' by de time he had finish'd readiu' it he wuz mitty serious an' den I 'picioned dat sumthin' wuz de matter. He look'd at me an' sez, 'Dennis de d——l is to play wid Elise, kase Lynn has gone home an' tole her all 'bout me an' Miss Edith, an' she d'sires an' explanashion.' Den I 'membered my promise which I had not kept, an' I agin felt kinder juberous; but when Marse Lock tole me wuz not goin' wid Miss Edith agin fur he lov'd Miss Elise an' wud write an' tell her all 'bout it. So dat very nitee h sot up 'till de rusters wuz crowin' de long meter doxologie fur de day to break, an' wrot her sich a long letter dat it tuk a big enlope to hole it.

"Well, he kept he promise an' did not go wid Miss Edith agin, but pres'n'y a letter com'd from Miss Elise, an' wid it all de presents he had giben her—a big box full. She sed in de letter dat he had bin unfaifful to her an' it wuz best to part. He tuk it mitty hard an' wud not go out he room 'less he 'bliged to; an' when skule wuz out fur de summer he wouldn' go home, but tuk me an' went Norf, an' we staid up dar 'till time fur skule to begin agin.

"Things c'ntinued 'bout de same b'tween dem fur dey did not write to one nurr or did he see her at Christmas when we went home, kase she had gone to visit her uncle. Well, you know, in de spring de war com'd along, an' Marse Lock he 'nlisted an' jined a regiment

in Virginia. He wuz pinted as a Lutenent, an' ob cose I went 'long to take keer ob him an' de hoss's, an' we had a very easy time 'till we had a battle, an' de way Marse Lock act'd made me mitty oneasy fur him, kase he wus so reckless, didn' seem to keer no more fur de way bullets wuz flyin' 'round he head dan nuffin.' I tried to purvail on him to keep him back; but when our side rallied he just charg'd up to de lines ob de enemy an' wuz wunded, an' I thought kill'd. When de battle sorty subsid'd I went an' fotch him out, an' den I seed he wuz'nt dead.

"Well, we tuk him to de hospital an' he staid dar 'bout a month, 'till Ole Missis com'd arfter him, an' we brote him way down here to home. De jurney must have bin too much fur him, kase he didn' seem to git no better an' in 'bout nurr month he died. Befo' he died he sent fur Miss Elise to come ober, an' she com'd de same ebenin' he sont fur her, As she com'd in de door ob de room, she kotch site ob he face so pale an' ashy, dat she dropp'd on de floor like she wuz dead."

The poor old fellow waited a moment to brush away a tear and continued;

"Well, Miss Elise staid ober at our house arfter dat, an' nuss'd Marse Lock, 'till he died, an' she neber left he side 'less she 'bliged to. We berried him in de little grabeyard down 'tween heah an' de big road, an, arfter dat de place wuz so sad an' lonesume, I culdn' hardly stay round heah, kase Marse Lock wuz de life ob de hole place.

"Miss Elise went home dat ebenin' lookin' as white as Marse Lock look'd de day he sont fur her to come ober to see him, an' in a few days word com'd dat she wuz mitty sick wid de fever, an' it wuz'nt long befo' she wuz dead. De day dat she died she ask'd Ole Marster an' Missis culdn' she be berried side of Marse Lock down by de avenue, an' now bof' dem young soles are sleepin' side by side down dar waitin' fur de good Laud to take dem home to be reunit'd.

"Ole Marster an' Missis libed heah seberal years

arfterwards, but dey fin'ly died too, an' now I am de only one left, but my time will soon come fur me to jine dem in de little grabeyard down by de avenue an' din in heben."

By this time the old fellow had broken down, and leaving him to comfort his sorrow alone, I made my' way back towards the front of the house, thinking that the love of that old ex-slave was one of which even a king should be proud.

J. B. Gibson.

WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL

STAFF.

JONAS P. GRAY '99---Editor-in-chief.

CALHOUN SOCIETY.

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H. J. BRABHAM JR., '99, Literary,
C. C. ALEXANDER, '00, Ass't Literary,

PRESTON SOCIETY.

G E. EDWARDS, '99, Local,
C. W. WATSON, '99, Exchange
C. B. BURNETT, '00, Ass't Bus. M'g'r.

Editorial Department.

JONAS P. GRAY, EDITOR.

A KIND WORD. We admit the good colleges may do, we admit the facts and knowledge they may furnish, we admit the training they may give, we admit the religious doctrine they may teach or stand for, we admit the moral principles they may interweave into the lives and characters of men, but we also submit this as a fact, that there is less independent thinking among college men while in college than among any other class of men of equal intelligence.

When we consider that the chief boast of colleges is, that they teach men to think, the above statement seems almost a paradox.

During the last six years we have been thrown more or less directly with as many different classes of college men; and we are ready, but slow, to frankly admit this, if nothing else, was the one thing that was held in common by the last one of them.

Some men project out in bold characters, but did it ever occur to you that their individual strength and leadership was only possible by, and as a result of, the individual weakness and "followership" of the vast per cent. of the other men in college at that time?

I don't mean to say two men can't have similar opinions on the same subject, because there are some questions so clear as not to permit of any difference of opinion, while there are some questions so indistinct and vague as not to permit of any likeness of opinion.

A popular expression has it, that the noblest work of God is an honest man. Well, now, how can a man be truly honest? He must needs be an honest, independent thinker. He must needs be above allowing, in any sense, prejudice and passion to predominate his motives. Right here allow us to state that college men are subject, to an alarming degree, to waves of passion and spontaneous, spasmodic bursts of sentiment, and whenever we see any man or any set of men opposing any other man or any other set of men, nine times out of ten we can safely say that nine-tenths of the opposition is due to an almost total ignorance of the real intentions and character of the other man or men.

By thinking independently, it by no means follows that he should always be at variance with other people. But let him weigh the evidence for himself and come to a logical conclusion by his own methods. And at the same time it is by no means out of order for one to receive constant instruction from another.

Above all, let every tub stand on its own bottom. Let every man have the strength of character to think out himself an opinion of his own and then have the strength to express it. Actually some men are really afraid to express an opinion, if it differs from that of somebody else, lest they lose the friendship of that somebody else. But I would rather a thousand times think for myself and have my own opinion and have the avowed enmity and open hostility of any man, rather than crouch before him and

submit to his dictations and councils, and be pleased to imagine myself safe in his friendly guidance, when, alas, I only find, when it is too late, that it was only a game in which I was being handicapped and defrauded.

I would not regret winning as my lot the enmity, or at least the opposition, of such a pretender, and more than that, gentlemen, the friendship is not worth having of that man who would fall out with me because 1 actually dare to assert my own personalty by expressing my honest and sincere convictions, and I would consider myself exceedingly fortunate in breaking the spell of this pretender.

But in spite of these facts, there are men here who can be and are led about in every direction on all questions as though they were forced along by chords tied to their necks, which chord will only choke and strangle and smother the protests they might otherwise raise.

My brethren, these things should not be so, and if we forget everything we find in text-books, let us which forget the many object lessons that the every-day experiences of college life furnish.

WOMEN. Since there are women here, perhaps we should not mention this subject lest they might become "uppish." But inasmuch as they are no less likely to win than the men here, we will mention this, that the prizes offered by the Century Magazine were all won by women.

A year or two ago the Century Magazine offered prizes for the best original poems, etc.

And, strange(?) to say, the women who won these were among the most rigorously educated in this country, two of them, if we mistake not, being graduates of Vassar. This is a touchdown in the arguments for higher education and for the abilities of women.

LYCEUM. Beyond the shadow of any reasonable doubt stands in bold and sharp outline this truth, that you will

search in vain through the pages of the history and records of this college to find a single instance where anything has ever been of more good generally than the instituting of the Wofford College Lyceum Association.

This is an association whose membership is more or less entirely composed of people of the town. The expressed purpose of this association is to procure for themselves the very best in the way of lectures and orators at a nominal cost to each member.

And not only that, but the committee in charge, of which our Prof. J. A. Gamewell, of Latin, is chairman, kindly agreed to allow all students to enter at the dirt-cheap price of twenty-five cents each. Just think of getting to hear Hamilton W. Mabie for twenty-five cents! Just think of getting to hear Dr. Stafford for twenty-five cents! If it were not for the strong regard and feeling the people of this town have for us, 'twould be passing strange that they should extend such courtesies to us. And it is perfectly natural for the members of this association to expect us not to let these opportunities pass by, but to turn out almost to the man to get out of these lectures all the good that is in them.

After all, we are not so sure that your editor made such a great mistake when he said Dr. Stafford would be the next "museum" man. Why? Simply because of this fact; what is a museum but a place where are to be seen collected into a small space specimens of all the world's output in minerals aud precious things generally of the most valuable kinds? Now, also, what is a lyceum but an organization which secures and places before its members and others the very ablest and most valuable in the way of lecturing and oratory and literary attainments generally.

On behalf of the JOURNAL and the students generally, we beg leave to express our thanks for these courtesies and kindnesses, and we can assure the committee and association that we have been profited greatly by these occasions and are deeply grateful for having had such opportunities.

SINCERITY. Pursuing the general policy that all the articles in the editorial department of any college magazine should relate more or less directly to affairs and circumstances generally connected with that particular college, we go a step further and ask leave to say a word on sincerity.

In our college course we have known not a few men who think and act as though an action or opinion at any one time should bind them forever afterwards to the same positions, doctrines, policies, or beliefs. In other words, they would have you be "consistent," under any circumstances, or under all circumstances. They would almost set it to music and fling into your ear this retort: "Consistency, thou art a jewel."

We declare unto those men, that we sincerely believe that they cannot adhere to any such doctrines of consistency and do it with any reasonable degree of sincerity. We admit, which they also must needs admit, that circumstances constantly change. Well, now, they must needs admit that any policy which is preferable under one set of circumstances, would not be preferable under another set of circumstances, however slight the change. Well, what are you going to do abut it? You can't change, for if you do you won't be strictly consistent. But we will content ourselves with allowing Emerson and probably Mr. Gladstone, perhaps the most inconsistent and perhaps also the greatest man of this century, to express our idea, that "a foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of a little mind." We said he was perhaps the most inconsistent man of this century, but we challenge our friends to show a single man who was more honest or more sincere.

Perhaps Andrew Johnson would not have come so near being impeached had he been more consistent. We may lay down the rule that sincerity is rightness or correctness. If you are not sincere, you cannot be conscientiously right, so far as you are personally concerned, while it is indeed a quite easy matter not to be right as a result of ideas of consistency and an adherence to

them. "I would rather be right than be President of the United States." And I am right, only as I am sincere.

We are very well aware that unswerving sincerity tends toward unpopularity. But after all, that man never has anything to regret who is thoroughly conscientious or sincere in what he thinks, or says, or does. And, moreover, the weakest and most pitiable man in all the country is that man who favors or opposes a measure simply as it is in keeping with, or adverse to, past customs and traditions. We respect tradition to a reasonable extent. It is a safe guard to all legislation. He is a pitiable man indeed who would not dare to assert an honest, sincere, independent opinion or dare to give any plausible reasons for his position, but who would skulk behind the curtains of a convenient tradion and custom "which should be respected and honored."

Let that man remember that circumstances are constantly changing. And let him remember that that solution which was correct in an old set of circumstances would not be correct in a set of circumstances in any way different. Uuder all circumstances, at all times, be certain you are right and then go ahead. Says Emerson: "Speak what you think now in hard words, and tomorrow speak what tomorrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said today."

"An honest man—the noblest work of God."

THE JOURNAL. Remember, boys, that there are only two more numbers yet in this year's JOURNAL—May and June. However perfect anything may be, there is always room for improvement, always room for increased interest. Now, boys, let us try to make these last two numbers of this year's JOURNAL to be of such a nature in quality and quantity as to be without parallel in the whole entire previous history of the JOURNAL. This ought to be done, or at least, an effort made and every man should consider himself under obligation to do all in his power to bring this state of things about.

Among Our Exchanges.

C. W. WATSON, EDITOR.

"An Anglo-American Alliance" in the *Hampden Sidney Magazine* is a well-written article, showing some thought and study on the part of the writer, and the arguments are well arranged, but whether they are the strongest that could be produced or whether the other side could not be as well presented if not more so, is another question. The same blood that was once united under the same flag may never agree to be so again. A "Kentucky Feud" is a tragical story, but does not give quite as interesting and clear a description of a quarrel as we expected though the article may be valuable for the history it contains, suggesting what the Klu Klux did in their time. "A Calendar of Eros," is a love story and carries us into realms of thought so naturally becoming a boy, and tells of his temporary love scrapes, and the forgetfulness of a girl who could love so ardently for the time and forget so soon her devotion. "True Until Death," is worthy of mention. The department headed, "Among Ourselves," is a very well edited and though the writer ran out of something to write about, his friend gave him a very good subject.

"The Salted Mine," a story in the *Tennessee University Magazine* is a creditable one, and the "machinery seemed to work pretty well." "To The Moon," is a very good poem. Short sketches are found in the magazine and add variety and spice to it; such as "A Small Boy's Dream," "Scenes at a Railway Passenger Station," and a "Wood Fire." The department of the editor-in-chief is somewhat short.

We do not advocate the idea or the plan of taking up anything that is said about our JOURNAL, nor are we of the opinion that the best improvements can be had from the editors of the JOURNAL discussing the merits of their own magazine, but believe that should be done by outsiders, especially anything of that is praiseworthy, nor do we think it the most proper thing to take up a defense on criticism which were intended for our good, but we are constrained to say in reference to the criticism found in the April issue of the *Dial*, that it is not a fair one, to say the least. Now, we do not claim to be perfect, nor do we claim for all the matter that appears within its pages to be perfectly literary, but we are vain enough to believe what so many of the leading magazines that come our way say of us, ranking ours among the leading periodicals. Probably there has been some issue, or some particular issues of our JOURNAL, that would not suit the particular whims, or imaginative fancy of our brother editor, who seems to have let something of the kind warp his taste for good things, or destroy them to a considerable degree.

The *Messenger* comes to us this month in very attractive binding, and internally merits some favorable comment. "Hewers of Wood and Drawers of Water" is a historical sketch of the causes leading up to the French Revolution, and shows that the writer has gotten some good from his study of history. We see the "*Messenger*" is attempting a serial story, which has lately occasioned so much criticism both favorable and unfavorable. From the chapter given as a sample, we should say that the story is an attractive one both, in point of plot and style of writing, but the force of the whole piece is lost by cutting it up. "The Plot that Failed" is a good story, indeed, and is well written. It is a love story, but rather different in plot from the average story. "To Vesuvious," is an excellently written account of a real or imaginary trip. The concise expressive style

gives force to the authors description. The literary department should not be so short in a literary magazine. We are glad to see somebody at Richmond, who differs with the ediior-in-chief, who advocates hanzing to a greater or less degree. Such a barbarous custom is a blot upon our advanced age.

In this issue of *The Peabody Record* is quite a lenghty article on "An Anglo-American Alliance," and as the writer discussed this great question, we thought that he was opposed to such an Alliance, but as he proceeded we saw very clearly his position, and from the the statistics, the history and the opinins of great statesman quoted, we judge that he has given the subject a thorough study, and seemed to come to very positive conclusions. "Mignon" is a sketch of one of Goethe's characters. It describes a girl who had been separated from her home in early childhood, and tells of the yearnings that so often filled her breast. But she died without reaching it, though she had performed a great mission in leading another out into the clear open sky where he could see his way clear. "Whither thou Goest," is a story of devotion and sacrifice in which a woman plays the nobler part. "A Song of Morning" is a poem of hope.

"What are We at College For," in the *Styles* contains some good common sense thoughts, sound doctrine, and practical suggestions. "Shall the Phillippine Islands be Annexed," is a very logical and readable article on this puzzling question. This number of the *Styles*, is above the average, containing most all careful written articles. We think it would do well for the exchange department to be enlarged.

CLIPPINGS.

A PLEA FOR "THE BLUES."

(IN REPLY TO MRS. WILCOX.)

Well, what if the world laugh with you,
And your own laugh ring untrue?
Will that make glad a heart that is sad,
Or soothe where sorrows weo?
A song that mocks the singer
Is more discordant far
Than a heartfelt sigh that can only die
With naught to shock or mar.

Mirth is good when we feel it,
Yet why pretend to jest?
It's only a flower, the thing of an hour,
That blooms with the worm at its breast.
And it's ever Earth's mighty creatures—
The wind and the solemn sea—
Who dare reveal the mood they feel,
And mock not grief with glee.

Be true to what you suffer;
Life means more than we know,
And smiles that jeer a hidden tear
Can never lighten woe.
If the heavenly spheres make music
Heard but in starry clime,
Grief's heart-throbs may ring back some day
With meaning all sublime.

—*M. A. S.*

Alumni Department.

W. RIVES CRUM, EDITOR.

Louis Covington, who finished the Sophomore year with the class of '95 is carrying on a very successful mercantile business at Clio, S. C.

F. M. Lander, '94, after graduating here, attended the Charleston Medical College and is now at Williamston, S. C.

L. J. Breeden, class '78, is doing a very successful business at Bennettsville, S. C. He also farms on a large scale.

J. W. Sullivan, class '70, while at college took a high stand in his class. Immediately after leaving college he was elected manager of the Fork Shoals cotton factory, which position he held for twelve years. He now carries on an extensive mercantile business at Pelzer, S. C. Mr. Sullivan is a most worthy citizen. His home is in Williamston, while the greater part of his business is done at Pelzer. He has a son in college.

M. M. Lander, class '90, after graduating stood the civil service examination and is now mail clerk on the Southern running between Charlotte, N. C., and Jacksonville, Fla.

H. H. Newton, Jr., class '95, opened up a general mercantile establishment at Tatum, S. C. He has been quite successful at his business, which is now conducted on an extensive scale.

Rev. P. F. Kilgo, '88, is preaching at Williamston, S. C. He is held in the highest esteem by his members.

S. H. McGee, class '95, while in college made for himself an enviable reputation. After leaving college he taught school several years and is now editing the Greenwood Index.

C. B. Waller, class of '92, took his A. M. in '94. He has been pursuing his studies at Vanderbilt University where he has a fellowship.

W. T. Stackhouse, '95, after graduating here, took a law course at South Carolina College. He is now doing a very extensive practice at Greenwood, S. C.

K. Baker is buying cotton at Greenwood, S. C.

H. J. Kinard, '73, is merchandising and farming at Ninety-Six, S. C.

W. H. Wannamaker, '95, is principal of the Spartanburg Graded School. His Spartans, to whom he is rendering excellent service as an educator, speak well of him.

P. B. Langston, class of '76, is a member of the firm, Williams & Co., of Pelzer. He taught school for a number of years after leaving college. In '84 he was elected principal of the Pelzer school, but later went into the mercantile business. Mr. Langston stands high amongst his acquaintances, and has given his own affairs the very closest attention.

A. Mason Du Pre, class of '95, known as the solid man of his class is head master of the Fitting School. He is doing good work fitting young men for college.

L. P. McGee, 96, is principal of the Reidville Academy, Reidville, S. C.

Andrew Law, '96, is carrying on a very successful brokerage business at Anderson, S. C.

J. J. Wolfe, '96, has been teaching school since graduating, in which sphere he has met with much success. He is now principal of the Marion Graded School and is very popular with students and patrons.

Rev. E. D. Mowzon, class of '89, shortly after his exit from college, joined the Texas Conference where he stands high as a worker for Christ. He is now pastor of the first Methodist church at Fort Worth.

Local Department.

G. EMORY EDWARDS, EDITOR.

WOFFORD VS. CLEMSON.

The base ball season of '99 was opened by a game on our grounds between Wofford and Clemson colleges. The Clemson boys arrived in Spartanburg, about half past six o'clock, Saturday morning, April 1st. They were met at the depot by the captain and manager of the Wofford team, and shown to the campus where they were entertained. The Clemson boys were fine looking and had the appearance of great ball players. Wofford was not so confident of winning the game after seeing them; and knowing, too, that Hall, Wofford's famous pitcher, would not be able to pitch the game, as he had been confined to his room with la grippe for the past week, and was just able to be up. The boys had confidence in DuPre's pitching, but as he had never pitched a game on the college diamond some anxiety was felt until after he pitched his first inning. He pitched one of the prettiest games of ball ever seen in Spartanburg.

The game was called at four o'clock. Hall by special request pitched the first inning. The Clemson men scored three runs in this inning. DuPre was put in the box at the beginning of the second inning and then the struggle began. The game was a pretty one and exciting from start to finish.

Wofford did not score until the eighth inning when she ran in three scores. Things began to get lively now, as Clemson had scored two runs since the first—making the score three to five in favor of Clemson. Clemson failed to score in her half of the ninth and Wofford scored three making the score five to six in

favor of Wofford. The features of the game were the magnificent battery work of the two teams.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

Our Association was visited during the last part of March by Dr. W. R. Lambuth, Rev. P. L. Cobb and Mr. G. W. Cain, all of Nashville, Tenn.

Dr. Lambuth was missionary from the Southern Methodist church to Japan for many years and now is one of the missionary secretaries of the church.

Rev. P. L. Cobb is a Missionary volunteer waiting to be sent out by the church and, in the mean time, is helping Dr. Lambuth in his missionary labors among the connection here at home.

Mr. G. W. Cain was for a while treasurer of the Board of Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and now he is intimately connected with the Methodist Publishing House at Nashville.

These gentlemen arrived in Spartanburg Monday, March the twenty-seventh. The object of their coming to Wofford was to hold a Students' Missionary Training Conference. The conference had for its purpose the enlisting and training of competent young students, who are interested in the great missionary cause in order that they may go out during the summer vacation and visit the Epworth Leagues of their community and impress the leagues for missions. These campaigners, as they are called, are to sell each League visited a Student Campaigner's Missionary Library, they are to organize a Mission Study class, induce the league to hold monthly missionary meetings, and have the president of each league appoint a good, strong missionary committee. Of course, the important matter of systematic giving to missions is also to be stressed.

Monday night Dr. Lambuth spoke to some of the students in Dr. Carlile's class-room on the present urgent need of men in the foreign field as well as in the other

walks of life. The doctor spoke with earnestness though for only a short time, after which Mr. Cobb made a few remarks on the objects of the conference.

Next morning the real work of the conference began. This meeting was held in the Epworth League parlor of Central Methodist church.

Mr. Cobb spent part of the morning going into details as to the history, purpose, methods, and field of this student missionary campaign.

Dr. Lambuth made a short talk summing up and emphasizing what had gone before.

Some practical suggestions for those men who intended to go into this campaigning work were then offered by Mr. Cobb.

Dr. Lambuth then gave some very valuable information as to the workings of our Board of Missions and the way the missionary work is divided in evangelistic, educational and medical departments.

That afternoon the conference was continued along the same lines as the morning session.

Tuesday night Dr. Lambuth made a telling address on Cuba as a mission field.

The doctor visited the island last winter with a view to establishing mission stations in the principal cities, and this fact added emphasis to his earnest words as he spoke of the utter destitution of the people, spiritually as well as temporally. He pointed out the eagerness with which the Cubans were stretching out towards the Americans for assistance along all lines. He told how the grip of the dissolute Spanish priesthood was fast losing its power over the masses and, if American Protestantism would step in now she would be received by the natives with open arms. But her action must be immediate or else atheism and infidelity of France or the Reformed Catholicism of America would take the place that is now proffered to the Protestant church of America.

Wednesday morning was the last session of the conference. Most of the real ground had been covered and

so, after some words on Missionary finances by Mr. Cain, the conference took the form of an experience meeting. The presiding elder of Spartanburg district had called together all the preachers of the district to meet in a missionary institute immediately af the students conference. Many of these ministers were present at the meetings of the conference, and so the experience meeting that Wednesday morning in which almost every person present took part was a very precious season of communion.

Wednesday the three gentlemen left us, but the effects of this missionary conference will count for much for the spirit of missions on the campus.

ON THE CAMPUS.

Examinations are over.

Fresh. C. (on examination) malus, optima, minimus.

Hurrah! for Hudgens and DuPre—"Wofford's baby battery."

Mr. W. R. Matthews, traveling secretary for the Y. M. C. A., will be on the campus the third Sunday.

Rev. C. Hovey Clyde, class of '90, of the Reidville circuit, was on the campus for a short while March 31st.

Quite a number of the boys took advantage of the Saturday and Monday holiday and spent Easter at home.

Henry J. Brabham, of the senior class, who has been confined to his room for the past two weeks, is able to be out again.

Miss Ione Littlejohn, class of '02, spent Easter with her parents in Gaffney.

Messrs. Ernest Wiggins and L. L. Hardin went to Greenville April 5th to attend a meeting of the executive committee, of the State Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association. The committee made all necessary arrangements for the contest, which will be held in the auditorium of Erskine College, the last Friday in April, 1899.

Mr. Gabriel Cannon, class of '98, entertained the boys of the Chi Psi Fraternity at his home on March 25th. A very enjoyable evening was passed and was ended with a bounteous spread.

Rev. W. H. Hodges, class of '89, spent sometime on the campus the last of March, and conducted chapel exercises for us the 30th.

Prof. L. P. McGee, class of '96, president of Reidville Female College, was on the campus for a short while April 8th.

Mr. O. W. Leonard, class '98, was on the campus for a few hours April 6th. "Bub" was on his way home from Baltimore, where he has been pursuing a course in medicine.

Prof. H. N. Snyder delivered the address before the graduating class of the State medical college in Charleston, on Wednesday night, March 29th. From all accounts the professor completely captured "the city by the sea."

Prof. A. Mason DuPre, head-master of the Fitting school, spent Easter with his parents at Clemson College.

J. R. T. Major, Literary Editor of the JOURNAL last year, was on the campus the last of March, shaking

hands with his many friends. "Bob" is principal of the Lowndesville high school, Abbeville county, where he is making a decided succest as a teacher.

At the invitation of Dr. Carlisle, the presiding elder, Rev. W. P. Meadors, and the preachers of the Spartanburg district visited Wofford on the afternoon of March 31st. The visitors were shown through the library, the South Carolina Conference Historical Society Library, the two society halls, the chemical and geological laboratories, and the gymnasium. Most of the visitors were old Wofford students, and, of course, were delighted to see the many improvements that had taken place within the last few years.

Prof. Blake, according to a custom of some years standing, left Monday April 10th with the Sophomore class for the mountains of Western North Carolina, where they will spend a few days surveying and leveling. These surveying tours add much to the student's knowledge of Trigonometry. It gives them a chance to become acquainted with the instruments; and, also, a chance to put into practice the theories learned in the class room.

F. W. Fairey, of Orangeburg, who completed the Sophomore year with the class of 1900, was on the campus April 12th, visiting his cousin J. C. Fairey. "Bill" was on his was on his way home from Lexington, Ky., where he took a business course.

Misses Mamie DuPre and Anna Belle Smith delightfully entertained a number of their friends at the residence of Prof. D. A. DuPre, Tuesday evening, April 11th.

S. C. Hodges, class of '95, was on the campus April 10th. He came up from Greenwood in time to accom-

pany Prof. Blake and the Sophomore class on their surveying tour to the mountains. The editor has been asked the question whether it was Mr. Hodges' love of mathematics, or some other attraction that carried him to Skyuka.

At a recent meeting of the Calhoun Society the following officers were elected for the last term: Ernest Wiggins, president; H. S. Parnell, vice-president; H. V. Stribling, 1st critic; W. T. Magness, 2nd critic; H. T. Shockley, 3d crittic; W. C. Martin, secretary; J. S. Bowman, treasurer; C. E. Peele, censor morum; W. H. Phillips, corresponding secretary.

The base ball team leaves on the twelfth for Columbia and Charleston. The boys are in fine shape and the college expects nothing less than victory.

They will play the S. C. College the fourteenth and Charleston college the fifteenth. Captain Burnett has been putting in some good practice for the past few days and the weak points on the team have been greatly strengthened. Wofford expects great things from her "baby battery on this trip."

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MAY 1899.

Wofford College JOURNAL.

DUPLICATE

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WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL

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Literary Department.

HENRY J. BRABHAM, Jr., Editor.

FALSE SENTIMENT.

The statement that important periods in a nation's history bring forth and show to the world the noble traits of its people is a statement universally acclaimed. That these periods also show to the eyes of those of the people who are not altogether carried away by enthusiasm certain evils and weaknesses is a fact of which there is in my mind not the slightest doubt. This belief was originated and confirmed by certain scenes witnessed and heard of during "our late glorious war for humanity." The evil of *false sentiment*, while not the greatest evil, is certainly prominent and widespread. Perhaps I should call this a weakness rather than an evil, but by whatever name it is called, I claim for it a high place among the repulsive traits that have been been exhibited during the nation's recent excitement.

It seems that this Democratic government of ours is particularly adapted to fostering and nourishing such cheap, false sentiment as that with which we are at present so copiously supplied. It seems that *we the people* have taken it into our heads (relying on the maxim "in unity there is strength") that it matters not how

silly, how utterly ridiculous we make ourselves if only, forsooth, we are united in our silliness. For did not two hundred and thirty seven women, relying probably on their *oneness* in sillinesss, force an unwilling, though already much bepuffed naval officer, into osculation *ad nauseam, ad disgustionem?* This maudlin, hysterical gush is not fully accounted for even after you have explained first, that they were women, second that they were Northwestern women, and third that there were two hundred and thirty-seven of them. Did not the people of the capital of South Carolina flock in gaping crowds to the depot to gaze in abject awe at the man who had cast in irons and subjected to useless humiliation and suffering the President of the Confederacy? Their action is not fully explained when it is stated that a great many people will put themselves to great inconvenience to get a glimpse even, of some noted criminal. *Why* will people outside of the ranks of the ragamuffins so belittle themselves?

As an example of how people in crowds will sometimes swallow with great gusto the cheapest trumped-up sentiment, glance at the popular theatricals in times of war. Some heterogeneous aggregation of play actors, destined to disband at the next station, has failed to elicit sufficient applause during the past three acts. A scene must be created, a remedy must be found. The audience must be dosed and dosed it is——on *silly*—bub. A woman is rigged up to represent the statute of liberty, and while she is posing a song is heard in which is brought in the words Maine, Spain and the names of some of the heroes of the hour. Then it is that (according to the paper's report, duly enlarged by a few complimentary tickets) the audience rises as a man and emits the applause that it was calculated the silly-bub would bring forth. To a sober looker-on it seems that the audience rises not so much "as a man," but rather as an herbivorous quadruped distinguished by its long ears. To a man whose taste is not destroyed by the con-

tagious sentiment this silly-bub has about the same effect mentally as does ippecac physically.

There is another phase of this same evil that I hesitate to speak of. I hesitate because along this line it is so easy for one to be misunderstood and misinterpreted. I refer to all that false sentiment in regard to the wiping out of sectional lines between the North and South. Nothing is more to be desired than this wiping out, and nothing should be more warmly appluded than sincere appeals for reconciliation. But it cannot be denied that among a certain class of politicians there is a practice of gaining popularity by hypocritical appeals of this kind. And it cannot be denied that certain people of the North are much more zealous for reconciliation in word than in deed. There is no need to go into specific instances to prove these things. They are realized and deplored by many people of the North and of the South.

I have called attention to certain things wherein we Americans have shown a striking lack of taste and propriety, and I have ventured to state that this impropriety and lack of taste would be lessened not one whit by mere dint of numbers or by unity in our impropriety. On the other hand I hold that this cheap sentiment long continued will serve to lower the dignity of the nation as a nation in the eyes of the world. It originates mainly in thoughtless ardor and it is to be hoped that with a great many a little thoughtful consideration will serve to put an end to it.

C. C. ALEXANDER.

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SPARTANBURG CITY AND COUNTY DURING THE CIVIL WAR.

Medal Essay for Daughters of the Confederacy.

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On such a subject as this one finds it a difficult task to obtain very much information. A history of a limited section during a limited period is always hard to write, because information has to be gotten from this man and that man ovor the county, and, in this case,

some of the old men have forgotten many of the events of the early sixties, which fact makes it doubly hard. I must say, however, that the people of Spartanburg county and city have been unusually kind and have often laid aside their work to answer questions, and to give such information as they had. It is to them that the writer is indebted for the facts herein recorded.

Before entering upon our subject as it is in the heading, we should take a glance at the conditions and surroundings of the people prior to the breaking out of the war. In 1833, during the nullification movement in this state, Spartanburg was a strong Union county; that is, she was opposed to secession, or anything that would break the Union, In 1860 we find this same spirit still among her people. The sons seem to have inherited from their fathers a love for their government, and thus Spartanburg was by inheritance and training a Union county. She was never for a moment thought of as a "fire eating" county, but instead was known as the home of conservatism. She thought that the place where most could be done to accomplish the end for which her state was striving was within the Union—not from on the outside of it. Her delegates to the conventions were a conservative set of men. They were Jno. G. Landrum, B. B. Foster, Benj. F. Kilgore, Jas. H. Carlisle, Simpson Bobo and Wm. Curtis; and they represented nearly every side of life in the county, two of these being Baptist preachers, one a college professor, one a lawyer, one a doctor of medicine and one a planter. When secession came, however, they saw it was of no use to kick against the State and the South, so they signed the articles of secession, and Spartanburg county united solidly, and all the former deep conservatism now burst forth into one mighty wave of state patriotism.

The Methodist church in Spartanburg city offered its bell to Gen. Beauregard to be molded into a cannon. That bell, which had announced to many a sad heart the hour for communion with God, was now to be used as a machine for summoning him, who dared invade

Carolina's soil into the presence of God himself.

The offering of the bell was not the only manifestation of her loyalty. She furnished more soldiers than any other county in the state. The Confederate rolls show her as having furnished more than 3310 soldiers; more men than she had voters.

The first company was the Spartan Rifles under command of Capt. Jos. Walker, which reported on Sullivan's Island in 1861. After this, Spartanburg raised twenty. two companies. Out of all the men furnished by Spartanburg, there was never a battery of artillery from this county. She had men in other companies yet there was never one of her own.

It seems strange that Spartanburg, after contributing more men than any other county did not have a general officer. She had three colonels, namely: Cols. Edwards, Brockman and Walker. Col. Edwards would have been made a brigadier general had he not been killed at Chancelorsville. Gen. McGowan had been wounded, and Col. Edwards, the ranking officer, took command of the brigade and was killed in the charge that followed. Col. Brockman succeeded him in command. The last brigadier general appointed, and whose appointment was the last signed by President Davis, was that of Gen. Capers. He was not a Spartanburg man, but his family refugeed here during the war. They lived just opposite the present site of the Wofford Fitting School. This is the nearest Spartanburg ever came to having a general.

The quality of the soldiers from this county was a little above the average. They at all times bore themselves as true men and defenders of their State. Most of them from this county were in three divisions; some under Generals Lee and Jackson in Virginia; others were in the West and many were in this State.

The endurance of the people at home equalled that of the men at the front, leaving out the danger. The women were loyal and true to the cause, and many a

man while in the army received letters of encouragement from the dear ones left at home. Some poor fellow, just at the time when he was beginning to falter and sicken at heart, would receive a letter from a loved one that would revive his wasted spirits, and cause him to fight with renewed courage.

Spartanburg city and county was a favored locality during the war as compared with sections in Virginia an other States. Until near the close of the war there was no army invasion in the county, and then there was only a hurried raid made under Gen. Palmer who was in pursuit of Pres. Davis, and camped here for a day or two. His headquarters were where the courthouse now stands. Capt. J. W. Carlisles has an order that he found after the troops left which was issued by Gen. Palmer, and shows a wonderful knowledge of the geography of the upper part of the State.

Spartanburg being a favored locality did not mean that everything was plentiful. When the blockade tightened many supplies were cut off. Sugar, coffee, tea and such were not to be obtained anywhere. Rye was roasted and called Rye-o-coffee, which made a very good substitute for the genuine brand; but after the war had gone on some years rye became scarce, then other grains were used instead. Holly leaves made a very good tea, and molasses, which was used almost entirely for sweetening was made in pots and was usually dark and very thick. Vegetables and melons were raised in abundance. Poultry and eggs were plentiful and there was enough butter made to meet the ordinary demand at home. There were also many hogs raised and from these a great deal of bacon was saved, but during the last years of the war much of this was sent to the soldiers. In order to meet the demand created by the armies, there was a law in existence by which every farmer at home was required to pay one-tenth of the products of his farm to the government to be used for the support of the army, and persons were appointed to collect these tithes in each county.

Toward the close of the war supplies at home were very scarce; things began to look desperate. The farms had gone down, because the men were not there to look after them, and the scanty home supplies had to be divided with the soldiers. Some of the people around Spartanburg were desperate; it seemed as if starvation almost stared them in the face. So desperate were they, that some ladies raided the depot here in Spartanburg and took provisions that were stored there.

Salt was very scarce at times during the war, so the government sent Prof. Warren DuPre to the coast to make it from sea water. A great deal of the salt used in this county then was hauled in wagons from Virginia. It was obtained from a place now called Saltville in south-west Virginia about twenty miles from Bristol. It was so scarce at times that many farmers dug up the foundation of the old smokehouse, put the dirt into a hopper, something like the ash hopper of today, then caught the drippings which were evaporated and the salt was obtained. Common cooking soda, also, could hardly be gotten anywhere, so the ashes of corn cobs, hickory wood, and the ash tree were treated in such a way as to get soda from them.

The greatest article in demand duling the war was cotton yarn out of which clothes were made. The few factories in the county at the time, namely: Bivingsville, Fingerville, Valley Falls, Cedar Hill, Hill's Factory and Crawfordsville, could not supply the demand. So great was the demand for yarn, that Gov. Pickens detailed Mr. Converse to come home and run the Bivingsville factory (now Glendale.) At Bivingsville, two days in the week were set aside for the selling of the yarn. People were anxious to get hold of it as it was the best legal tender of the times, and on it, also, they depended for clothing.

These sales, or yarn pullings as they were called, were attended largely by women, the crowd usually varying from a hundred to a thousand people. In such a crowd

as this it was not an easy task for one to decide who were the deserving ones, as all represented themselves as wives or mothers or near relatives of a soldier who was at the front, and greatly in need of the yarn. Often after getting one bunch, they would diguise themselves in hopes that they would secure a second one, but, where a bunch was sold, the name of the purchaser was put in a book, which made it quite difficult to get more than one bunch that day. On one occasion, the person who was selling the yarn, was upon the counter and as he walked up and down the counter he happened to step on a lady's hand and bruised it very badly. In order to make amends for this, he agreed to sell her a bunch immediately. In a few minutes the whole counter was lined with hands, and the ladies were inviting the auctioneer to walk on them. At these sales the only persons that were ever made exceptions to the rule were the furloughed soldiers. It was usually thought best to supply them as soon as possible in order that there should be no hard feelings between them and the auctioneer.

The Bivingsville mill ran during the whole war. At the outbreak of hostilities, they made the yarn into cloth, but this was stopped about '62, and the making of cloth was turned over to the people at home. Cotton was plentiful, so the mill was not troubled with the lack of raw material. There were only 1300 spindles, and about 40 or 50 employees there in the mill so it did not take such a large amount of cotton to supply them. The last two years of the struggle, one half of the yarn had to be turned over to the government for clothing for the soldiers. This made the supply at home much shorter so women now turned their dresses as many as two or three times.

Besides the making of yarn, Bivingsville carried on the manufacture of wooden shoe soles. They had a complete set of machinery which could make ten pair of soles a minute. These were used extensively here in

Spartanburg, and were also shipped to all parts of the state. At the beginning of hostilities, Bivingsville made long knives which were intended as side arms for soldiers, but these were discarded before the war had gone very far, and their manufacture ceased. The machinery was hard to run on account of a lack of a lubricant, but finally peanut oil was used; the peanuts being shipped from North Carolina.

All the dress goods and clothes were made of homespun, which were dyed by use of berries, barks, berbs or walnut roots. Home made hats were all the go. Various materials were used in the making of these hats, some were made of furs and skins of animals, many were made of cloth, or other material. The hatter usually charged a hat for making a hat. Carry him material for two, and he gave you back one. Those made of oat straw were considered the finest of the day. The ladies made beautiful gloves out of skins and furs of animals; those made of the fur of the rabbit were most frequently worn.

Nearly all of the clothing made at home was woven on a home-made loom. An ovenlid covered with coals of fire was placed under the loom to keep the feet of the weaver comfortable while weaving. The lumber out of which the loom was made was sawed by the old time creek saw mill of that day of which the humorist said, "It would go up one day and come down the next." There were no steam sawmills in the country at that time. The lumber, being sawed, was dressed and converted into a loom by the ordinary carpenter. The wheelwright was a person of great demand. He had his private turning lathe of rude construction, which he propelled with his foot, and with a sharp instrument, or chisel in his hand twined wooden rounds which were made into spinning wheels, and sold as fast as completed.

Iron was in great demand during the war. There were two iron works in Spartanburg county during that

time; the old Rolling Mill where Clifton now stands, and the Cherokee Iron Works. It was from these mills that most of the iron, nails and castings were obtained. So great was the demand that vandals tore down the iron railing placed around the monument on the battle-field of Cowpens, and converted it into horse-shoes, or whatever use they had for it.

After the war advanced for some time most of the schools and institutions of learning suspended their work. Wofford college never suspended its work entirely, but was run as a high school under Prof. David Duncan and Dr. Carlisle. St. John's college was not in operation during the war.

The mail facilities in this county then were very poor, and, in order to better these facilities, clubs were organized in different sections, and persons were appointed to bring the mail to some central place where it was distributed. Through these clubs the members could get their mail every day. When it came someone would get a paper, mount on a box, and read the news to the crowd around him. Maj. Jno. A. Lee was postmaster at Spartanburg during the war. The postoffice was then on what is now Jail street.

There was no telegraph office nearer then than Columbia, and only one railroad running to Spartanburg during the war. There was one passenger train each day; the road only owning two engines, the Fairfield and the Jno. L. Young, the latter being named for the President of the road at that time. It is said that the conductor wore a calf skin vest as a mark of his rank as conductor. One of the engineers was a man by the name of Tom Brockman. His engine has caused many a heart to leap with joy as it came up to the old depot in Spartanburg. When he was in possession of any good news, he would give a long blow as he came in town. If news came in this way, a courier was put on a horse, and sent all over town telling the glad tiding of victory.

The soldiers were paid in Confederate money about eleven dollars per month. Many of them had families depending on them for support, and it had to come out

of this eleven dollars. It is almost impossible for us to concive of the hardships some must have experienced. A person told me he paid fifty dollars for a pie. What could a poor soldier, with a family depending on him for support, do with eleven dollars a month? We do not appreciate the hardships the ywent through as we should.

The trading was mostly by barter toward the close of the war. A man would sell his carriage, not for so much money, but for so much bacon and flour, etc. Corn sold here in Spartanburg, about the close of the war, for two dollars and a half a bushel in gold, and everything else was high in proportion.

It seems to me that the conduct of the negroes during the war is worthy of notice. They could have destroyed every home in Spartanburg county if they had so desired, but instead they were a protection to nearly every one. Many a poor woman was left by her husband, brother, or son to the care and protection of the negro slaves, and so far as I can find every one was faithful to his charge.

The closing scenes of that great struggle were indeed pathetic. The cause lost, the home desolate, the vacant places around the home circle, all these spoke louder than human words of the calamity which had fallen. But with the light of thirty odd years on the past, we have taken a new view of things; circumstances have changed, and we are again a re-united people, and Spartanburg county still has the same old love for the Union that there was in '33 and in '60. W. C. LATIMER.

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ON READING.

"Of making many books there is no end," truly says the preacher. There are books and books, books of every kind and description; books which come under some one of the famous divisions which Lord Bacon made, and books which today come under none of them; books which make us exclaim with Channing, "God be thanked for books!" and books which tempt us to think with Frederick Harrison that the printing press may turn out to be one one the scourges instead of one of the blessings of mankind. And to the already immense quantity of printed matter, there is added every few years "enough new volumes to make a pyramid equal to St. Paul's Cathedral."

This fact, that there are so many books published on so

many various subjects, makes the question what to read an especially difficult one. Another question of almost as much importance is: How shall I read to get the most profit from the books I decide on reading? These questions have been often discussed, and much written on them, but every one must admit after all that the question must be finally and definitely settled by the reader himself. All that can be said on them must of a necessity be of a general nature giving only a vague idea how the reader profits by his reading; or giving sometimes an ideal system of reading which is impossible for anyone to follow. What is said in this paper I have learned from essays on reading by literary men, thinking that they knew more of it than I, and knowing that I have mede the worst possible use of what advantages I have had in this line. Some of the warnings, however, sincere, being from my own experience.

No one contradicts the importance of correct reading. One man says, "God hath given us four inferior teachers, including travel, occupa ion, industry, conversation, and four teachers superior, including love, grief, death—but chiefly books." We derive wisdom and knowledge from many sources in many ways: through the eye, through the ear and by speech; but all these ways are limited in some way. In conversation, we are limited to the present, and also by the leisure of our friends and by their mood. But there are some friends with whom we can converse at any time and get their best thoughts, those thoughts which have ruled the world. These are the books written by the wise men and philosophers of the past which are the voices of the distant and dead, and make us heirs of the life of past ages. Milton says, "A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit embalmed."

Books are read for information and mental strength and the knowledge they give us should make us wish to acquire more. Lord Chesterfield, in one of his letters to his son, writes: "The ignorant and weak only are idle;

but those, who have once acquired a good stock of knowlege, always desire to increase it. Knowledge is like power in this respect that those who have most are most desirous of having more. It does not clog by possession, but increases desire, which is the case of very few pleasures." This remark finds a good exemplification in the life of Sir Isaac Newton, who when he was once complimented on the value and extent of his scientific discoveries remarked that he had only picked up a few pebbles on the shore of the vast sea of knowledge.

As reading is in the acquisition of knowledge so important and powerful, so one must be the more careful to read in the right manner. "A school boy who was once asked what he was thinking about, replied that he had no thoughts, because he was so busy reading he had no time to think." Multitudes are in the fix of this little boy today, and do not realize it. They have fallen into a purposeless, thoughtless way of reading which has sapped the strength of their minds and weakened its facilities. Such reading is not a blessing, but a curse, and the power of the habit in these days of steam presses and free circulating libraries, they if cognizant of it are unable to break. Frederick Harrison tells us how near he came to being forever shipwrecked in the "infinite sea of printer's ink," and of his rescue by confirming himself to "but few books, and those the great ones." It is said that if Lowell had not spent so much of his time in reading, he would have done more for the literature of his country. Of Coleridge, I believe, it was said that he "snuffed the candle of his originality" by his much redding.

How then shall we read for "information and mental strength," to obtain "the very quintessence of man's thoughts about life and duty and death?" Ruskin answers this question fully and definitely. First, you must put your own opinions aside and prepare yourself to enter fully into the author's thoughts, to look at the questions he discusses with his eyes. To do this, to get

the author's full thought, we must read him syllable by syllable, even letter by letter, dissecting each word for the exact meaning, and thus getting at the kernels of truths which each sentence contains. Then, we must enter into the passions of the author: how he feels towards the things of which he writes. By this means, we broaden and strengthen our own power of feeling, and better understand this strong influence in this world of ours. These two things are necessary to thoroughly understand any book, but there is still something much more necessary in the conduct of our reading.

No matter how thoroughly we understood any one book, if we did not have a definite aim in reading that book, if it was not a means to an end, our work would be exactly wasted. We should map out a definite course of reading, and strictly follow it, to secure the most good. Lord Chesterfield speaks of this in one of the famous letters to his son: "Lay down a method for your reading, for which you allot a certain share of mornings; let it be in a consistent and consecutive course, and not in that desultory and immethodical manner in which many people read scraps of different authors upon different subjects. Keep a useful and short commonplace book of what you read to help your memory only and not for pedantic quotations." This has been found to be good advice by many people who have successfully followed and profited by it. Nothing can be done without method, and the most methodical will secure the most good

As to what we shall read, nothing definite can be said for many reasons. What will suit one person, giving him the information he is looking for and strengthening and broadening his mind, will be worse than useless to others; for as widely as do our physical natures differ, necessitating the securing of different kinds of food and exercise to suit each one, and which each one must select for himself, so in the case of our mental growth; each one must be his own doctor, prescribing those kind of books which by experience he has found has done

him the most good. And when books of all kinds are as numerous and cheap as they are to-day, the selection must be severe and critical. There is great danger of shipwreck here, one book with a fancy title and valueless contents being read after another, until the reader is prone to think all books of today equally worthless. But a British essayist says: "We need to be reminded every day how many are the books of inimitable glory, which with all our eagerness after reading, we have never taken into our hands. It will astonish most of us to find how much of our industry is given to the books which have no worth, how often we rake in the litter of the printing press, whilst a crown of gold and rubies is offered us in vain."

There are a few things with which all of us should be familiar, and one of these is this "world house" in which we live. We spend three score and ten years of our lives here, and should we not try to enter into the mysteries of the beautiful things of the earth around us? One of the greatest pleasures of some famous men was their study of and communion with nature.

Wordsworth loved to wander beneath the trees, and composed most of his poems out of doors. Emerson puts down nature as one of the great teachers of man; and Lowell and Thoreau loved to study nature at first hand, in the wilds of Maine. White's History of Selbourne has made him loved by many for his studies of nature in this little place. Any one who begins this kind of study will find it extremely interesting.

After this, we should study ourselves, especially our mental and moral natures. From ourselves, the study of our race and its rise in power and civilization should be found interesting, taking note in our reading of those great men who have most influenced and advanced its rise, and reading lives of those men, seeing what they did for themselves to make possible their great services to their race. Phillips Brooks thinks that biography should be the foundation of every library, for by nothing can we learn more how to form and enlarge our own

characters than by a close study of the characters of others.

And lastly if we wish to attain to "the finest womanhood and the hardiest manhood," we should read and study the Bible. In it are discussed the "issues of life," on which our eternal happiness depends.

GU EL.

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MT. MITCHELL.

Oh, how beautiful! we all exclaimed, as we emerged, for the first time during our ascent, into a little break in the forest, or "cl'arin'," as our guide called it. "This ain't nothin' to what's yander," ejaculated the guide, pointing with his bony fore-finger to the black dome which frowned down upon us from a height of over two thousand feet. Our present situation, as one of our scientific friends calculated from the reading of his barometer, which was afterwards verified by the mountaineer, was a little over five thousand feet above sea leavel.

Looking just beneath us we could see the dark green of the forest, which seemed as we glanced farther away to roll and toss like the billows of the ocean, and then, as we gazed farther away still, to rise and dissolve itself into the azure blue of the horizon. Far to the West could be seen the veil of mist by which could be traced the course of the Swannanoa, as it wound its way through this land of happiness and peace; now serenely running through some verdant pasture, now dashing over a moss covered mill-wheel, and findly gurgling away under the laurel and beech of some secluded glen.

"All adown the cliffs of Craggie,
Down the Black Mount's mossy steeps,
O'er the hoary locks of 'Grey Beard,'
Where the old 'Grey Eagle' sleeps.
And the Naiads watch the waters,
And the Dryads all the shore,
While the fairies in the moonbeams,
Dance and sing to Swannanoa."

"Come orn," said our guide, "we hain't likely to git thar afore sun rise, much less afore sunset, at this here pase." So much against our wishes, just at that time, we had to turn our faces toward the overhanging dome and labor, wearily upward. But what a sight greeted us at the goal; no wonder the great Dr. Mitchell almost worshipped this peak which towers majestically over all others. The peaks seemed to be piled one upon another, as far as the eye could reach. To the West we could barely discern the Great Smokies; and on the North, South, and East we were surrounded by a semi-circle of the Blue Ridge.

The sun-set was gorgeous, beyond any description. After the sun had gone down, the shadows began to lengthen, and finally we could only make out the dim outlines of Craggie, Clingman's, and a few other neighboring peaks.

"The sunset smouldered as we drove
Beneath the deep hill-shadows.
Below us wreaths of white fog walked
Like ghosts the haunted meadows."

—JOE McD. GAMEWELL.

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AMBITION. Pursuing the general policy that everything in the editorials of any college magazine should pertain more or less directly to the state of affairs in that particular college, we have decided upon ambition as the subject of this article.

Is ambition a holy thing, the gift of God? We hold that it is. But the sad thing is simply this, that a thing originally intended as a high and holy means to high and holy ends, has been corrupted, as in the case of other things that were originally good, and has become a low and any but holy means to low and any but holy ends.

The Bible teaches that holy aspirations are in perfect keeping with correct living, and, also, a popular expression has it that "there is nothing like setting your pegs high and working to them."

Bible ambition, or ambition in the purest sense, when brought to its final analysis, will give nothing more nor less than energy, pure and simple. And it is not necessary to go still further and tell what energy is. Lack of energy is a lack of ambition.

The Bible denounces in the parable of the talents that slothful servant who was not ambitious, not self-respecting, not energetic, and without any high and holy aims or aspirations or purposes in life.

Again, what is pure ambition or energy but that inherent quality or fundamental characteristic of your own or somebody else's soul, which forces you to act in such a manner as to make you respect yourself in what you do? If you respect yourself in a proper manner others will also have respect for you. Through self-respect, obedience, reverence, and loyal devotion to duty, you shall rise to the top, and shall reap in due season, if you faint not.

And, generally speaking, you shall be promoted in direct proportion to the exact extent and nature of your loyal devotion to duty. But it is easy to be intoxicated by the glowing prospects of the future that lies before you, and the intoxication is so strong that you must simply grab these things, without patiently waiting for them to come to you in proper order and in due season.

So what is the result? Why, there is no result except this, that you leap forward at a bound in your effort to attain a certain place or thing, or office or honor, and you do it irrespective of the prerogatives of anybody else, and irrespective of the modest claims and merits and just deserts of anybody else.

And, gentlemen, when you tug and struggle and strive, and elbow and push aside, everybody you possibly can, simply in order to place your own self or your friends in a high place or the highest place, then you are no longer acting under the blessed influences of a healthy aspiration to attain to high and holy standards of life and ideals of perfection.

Your propelling power now presents itself in the unmasked, frank, open, candid, righteous, one, single form of pure and simple ambition and high and humble and holy aspirations, but the original and perfect gift has become ruined, corrupted, and distorted until it looms up no longer in one thing, but it presents itself in three distinct characteristics which combine to influence your action. My friends, you raise yourself up with all the dreaded, fiery, fierce glare of the three headed monster which guarded the entrance to the world below, and (1) ane head is influenced by (1) intense narrow-mindedness the second head is influenced by (2) intense and more or less bitter prejudice, and the third head is influenced by (3) intense, abominable, detestable selfishness, and the fact that you are too eager to be influenced by anything right or wrong, that would further your own ends.

You will not have to be Alexander the Great to be narrow minded, prejudiced, or selfish. You will not have to be a Julius Ceasar to be narrow-minded, prejudiced, or selfish. You will not have to be a Napoleon Bonaparte to be narrow-minded, prejudiced, or selfish. And it would seem inexcusably presumptious to characterize such men as narrow-minded. But their intense selfishness narrowed their vision, so far as it affected their deeds is concerned, to a fixed channel beyond which they did not get, or perhaps could not get.

In our connection of almost six years with the Fitting school and this college, we have observed the general trend of affairs, and we have recollection of some things which, according to our way of thinking cannot be explained on any other theory than that they are the works of spirits and an intention which were given rise to and shoved along by (1) narrow-mindedness, (2) prejudice, and (3) selfishness.

My friends, these things should not be so, and evidently the original thing has been corrupted and distorted, and if the salt hath lost its savor, where with all shall it be salted?

BUSINESS MANAGER. Under this particular head, it is our purpose, not necessarily to bring out an astounding array of facts nor to go, step by step, through the successive phases of an elaborate argument, but it is our purpose to have a word to say relative to the election Business Manager of the JOURNAL for next year.

In the first place, we have a right to speak on the question and especially because of our peculiar relation to the JOURNAL, we are, or should be, interested in the matter of the customs which have prevailed in the selec-selection of the Business Manager since the office of the assistant business manager was created.

It is a plain fact that it was stated that the assistant's place was to be crated solely for the plain and simple reason that it would get the assistant acquainted with workings and best methods of carrying on the business department of the JOURNAL, and that by one year's preparation, he would, at the beginning of the next year, be able to take hold from the very first as full manger and be able to ably manage that department. That was the proposition submitted to the joint meeting of the two societies, and it was based on the grounds already stated and on the ground of a growing need for a previous and thorough preparition for that particular place. And the proposition also expressed the fact that the assistant was created for these reasons in order that he become full business manager the next year and, as a result of his previous training, be able to prove himself a more efficient full manager than he could have otherwise done.

Some men object to this plan because they say it will be handicapping the societies, and forcing them to accept a certain man, whether he be capable or not. If they can show that he is incapable, of course let him be turned or not re-elected, or rather promoted. But, according to the custom established about two years ago, we hold that unless reasonble reasons can be assigned, this assistant should be promoted to full rank.

If these reasons can't be shown, or even if they are shown, and you disregard the previous training or the necessity of it, and elect your full business manager as was done up till two years ago, before the assistant's position was created, you virtually ignore the necessity of previous preparation and the experience, as a result of acquaintance and knowledge of the best metods that could be used in running that department of the JOURNAL; therefore, since it is not important to have this previous knowledge, we hold that there is nothing to do but simply to abolish the position of assistant business manager.

It was stated (if we understand the statement as it really was) that we created this place because of selfish political ambition or aspiration. And now, the question as we see it is this, that, unless we can show reasons for not following this custom, will not old students or outsiders of this college say we also ignored it because of selfish political ambition or aspiration.

THE ORATORICAL CONTEST. Anything that brings the colleges of a state or section of country into closer fellowship with each other has long been acknowledged by all educators as conducive of the best results for the liberalizing of the views of the colleges interested and the widening of educational influences generally. And so, for this reason, we see that, although there may be some who bitterly oppose intercollegiate athletics altogether, still, in very few of our colleges, have the authorities thought it wise to forbid the students to take part in clean, athletic intercollegiate contests.

But besides the "diamond," the "gridiron," the track, and the boat there is another form of contest that is becoming more and more popular among the colleges of the South, —— a contest which calls into play a man's mental powers to a greater degree than any of the other contests referred to above.

One of our sister colleges in the State, the South Carolina College, has for several years been connected with an oratorical association composed of colleges from Virginia and other Southern States. With this one exception, none of the colleges of the State have been connected with any such organization.

With a view to bettering this condition of affairs among the colleges of the State, Mr. W. C. Allen, of Furman University, early in the present collegiate year, wrote to the principal colleges of the State and invited their co-operation in the formation of an intercollegiate oratorical association of South Carolina. As a result, five colleges, namely: Furman, Wofford, Clemson, Presbyterian College of South Carolina, and Erskine, sent delegates to a convention held at Columbia, November, 17-18. At this convention, officers and executive committeemen were elected, a constitution was adopted, and it was decided to hold the first annual contest at Erskine College, April 28, 1899.

Such is a brief sketch of the beginnings of this important movement among the colleges of the State.

Since our last issue of the JOURNAL, this first oratorical contest has been held. The first year or two in such an enterprise as this is always a crucial period in its existence, and the most sanguine of its friends looked forward to this contest with some apprehension. However, we are very much gratified to state that the whole occasion passed off without the slightest jar to detract in any way from the pleasure and the profit of the event. The founders and charter members of the association should, indeed, be congratulated in having set in motion this power which has for its objects "to develop closer and more friendly relations between the colleges of the state," and "to foster and promote the cultivation of oratory in the several colleges."

But, as has been stated above, there are at present only five colleges which are bound together by this union. The question naturally arises are there not oth-

ers in the State which would like to be registered on its roll. Some of our sisters may have been fearful, perhaps, that the association would not succeed. But this objection, we feel sure, has already been silenced. In some colleges there may have been other hindrances in the way at the time of its organization which do not now exist. However this may be, we would urge all the colleges of the State which are not now members to think seriously of this matter again, aud, if possible, let us have more than five orations at the next contest.

Among Our Exchanges.

C. W. WATSON, EDITOR.

The journals for the month of April are all neat and attactive in outward appearance and the subjects are inviting and we would gladly peruse more of them but time forbids. There seems to be, however, a general improvement all around. But let us not be content with what has been already achieved striving to gain a greater summit than has hitherto been reached, especially with some of the periodicals we would say let the muses sing in this beautiful spring time.

The folly, frivolity of "the Age of Pope" in the *Converse Concept* is short concise article, which gives us some idea of the shallowness of the age in which this man of letters lived. "The Story of the Revolution" is a sympathetic one. While a part of the space allotted to the editor-in-chief may very properly be taken up in discussing local interest, yet it seems to us that some part of it at least should be reserved for the consideration of matters more universal in their nature. The exchange editor seems inclined to criticise as if all the articles in college magazines, were written by professional writers or by members of the faculty. The poems on different classes are very good expressions of real student life, but we rather think that the order would have been better reversed.

Trinity Archive In "Present day Superstition," the author endeavors to show how knowledge proceeds to drive out ignorance and superstition, to evince the fact of the maxim, "The truth shall make you free." "The Story of a Revenue Officer," the first chapter of

which appears in this number promises to be a good one in point of plot and description of scenery. The plot in a "A Serious Joke," is one of the best we have seen anywhere, though the language may be improved on as by careful study. All the departments of the *Trinity Archive* are good, and it has as many departments as any of our college magazines and more than a great many. My "Sweetheart's Father" deserves mention for the amount of humor it contains. "Our Country's Call for Men" is a forcible article on this all important call. We heartily concur with the writer in his views, in saying that the kind of volunteers called for now are educated men. Doubtless our lack of true patriotic men is due in a large measure to the ignorance of the common people, and the failure of many leading men to get a right hold of the idea of true, patriotism, and patriots which are to be found not only on the battle field, or battleship but in the common walks are live, educated christian men.

The *W. F. Student* for April is good as usual, the May number which we have just received and not yet examined comes to us in a new dress, very artistically designed.

CLIPPINGS.

Then twine thy harp with lillies, oh my Soul,
  Ere yet the fierce rays of the noonday sun
Shall beat upon thee, as the swift years roll,
  Bearing thee onward till thy race is run.

Lest in thy full life's blinding heat and glare,
  Dry then and brittle grown, its stings should break,
And in the harmony, ere thou'rt aware,
  The jarring note a strange discord should make.

So twine thy harp with lilies, pure and sweet,
  With noble thoughts and aspirations high,
With simple faith, and childhood's trust to meet
  In all around thee only love's reply.

Thus shall thy harp strings, pliable and strong,
  As in the morn, so in life's noontide be,
And redolent of hope and truth thy song
  Shall cheer some waiting souls thou canst not see.

Then twine thy harp with lilies, oh my Soul,
  So shall its notes, yet sweeter, truer grown,
Together blend in one harmonious whole,
  A melody that thou canst call thine own,

—*The Mount Holyoke.*

WHEN THE VIOLET BLOOMS.

The gladsome spell of Spring's first pealing laughter
Is potent made by Winter's dreary gloom,
The howling blasts, the cold-blown snows, make room,
In our half-frozen hearts, for summer after.
If every season were but endless spring,
And only flowering paths our footsteps trod,
Our sated souls would tire of velvet sod,
No charms would budding nature's advent bring.
So God be praised for wintry winds and snows
That prove their blessing when the violet blows.

—*The Amherst Lit.*

Alumni Department.

W. RIVES CRUM, EDITOR.

H. F. Jennings, class of '91, is now a very prominent and influential young lawyer of Columbia. He has met with much success and stands at the head of his profession.

Geo. F. Kirby, '94, is president of Weaverville College, Weaverville, N. C. The college is flourishing under his management.

W. L. Walker, '94, has charge of the blind department of the State's Deaf, Dumb and Blind Institute at Cedar Springs.

H. J. Shoemaker, '95, who taught for several years is now farming on an extensive scale at Campobello, Spartanburg county.

Pierre H. Fike, '97, has for some time filled the position of city editor on the Daily Herald. He fills his position with skill and ability. We wish him much luck.

Barber Hoke who was in the class of '98 has been recently admitted to the State bar.

R. G Ware, '90, is practicing dentistry at Chester, S. C.

G. Frank Bamberg who spent several years with the class of '95, is doing a flourishing business in the livery stable line at Bamberg, S. C.

Rev. W. H. Hodges, '89, is the beloved pastor at Gaffney, S. C.

Hugo G. Sheridan, who completed the Junior class at Wofford has been teaching ever since. He has succeeded admirably in his chosen field and has prepared a number of boys and girls for college. He is now principal of the Holly Hill Graded School and gives general satisfaction.

S. A. Nettles, '82, has been from its incipiency, a strong supporter of the "Reform Movement." He has been for several years chairman of the Darlington democratic party, and also represented his county in the legislature for many years.

P. B. Sellers, 82, is a successful lawyer at Dillon, Marion county. He has applied himself with zeal and dertermination, and justly deserves the success with which he has met.

A. B. Stalvey, who completed the Sophomore year with the class of '95, is principal of the Rowesville Graded School where he is giving complete satisfaction. The trustees have recently elected him for another year. We congratulate them on their selection.

Dr. Edmunds, after completing the Junior class with the boys of '72, went to the Baltimore Medical College where he graduated with honors and is now practicing at Eutawville, S. C.

B. B. Sellers, '95, is farming on a huge scale, in the most fertile part of the State, Marion county. We heard that he is planting tobacco extensively and has fine prospects. Woffor's men are found at the front in all occupations.

P. P. Bethea, '92, is principal of the Ashland High School. It is one of the most prosperous schools in the State, which is in a great measure due to his skill and ability as a pedagogue.

Rev. E. S. Jones, '35, is preaching at Pacolet, and is held in high esteem by his members.

Rev. W. S. Martin, '75, was sent by the last conference to Kingstree and now has charge of that circuit. He is a faithful pastor and is beloved by his members.

J. E. Ellerbe, '87, is one of the foremost farmers of Marion county and alwas stand ready to serve his fellow citizens in any sphere. He was a member of the constitutional convention in which body he was distinguished for his sagacity and canniness. For many years he has represented his county in the legislative halls and was ever ready to discharge his duties without fear or favor.

Dr. J. L. Jefferies, '87, who stood at the head of his class while at college, is practicing medicine at Pacolet, S. C.

T. B. Stackhouse, of '80, is farming at Little Rock, Marion county.

Local Department.

G. EMORY EDWARDS, EDITOR.

THE BALL TEAM ENTERTAINED.

On Tuesday night, May 16, the members of the base ball team with a few friends from the campus and Messrs. Cavis, Fleming and Chreitzberg from the city, were royally entertained by Mrs. Rembert. She was assisted in the dispensing of her hospitality by her sister, Mrs. Warren DuPre, and her cousin, Mrs. Belle German.

Upon arrival at home the boys were ushered into the tastefully arranged parlor where some time was given over to conversation. The team was then shown down stairs to the dining room.

The team has the enviable record of having gone up before seven college nines this year and of coming off victors in every case. And so, Mrs. Rembert had very appropriately made a floral design of the figure seven as symbolic of this fact. This seven was tastily placed in the center of a large mass of flowers in the middle of the table.

But the ingenuity of the hostess would not stop with this. At each plate there was a miniature bat and ball skilfully turned out of wood. These were fastened to a little pin by black and old-gold ribbons, and the whole made as dainty and as appropriate a souvenir as has been seen in many a day.

The reader should not, however, be led to suppose that flowers and souvenirs were all that was to be found on the table. Mrs. Rembert's skill as a housekeeper is far-famed and deservedly so and the delightful meal she spread before her guests that night could, in no way, detract from her enviable reputation. Everything was served in good taste and there was placed before the

boys, turkey, boiled ham, stuffed eggs, lettuce, loaf bread, snowflakes, pickles, olives, several kinds of layer cakes, iced tea, strawberry cream. When the delightful repast was ended, the company withdrew to the parlor, where an hour of enjoyable conversation was had. Mrs. Rembert has always been an enthusiastic champion of baseball at Wofford and her interest in the team, as evidenced by this occasion, is greatly appreciated by every member of the victorious nine of ninety-nine.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

On the third Sunday in April the Association was visited by Mr. W. K. Matthews, secretary for the South of the international committee of the Y. M. C. A. movement. In the morning he met the leaders in the local work and conducted a helpful meeting something of the nature of a consecration service. In the afternoan, at the regular weekly prayer meeting, he met the boys generally and made an impressive talk on "Am I my brother's keeper?" with special reference in its application to students in college.

At a recent business meeting of the Y. M. C. A,, the following gentlemen were elected to attend the Asheville Summer School: P. D. Garris. 1900; V. W. Brabham, 1901; M. Auld, 1901; C. E. Peele, 1901, and N. L. Prince, 1902. These students will stay on the campus after commencement until Friday, June 16, when they will go up to Asheville. If the plans of the Association meet with no mishap, there will be in the work next year four men who have attended two sessions of the summer school and three who have been once. This should mean much in the doing of Christian work on the camyus next year.

The fall campaign committee has been selected so that its members can begin at once to lay plans for the reception of new students and the starting of the asso

ciation machinery next fall. It is an undeniable fact that, for a good year's work, the fall campaign must be pushed very energetically. Any lack of vigor in the first month or two in the college year will have its evil effects throughout the term.

For several years past, the association has been issuing hand books to all the students at the beginning of the year. This plan is pursued in many college Y. M. C. A.'s and has been found to be conducive of good results. The hand-book committee has already been appointed and is at work and the indications are that the hand-book issued this summer will be the best yet.

WOFFORD ON THE DIAMOND,

WOFFORD VS. CAROLINA.

The college base ball team left Spartanburg on Wednesday; April 12th, on the afternoon train for Columbia where they went to cross bats with the South Carolina College team. The Wofford boys arrived in Columbia about nine o'clock p. m. They were met at the train by a large delegation of the Carolina boys and wereshown to the campus, where they were hospitably entertained during their stay in Columbia. The victory was an easy one as shown by the score which stood twenty-three to two. The conclusion of the spectators after the game was, as expressed by one of our loyal supporters from the C. F. C., who was out in full force, that Carolina boys can't play no ball. The following is the score by innings:

										R.	H.	E.
Wofford.	4	1	1	3	10	0	3	1	0	23	27	1
Carolina	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	2	2	13

Wofford—Struck out by Hall, 9; DuPre, 6.

Carolina—Struck out by Terrer, 1; Zimmerman, 2; Carwile, 1.

WOFFORD IN CHARLESTON.

The team left Columbia on the early morning train

for Charleston on Friday where they were to play a game with the college of Charleston team on Friday afternoon and a game with the S. C. M. A. on Saturday afternoon. Both these games resulted in victories for the wearers of the old gold and black. Good crowds witnessed both games. The Charleston boys with their college yells and songs worked hard for the games, but the sturdy determination of the Woffordites proved too much for them. Both games were exhibitions of good ball playing, as may be seen from the score.

The Charleston boys are past masters in the art of entertaining, and the Wofford team is indebted to them for one of the most pleasant trips in its history. Among the interesting places visited were: Magnolia Cemetery historic St. Michael's church, Sullivan's Island, and the Isle of Palms. The team looks forward with much pleasure to their next trip to Charleston.

The scores by innings of the two games were as follows:

										R.	H.	E.
Wofford.	0	0	1	1	2	0	3	0	2	9	9	5
College of Chas.	0	4	0	2	1	0	0	0	0	7	4	4

Wofford—Struck out by Hall, 10; DuPre, 11.

Charleston—Struck out by Benet, 3; Gaillard, 2.

										R.	H.	E.
Wofford.	0	0	1	0	2	0	1	1	0	5	7	3
S. C. M. A.	1	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	4	3

Wofford—Struck out by Hall, 10.

S. C. M. A.—Struck out by Durant, 6.

CAROLINA VS. WOFFORD.

The second game with Carolina was played on the home ground, and proved as easy a victory as the first. The principal features of the game were Carolina's bad playing, Wofford's base running, and Burnett's batting. Carolina did not score until the seventh inning when Wofford had already made twenty scores. They made two scores this inning and two in the ninth. One of the

Wofford men said if Carolina had played better ball Wofford would have shut them out. Hall pitched in masterly form and the work of Hudgens behind the bat was superb.

The following is the score:

										R.	H.	E.
Wofford.	2	0	2	1	4	6	5	0	2	22	24	2
Caolina.	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	2	4	5	6

Wofford—Struck out by Hall, 10.

Carolina—Struck out by Terrer, 5; Berry, 1.

ERRKINE VS. WOFFORD.

The game with Erskine was snappy and interesting from the first. The Erskine boys came over with the determination to win, but Wofford was too much for them as they soon found out. The visitors started off with three hits and three runs, but failed to get either a hit or a score after the first inning. The game was strictly a pitchers' battle. DuPre was invincible after the first inning. Davis kept his hits well scattered and was given good support at critical times. The fielding of both teams was beautiful. Bennett, Wofford's third baseman made a phenomenal stop and saved a run in the fifth inning. Erskine is undoubtedly the strongest team Wofford has gone up against this season. We were sorry that a misunderstanding between the umpire and captain of the visiting team caused the game to end during the last half of the eighth inning.

The score:

										R.	H.	E.
Wofford.	0	1	0	0	0	1	3	5	11	3
Erskine.	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	8

Wofford—Struck out by DuPre, 10.

Erskine—Struck out by Davis, 9.

WOFFORD VS. FURMAN.

The game with Furman was played on the home grounds and was perhaps the last game of the season. The game was looked forward to with a great deal of pleasure and interest. Wofford and Furman are old

rivals and both teams were confident of winning.

Wofford's men were the first to the bat. Hall got his base on balls. Burnett got a base hit. Bates followed with the same. Hudgens repeated the dose, bringing in Hall. Burbage got a base hit and scored Burnett. Martin and Sullivan each went out on a fly to right field. Burgage was thrown out from right field, putting the side out with two scores. The home team now saw that they had an easy victory. Furman did not score until the eighth inning. Wofford scored four in the third four in the fourth, one in the seventh, and two in the eighth. The principal features of the game were the work of Wofford's out field and the batting of Burnett, who went to the bat six times and got four singles, one two base hit and one three base hit.

The score:

									R.	H.	E.
Wofford.	2	0	4	4	1	0	2	0	13	17	1
Furman.	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	2	4	9

Wofford—Struck out by Hall, 4.

Furman—Struck out by Jones, 3.

The base ball season of '99 is over and Wofiord has every reason to feel proud of the record the team has made. Never in the history of the college and perhaps in no institution in the State, has a college team made such a record. We have played seven games and won them every one. In the seven games Wofford made eighty-three runs; runs made by opposing teams, twenty-six. Wofford's pitchers yielded twenty-seven hits, and struck out eighty-five; hits made by Wofford one hundred and six; struck out by opposing pitchers forty-five.

SOPHOMORE EXHIBITION.

The Sophomore exhibition of '99 was one of the most enjoyable occasions of its kind ever held in the college

chapel. The chapel was well filled with an appreciative audience from the city and our sister college, who had come out to hear the young orators and enjoy the exercises and I am sure every one went home fully repaid.

At half past eight o'clock the president of the class and speakers, each on the arm of the marshal, marched into the chapel, to the delightful strains of music furnirhed by the Clemson College band, and took their seats on the rostrum. W. G. Hollis, the president, then arose and requested the audience to stand and be led in prayer by Rev. M. L. Carlisle. After prayer the following speakers favored the audience with well prepared orations:

Thomas Daniel. Greenville county, Subject: "The Want of a History of the Southern People."

J. B. Gibson, Scotland county, N. C. Subject: "Reunited."

A. E Driggers, Florence county. Subject: "Character."

C. P. Still, Tate county, Miss. Subject: "The Downfall of the Confederacy."

Marvin Auld: Greenwood county. Subject: "Elements of Success in Life."

W. C. Koger, Sumter, county. Subject: "The Stars and Stripes."

The speaking was excellent, is the expressed opinion of nearly every one present. The ladies showed their appreciation of the efforts of the declaimers by an abundance of flowers.

Mr. Hollis then announced that the exercisses of the Sophomore exhibition were at an end, but that there would be further exercises of a different character. Dr. Carlisle arose and told of the proposition of the Spartanburg Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy to give a gold medal for the best essay written by any member of the Senior or Junior classes on the subject, "Spartanburg During the Civil War."

Mr. Howard Carlisle, who had beon chosen by the committee on decision to award the medal, came forward; and in a few short and appropriate words, presented the handsome medal to the successful contestant, W. C. Latimer, of the Junior class.

But this was not all of the interesting exercises of the evening. The halls of the two societies were now thrown open, and until the taps of the bell at twelve o'clock, the fair sex and the students enjoyed an exceptionally good reception.

WOFFORD COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

———:o:———

JAS. H. CARLISLE, LL. D., President.
J. A. GAMEWELL, A. M., Secretary.
D. A. DUPRE, A. M., Treasurer.

———

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Vice-President. H. S. Parnell
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Secretary, W. C. Martin.
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President, B. H. Boyd.
Vice-President, C. B. Burnett.
Critic, W. T. Googe.
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Treasurer, C. D. Lee.

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Business M'g'r., Ernest Wiggins.
Literary Editor, H. J. Brabham, Jr.
Exchange Editor, C. W. Watson.
Alumni Editor, W. R. Crum.
Local Editor, G. E. Edwards.
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President, Prof. A. B. Cooke.

Base Ball Department.

Manager, J. C. Fairey.
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Captain, C. B. Burnett.

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Vice-President, P. C. Garris.
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Sec. and Treas., E. C. Major.

Alumni Association.

President, W. E. Burnett, ('76).
Sec. and Treas., J. F. Brown, ('76).

Fraternities.

Chi Psi.
Chi Phi.
Kappa Sigma.
Kappa Alpha.
Sigma Alpha Epsilon.
Pi Kappa Alpha.

Senior Class.

President, W. R. Crum.
Vice-President, H. V. Stribling.
Sec. and Treas.. W. T Magness.
Poet, H. V. Stribling.
Prophet, ————

Junior Class.

President, E. M. Lander.
Vice-President, C. B. Burnett.
Sec. and Treas., L. L. Hardin.
Historian, C. C. Alexander.

Sophomore Class.

President, W. G. Hollis.
Vice-President, L. T. H. Daniel.
Sec. and Treas., M. Auld.
Poet, F. K. Lake.
Historian, W. C. Koger.

Freshman Class.

President, F. F. Watkins.
Vice-President, N L. Prince.
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Literary Department.

HENRY J. BRABHAM, JR., EDITOR.

NIGHTFALL.

The gorgeous glory of the western heavens,
Changing with every moment's passing breath,
Fades, as earth rolls into the light of day
Her lands beyond and bears us into night
And quietness and peace and ease and sleep
With dreams. It is an hour of birth and death,
Of transmutation, something gone forever
And something new arisen into life;
And time goes by with muffled fall of foot,
As sleep sinks soft upon the darkning land,
Each tree, with outspread branches in the dusk,
If left alone of every playful breeze,
And moves no tender bud on tiniest twig.
The birds have wearied of their calls and cries
And heartsome songs, and wearied of the wing
With which they flitted all the livelong day,
The sound of foot-falls comes and goes again
As men draw home. And darkness and gloom are ours,
And something therewith deeply, strangely sweet
That pacifies and sanctifies the soul.
The moon is fair to look upon! How slow
She rises, rises, mistress of the night
And queenly in her kingdom! But my eyes
Have gone above her to the highest heavens,
And there they rest content. The silent stars!
The patient stars! The everlasting stars!
The myriad myriads of the hosts of light.

—OLIN D. WANNAMAKER.

THE CHOICE OF AN OCCUPATION.

Monthly Oration for Calhoun Society.

The annual recurrence of college commencements, brings forward the question, which, of all other questions is most difficult for the young graduate to decide, what shall be his occupation, his life work? If the college course hae prepared the young man to make this choice wisely, it has done infinitely more for him than if it had, mechanically, with an utter disregard for his own power and ability made the choice for him. It must be confessed that the average college does little or nothing toward the answering of this all-important question, neither is it to be supposed that the colleges are wholly at fault, for, are they, even the best of them, supposed to have a chair occupied by a professor of the "science of living?"

When a young man graduates he stands for the first time on what may be termed the margin of life's great ocean, behind him lie the days of careless, frolicsome youth, before him is the ocean of life, with all its joys and all its sorrows, all its failures and all its successes so completely hidden from the sight of one just preparing to enter for the first time upon life's unceasing struggle.

The old philosopher. who, after having watched a frog swimming in his wash basin, practiced the art upon his table, so that he might be able to swim when he plunged into the the water, found that he could not swim at all when he made the test. In exactly the same way many men who have taken the first honors at Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and even onr dear old Wofford, have found when they have plunged into life's ocean, that swimming is not near so easy as theoretical practice of it. However it is a known fact that the man who has applied himself during his college course, and trained his muscles as well as his mind, will be a much

greater success in the world than he who never applied himself when young.

Yes, of course there are men born, and there will be others, who have a certain genius, for whom, necessarily the choice of a life work is an exceedingly easy one. In reality the choice has already been made for them, by an all-wise Providence. It has been wisely said that "we must follow the line of our genius," and it was truly said; but one difficuty lies in the way; we must be certain for what we have this genius. Of course when a man has a genius for music or for art, which, while the man is a mere boy becomes so pronounced that he and anyone else can see it, it is very easy for him to follow the line of his genius. But it is exceedingly seldom that a young man can make this great choice so easily.

First of all, when a young man wishes to choose an occupation, he should choose one that permits of promotion. A man to be successful must rise in the world, he must not be contented with merely getting along. Then a young man should be careful to select a place in which he can carry on his studies and steadily enlarge the culture and education that he has received during his college course. There are occupations that will not permit of absolutely no expansion; the men who are in them wonder what we mean when we speak of the enlargement of life, or when we refer to the human life as infinite. Any such work as this necessarily keeps a man shut up in himself and the four walls that surround him.

Last, but not least in importance, a young American should choose a work in which he can do his duty by his native land. It is important to consider this duty to one's country, because there are so many young men, men who could help their country, who are looking forward to the time when they wiil have independent incomes, who care, or seem to care, nothing for the responsibilities that belong, or should belong to every citizen of America. They wish to receive their

incomes and live in indolence a life which a gracious God gives them, for as long a time as may be alloted unto them. To every young American of this description it should be said, if you wish to lead an indolent life, caring nothing for the responsibilities of every true American, why not go to Europe where nothing more would be expected of you? Certainly he is not wanted here. It would be much better for him to draw and squander his income in a country where men are valued by the number of dollars they possess. As another has said: "Let us have a clear field, know who our allies are and not be obliged to keep the track clear for broken-winded jades like these who cannot help but are sure to hinder.

J. B. White, Jr.

———:o:———

HUNTING THE 'GATOR.

The long boat had been prepared, and the dusky oarsmen sat in readiness to row us through the winding creek for many miles towards the wide river, whose banks were covered with naught but marsh, and an occasional small, stunted bush or so. The enervating influence of the day sun was already to be felt, although he was not yet far above the horizon, for we had planned an early start because there was no telling at what distance or at what hour we might first sight our game.

But it was judged best, after some consideration, to discard the long boat for a small one, and to take only one oarsman. This was more practicable for several reasons; first, because our party, though enthusiastic, was small, there being but four of us including the dog and the darkey; and secondly, because the small boat, or "Trus' God," could be paddled much more easily and noiselessly in the difficult places where we were apt to find ourselves, than could the long boat. Then with very little waste of time we were seated, one of us in the bow, then the dog, next the other member of our

party, and lastly the darkey who was given the stern seat in order to be able to handle the boat.

It required great nicety of adjustment to embark, such was the nature of the "Trus' God," (which has been most appropriately named.) This boat consisted of what had once been a good sized log hollowed out, and made to have somewhat the appearance of a boat.

After having proceeded several miles we began to keep a sharp lookout ahead at every bend in the creek. These creeks, being very crooked, have very many mud flats (as they are called) on which the alligators lie and bask in the sun. It is thus they are found—either sleeping after a good, square meal on any such thing as a lightwood knot, or other such tempting morsels; or perhaps meditating—and shot before they can reach the water. But if they are aroused by the slighest sound on the water, or should spy the nose of a boat approaching, they instantly slide from their mud beds and disappear.

After innumerable bends had been rounded, and hours of patient silence had been kept, and still there seemed no hope, we were about to give up in despair and return home; but being near the river, about two or three miles from it, we decided to push on as far as that, because our chances were now better. After we had proceeded about three quarters of a mile we were at last rewarded by a motion of the hand from the man in the bow, which warned us to keep still, for well did we know what this meant. Then, if ever, that darkey paddled with caution; and at last the Winchester (for this is about the only weapon that prevails against the impenetrable hide of the monster) was leveled and a sharp report rang out, echoing and re-echoing across the boundless stretches of marsh and rice land interwoven with creeks of all sizes and shapes, except straight.

But alas! The creature was only seen to hurl his monster tail in the air, and with one great lurch he was under water and out of sight. But he had been hit.

Again did our spirits fall, but again were they par-

tially raised by the hope of finding more game, as we were near the mouth of the creek, where they were most apt to be. In due time we were actually there, without having seen any more of the reptiles for which we were seeking. There we lingered for some time as the sun was now exceedingly oppressive, and as the river water was palatable and that of the creek was not. However, after being as much refreshed as circumstances would allow, we homeward turned our prow, still sitting in the same order as that in which we had come for in a "Trus' God," it is an impossibility to change positions.

Presently, on coming to the same spot where we had first discovered and lost our game, we were delighted at agaiu seeing the same signal from the man in the bow. Again the rifle was raised and leveled, and this time at the report an awful groan was heard, and the 'gator was seen to make a fearful struggle and then remain still.

"Paddle Jim, paddle!" was the words that gave animation to our paddler who was half asleep. By the time we reached the mud bank where our victim was lying, he had slid down and was more than half way under the water, head out; so that the hole made by the shot, which had entered his lungs from his back, had got under water, and he was consequently breathing water in through his wound and spouting it, mixed with blood, from his nostrils. Jim was the first on the mud, in which he sunk to his knees, but he grabbed the aligator by tue front paw, and having taken a trace-chain with him, which we had brought for the purpose, tied it firmly his "wrist." After some trouble we succeeded in getting started with the alligator dragging along the bottom of the creek. This plan, however, did not work, as were not able to make any headway at all; so we managed to get to another mud bank, and after ever so much hard work, succeeded in placing our prize in the bottom of the boat. The alligator was thirteen feet and some inches long, and the boat was scarcely fifteen feet in length; so it was a pretty close

fit. On getting back into our craft we found that the additional weight brought a hole in the bow of the boat, which before had done no damage, below the water line; then there was nothing with which to bail, so after spending some time hunting for an old can, or some such thing, all in vain, we started on. But the water still increased until the 'gator was deep enough in it to feel refreshed; so he raised his tail and hit my companion back of the head, and almost knocked him overboard. Then the dog was given his first responsibility; he was made to sit on the reptile to keep it down, and he succeeded very well.

We were pretty soon very much in the same fix as Mrs. Licks and Mrs. Aitshine; and at last three pairs of feet were to be seen upon the gunwale, and even then the seats were beginning to be overflowed; but we were nearing home. And when we did arrive at the landing with three men, a dog, and a thirteen foot alligator in a "Trus' God," only four inches of which was to be seen above the water line it is not hard to imagine that we were rejoiced.

R. N. Lowndes, Jr.

:o:

GLADSTONE.

The greatest English Statesman of the 19th century, William E. Gladstone, was born December 29th, 1809, in a suburb of Liverpool. He was educated at Christ Church College, Oxford, and there early earned a reputation for having great intellectual and oratorical powers, in addition to this his great purity of character was well known. When he graduated at said college, he took first honors in both classics and mathematics. In fact his general standing in college was such as to warrant a great career for him. It is not our intention, nor does it lie within our ability, to speak of Gladstone as he has figured in politics for the many years past, we simply wish to speak of the characteristic qualities of the "grand old man." There are but few who will deny that Gladstone was the greatest statesman of his age, but he deserves

an important place in English literature as well. To the study of Homer he has given much of his time, and, indeed, many of his best works are either translations of or studies in the old Greek poet. Gladstone's popularity all over the world is almost unprecedented, but, in truth, owing to his indomitable resolution, resource and pluck, he deserves all the worship and homage which is accorded him. One of, and the most important reason why Gladstone had such a hold on the nation's heart is the belief of the masses that he was animated by a supreme regard for the welfare of the common people. One of his colleagues has summed up his power in these words: "If I were asked what was the distinguishing characteristic of Mr. Gladstone's power, I would say that never for a moment does he forget or allow his hearers to forget that he regards man as a *moral being.* He does not forget that they are soldiers, voters, toilers, merchants, but over and above all, there is constantly present to his mind the fact that they are *moral beings.*" It is this higher feeling, recognized above all party strife, which makes up the secret of his charm. Gladstone was distinctly known as the Knight Errant of Liberty, always ready and eager to denounce injustice and to help in all that is pure and noble and good. It has been truly said of the great statesman that until he was convinced that a thing was good or that it would lead to good results, he would have nothing whatever to do with it. It is absolutely foolish to say, as some few do, that Gladstone's course in politics was swayed by self interest, in truth, as he himself has said, no man has so often committed suicide as he has. One instance at least may be cited where he has given up high office, simply for the reason that it would *appear* that he was working for *his own* self interest. The principal reason for Gladstone's success as an orator and as a statesman was this: he had implicit faith in himself, the chief qualification for inspiring faith in others. Probably he carried this faith in himself too far, for one of the most serious

defects he had, was that when he had convinced himself that a thing was right and just, he then thought that everyone else should see it as he did, and he could make no allowance for difference of views. As an orator he was almost unexcelled, in fact there was only one thing lacking in his speeches, and that one thing was brevity. However, this could not be called a defect in *him*, for so eloquent and silvern was his speech,that his audience always regretted when the flow of his language had ceased. The physical endurance of the "grand old man" was truly wonderful, it is said that often he spoke for three hours at the close of a long debate,following upon a day full of toilsome ministerial work. Glakstone was always very magnanimous in his private life toward his political opponents. It is declared that no one was ever more ready than Gladstone to defend in private a political opponent with whom a few hours before he may have been in hot conflict. Gladstone's energy was simply remarkable, whether at work or play he was always on the go. Even in conversation, it is said that he used every muscle of his body to emphasize his words. He was always neat and methodical in his ministerial duties and all his papers and correspondence were kept in apple pie order. His memory was wonderful, *terrible*, as his colleagues put it, very seldom was it that he forgot anything which had impressed itself upon his mind.

Gladstone has taught us that it is the high-souled man who has the greatest power, even over the most ignorant toilers of the world. He has taught us and shown us by example what it is to live pure, upright lives. Briefly he may be summed up as, "a capable man, a practical man, a ripe scholar, and an experienced and great stateman." At every page of his life and in every department of statesmanship, he has given evidence of the highest genius. As one of his contemporaries has said, "His *words* and *deeds* will ever form an imperishable momument of British Greatness."

H.

MUSIC—MYTH.

———

Music, coming from the Muses,
Sweet and clear,
Through balmy air,
Different instruments combined
Makes each one so heav'nly minded———
He that listens almost loses
Soul, which tries to break away
From the baser self, his body.
———Even when our earthly home is
Left behind forevermore,
And the soul up towards the heavens
On slight wings doth lightly soar,
———Then it is that nothing earthly
Goes with us from here below.
Music is connected with our
Soul; and is no earthly thing.
Therefore, with us, when ascending,
Harmony is all that goes.

It was in the balmy first months
Of the season of the summer.
Cool and zephyr-laden was the
Air with perfumes from the South.
With the scent of orange blossoms,
Very faint—from far away,
Was commingled sweetness of the
Flowers which in that place lay
At the foot of large and shady
Trees, whose green boughs gave a place
For the weary birds to sit on,
When returning from a flight.

In the centre of this forest
Was an opening, small and round.
All the trees which grew within it
Had been leveled to the ground.
But it looked as if not man's hand
Had the trees cut to the ground,
For the scene was just as natural,
As when first it had been found.
Over on one side, the trees were
Thicker and more green and tall
And more dense than anywhere else

Could be found among them all.
The laurel there was sound,
With green leaves waving 'round.
The tall pines gave a low yet pleasing melody,
And oft there could be heard,
(It seemed) a gentle sigh.

Coming to this open space a
Youth aud maiden wand'ring farther
Than another had before them
Heard with wonder strains of music,
Coming from the grove so thick-set.
Heard with such a wonder that they
Stopped, and stood spell-bound as if some
Mystic spell had been cast o'er them.
But the music that they now heard
Was the introductory only;
For as now the crescent moon rose,
And suffused the night with light,
Then the medley almost melting
Almost made their tears come welling.
Oh! What sweetness in their feeling
Could they feel when heard they there,
Music through the balmy air.
As the couple, turning slowly,
Slowly went with both hands clasped,
Then the strains of music bursted
Out into a joyful sound, and
Youth and maided wander'd on and
Knew that they would happy lives live.
Now the moon which had been riding
Softly, lightly through the bright sky,
Softly went behind the soft clouds.
And into the open space, there
Stepped a man, who long had done wrong.
Now, the music changed from happy
To a melancholy kind; and
As the harmonies were borne up
Thoughtfully the man looked o'er his
Past, and there resolved to do the
Right, whate'er might come to pass. Then
As he walked away, the music
Joyfully in clear accord broke
Out into a pure and gladsome
Stream of sweet sounds, towards the heavens.
—Now it stopped, and as the footfalls

Of the man were out of hearing,
There arose out from the thick grove,
Sailing high, a graceful eagle.
Following, the eagle, from the
Grove, came nine swans, pure and white as
Purest snow, that from the heavens
Falls upon the blighted earth.
Nine and one, then, hov'ring for a
Moment, sailed off towards the West.

BLYARKOEN.

———:o:———

THE STORY OF A HAZING PARTY.

The New Year, or I should say the new collegiate year opened with bright prospects. All the Freshmen were looking rather homesick; and as many of the older students expressed it, rather "chicken-hearted." Only one was bold enough to assume the dignity of a judge, and he was what we now call a "full-fledged dude."

This new sport had been seen parading the campus in "flying colors" ever since the college opened and it was now the 14th day. Two weeks, and he had diked out, every morning, in the very presence of the hazing party.

The hazing party had a meeting, informed the president to write a personal letter to him (in the name of the party) to notify him that no such conduct would be allowed further. The letter was written and was carried directly to the "young sport," by the janitor.

The young Freshman seemed to be *en*couraged rather than *dis*couraged at the letter, for in the morning, he came out with silk beaver and gold headed cane. The "gang" (as the hazers called themselves) were perfectly exasperated; they immediately called a meeting of their "chosen few."

The result of this "Council of War" was to appoint a committee of one to see the "dude" and inform him of the fact that he *must* stop. The argument brought against the Freshman was not lengthy, but to the point:

Mr. President—"It has been, as we all know, a precedent for many years in our hazing fraternity, to haze all "Fresh." who get too sporty." His argument, or it could not be called such, but let it be called what it may, it took splendidly as could be heard by, "that's right," "second the point," and "we'll do him one tonight."

While this meeting of the "Bird Gang" was being held the Freshman, to be on the safe side, fearing the "gang" *might* try to overpower him, telegraphed home to an old Irish ex-prize fighter, who was one of his closest friends. He soon got an answer that he would be in on the next train. That train arrived at 8:30 p. m. (and this being in the Fall, 8:30 came just after dark.) The "Bird Gang" were quietly eating their supper, very unsuspicious of the action of the young Fresh., when he passed in a carriage with his "companion at arms," and looked in with a victorious laugh.

When the ex-fighter was seated in the room of his young friend and the situation was explained him, he replied: "Faith, yez, and ve vill haf some fun tonight."

The young man supposed that twelve oclock would be about the hour for the hazing to commence so he pretended to go to bed about ten. He, however, did not get in his accustomed place, but gave it to the ex-fighter, and he went *under*. He had already locked the door and put out the light when, at the expected hour there was a rap at the door. Upon the question, "Who is that?" there was an answer, "I am an officer of the hazing gang, who have come for your surrender, and that immediately, or there will be an immediate bombardment of the door.

The *reply* was simple enough. "You will have to bombard."

The "gang" at once set in and the leading man stepped boldly to the bed where the unsuspected fighter lay. Another walked up to the bed by his companion,

and to his astonishment, that very second, he went back, heels over head, to the door. He looked up, seeing that his companion had been treated in like manner. By this time, the whole fifteen had entered the room, and two or three were "trying" the occupant of the bed. These, as the first, went headlong towards the door. One of these became so enraged that he jumped up, started for the bed with savage intentions, but at this time a shoe heel caught him just under the ear with such a vim that he immediately changed his mind.

In a moment it seemed that to the gang as if shoes, brooms, pitchers, basins, and everything imaginable were flying in the room, and occasionally a melancholy groan would be heard, as the flying missiles would strike one of the poor fellows under the nose or ear.

But all these things, brooms, shoes, etc., made a profound *impression* on the "gang," and they with no further delay left the room, without further conflict, thinking they had never before tackled just such a Fresh.

The fighter's train left at 1:30 and when everything was quiet, he dressed, slipped out quietly and made his way to the depot.

As the young sport went to chapel next morning, (diked yet more than ever, even having his hair curled) a bow of obeisance was made him as he passed each member of the "Bird Gang."

As we would naturally imagine *this* Fresh. was bothered no more, and, indeed, he became very popular. He was known as the Sampson of the campus, no one knowing the secret of *his* strength until his Senior year, when he knew he was entirely out of danger.

"Don."

———:o:———

A NIGHT IN A HAUNTED HOUSE.

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In the central part of the State, some fifteen miles

from a station, in a dreary, desolated part of the country, surrounded by pines and hills stands a large, three-story wooden building, which has a history of seventy-five or a hundred years behind it. In appearance it fits admirably the description of Hawthorne's "House of Seven Gables," except it hasn't so many gables. Standing about two hundred yards from the once public road leading by it, in a grove of oaks, interspread with pines and cedars, it presents quite a dreary aspect, yet it was once the home of an industrious, thriftly family, possessing plenty of slaves and everything necessary for ease and comfort. The war came on, however, and everything was changed. The two sons joined, were captured and placed in prison at Elmira, where they both died shortly afterwards. One beautiful and accomplished daughter disappeared one day about the close of the war and was never heard of again. Some thought that she might have been taken off by a stray yankee villain, for there were a good many of them prowling around in the vicinity at that time. The death of their two sons and the disappearance of their only daughter were more than the parents could bear. Although comparatively young, they soon died, mostly of broken heart, and the old house was left without an inhabitant.

The reason I have given a history of this family and a description of the old house is to lead up to a night's experience that I had within it's walls. On the evening preceding the eventful night, I had been out trying to collect some money for my father, and had just gotten in sight of the old house on my way back home when suddenly the sky became dark, and from all appearances it seemed as if I would be caught in a heavy rain unless I stopped in this house, there being no other within a mile or more along that road. I disliked doing this very much, not that I am superstitious to a great extent, but one has strange feelings around such old houses, especially when there are scores of negro ghost stories connected with them. However, I rode in, put my horse in

a small stable and just had time to get in the house when the storm commenced. I thought that I would surely not have to stay there more than an hour or two, but I soon found out differently. It grew dark, and the rain continued to fall, while it seemed every minute that the wind would take the old, rickety building away. The weather continued this way until I decided I would either have to go home through the rain or spend the night in the old house with no other companions except the "sparks."

I did not mind going out in the storm a great deal, but knew that the homefolks would ask me why I had not spent the night somewhere, and I would be forced to confess that it was on account of fear. So I settled down and determined to spend the night.

My horse whinnied several times, but I thought that he could do without his supper as well as I.

My only chance of a bed was the floor, and my saddle which I had fortunately thought to bring in, served me as a pillow.

When I had then become quiet and allowed my mind to reflect, I was far from being composed. There were all kinds of sounds. Tne rattling of the sash, the creaking of timbers above me, and the scraping of limbs against the house outside. All of these sounds can be accounted for now, but if I had given my imagination full sway on that night, there is no telling what I would have thought.

After trying for a long time, I at last dropped off to sleep. and had been in this condition an hour or more when I suddenly awoke with a sensation of fear. I tried to recall any dream that I had had, attributing my fear to that, but in this I failed. The storm had passed away, and the stars were shining brightly outside. I raised up in a sitting posture and looked out of a window that I had not noticed. wnen, to my horror, I saw a man approaching it. A thousand thoughts passed my mind in less time than it takes to relate it. This man,

had, very likely, seen me collecting money and knew that I had stopped in the old house out of the rain. There was no time for thought. As he was near the window and seemed to be about to enter it, my mind was made up in a moment. I had no pistol, and there was nothing of an offensive nature in the room. I stationed myself close to the wall by the window which he was about to enter, determined upon risking a hand to hand encounter with him. It is evident that he did not expect to find me awake, for he looked as a man confident of success in his undertaking.

As he was stealthily crawling in the window, I, being in the dark, had a good chance of examining him. A large knife was loosely placed in his belt ready for use. This proved too much for my small amount of courage so just as he got fairly on the floor with his back to me, I saw my opportunity and sprang out of the window. Fearing that if I attempted to get my horse he would catch me, I left it and started for home as fast as I could run.

E. H. HALL.

———:o:———

ENGLISH RACE CHARACTERISTICS SHOWN BY A STUDY OF BEOWULF.

In order to arrive at a true conclusion concerning the inherent or inherited qualities of a race, we can do so most surely by going back to the ancient bards of that race and there finding an interpretation or preservation of the original race characteristics.

If anyone would know of the life and qualities of the Greek race, let him open the pages of Homer and there find impersonated the highest conceptions of the Greek mind. Achilles, the mighty warrior, and Odysseus, the "much enduring," were the acme of the Greek conception of manhood. In the Iliad and the Odyssey are also

pictures of Greek life, in all its different degrees—her kings and rulers, who spent their time in riotous feasting down to the poor swine-herd and slave.

Now, turning from these, let us come nearer home and see if we cannot discover in our Iliad and Odyssey of the English race, Beowulf, some of the dominant qualities that have belonged to it ever since it has been a race; some of the points of character that may still be seen in every true Englishman, whether his home be on his native island, in America, the isles of the sea, or any part of the world.

The opening lines of this epic, from which we get our information, describes a banqueting scene among the Saxons wnile they were yet on the continent. Beowulf, the hero of a thousand battles with huge sea monsters, is being entertained by Hrothgar and Wealtheow, king and queen of the Helmings, whom the hero has voluntarily come to liberate from a dread monster, Grendel. The monster had been a source of a great deal of trouble to Hrothgar and his people, for the king had just completed a vast mead-hall upon which Grendel was accustomed to make nightly ravages carrying off and devouring a faithful warrior every night.

The banqueting scene, jnst before the encounter between Beowulf and Grendel, may be called a true picture of English hospitality, only somewhat antiquated, yet if we notice we can see that the essential spirit of hospitality is just the same.

Wealtheow, the queen, does the honors of the occasion. She welcomes the warriors all to her lord's hall, and bids them to be blithe by drinking to their fill of the mead-cup. When she comes to Beowulf, her benefactor and deliverer, with fitting words, and true lady-like courtesy, she thanks him for his generosity, in coming to their help. The position of woman among the Saxons is clearly shown. She is designated by such endearing terms as, "the gold-adorned queen," "the noble folk-queen," "the Helmings' lady," "the high spirited and noble woman." Among most primitive

peoples, woman generally occupied a degraded position; she was considered an absolute servant, a necessary nuisance. Not so with the Saxon woman, she held an exalted position, as man's helper, and a sharer of his joys and hardships—a position almost comparable to that held by woman in our own civilized day.

So much for the position of woman, one of the next qualities we notice is that of cheerful obedience and respect for rulers, and the ruler's devotion in turn to his subjects. When Beowulf came to his last great fight, that with the "fire-drake," we see both of these characteristics exhibited. A monster called a "fire-drake" or dragon had a cave in a certain part of Beowulf's kingdom, in which cave there had been stored up by the dragon immense treasure, obtained by robbing and killing the people.

This monster Beowulf resolves to slay and take his treasure for his own people, although knowing that fate had decreed that he should die in the attempt. He accordingly with a few followers goes to the cave of the "fire-drake" and encounters him in single combat. The battle is a fierce one, and in it both of the contestants are wounded. At last the dragon seems to be getting the better of the fight, and the hero's followers come to their lord's aid; but before they can reach the spot Beowulf has given the dragon his death blow. He himself, however, has received his mortal wound, but before he dies he requests his servant to bring the treasure to him in order that he may feast his eyes upon it. And it may be possible that this love of money among our ancestors has been inherited too by us, and is the cause now of the "almighty dollar" having such a sway in America. However that may be, we know that the above mentioned characteristic of loyalty to rulers, and the devotion of rulers to subjects has followed the English race all through its history, and has been one great factor in her material development.

For the sake of example we may take the great love

that the soldiers of Lee and Grant had for their commanders; and even as late as the Spanish-American war, look at the exceptional devotion of the Rough Riders to Roosevelt. And this respect was not vain, for it was won by their faithfulness to the trust committed to them.

In the last request of Beowulf we see one of the most important elements that enter into the make-up of the Anglo-Saxon race, namely, the love of the sea. He asks that his body may be buried in the "sea-nose" or promontory, in order that the sailors as they pass may see his grave and remember him and his great deeds.

The sea has had a great part to play in the Anglo-Saxon race, ever since its beginning, and there has always been a deep and abiding love for it in the heart of every true Englishman. On this element he has always been superior. Look at the early explorers who in mere fishing smacks probably dared the dangers of the Atlantic and saw America, their future home, long before the birth of Columbus. Coming on down the centuries the history of the world has shown that it is useless to dispute the sway of the Anglo-Saxons on their native element. The French were taught this lesson at Trafalgar, the Spanish in the sixteenth century with her Armada, and more convincingly at Manilla and Santiago.

In order to show more clearly how much they loved the sea in the early part of their history, it will be noticed that whenever the sea enters largely into the poet's verse, he is not content to express himself in simple words but breaks out in numerous other equivalent compound expressions, such as, "the commingling of the waves," "the sea flood," "the swans' road," "the sea street," "the rime-cold sea;" this being the only way he could give expression to his excited feelings.

Next to their love for the sea, was their love of battle for the sake of battle. There was no shrinking in them, but they met death with a calm determination to con-

quer it as their last great enemy. This warlike nature of theirs is further shown by their idea of heaven—a place where they thought the brave warrior went after death, and where he could fight all day long and his wounds would heal during the night as he bathed his limbs in a river of mead.

The sword of the father was handed down to the son for successive generations as a precious heir-loom to be kept sacred and *used.*

On land the center of the Saxons' life was the mead-hall. It was here that they met to discuss all matters while they drank their much loved mead in great profusion. But this did not influence their decision of great questions, for as someone has expressed it, they discussed their measures while they were drunk, but decided them when they were sober.

One of the most notable things, especially in the character of Beowulf himself, is his great silence; several times he is designated as the "moody man." And indeed this may be called a characteristic of the whole Anglo-Saxon race, wherever they are and at what time in their history, they have always been noted for their intense practicality and business tact; they have always preferred to do what they have to do without making any great pretensions. It is said that a Frenchman, or any other Celt, when he meets an Anglo-Saxon, can distinguish him immediately on account of his silence; while, on the other hand, if an Englishman were to go to Paris, they would tire him out with their useless questions. Yet, it is a fact worthy of note that when there is anything to be done that requires brain and brawn, an Anglo-Saxon is the man who can do it best. Why is this so, is it a mere chance that Anglo-Saxons are superior to the other races? No, it is because we have inherited from our savage ancestors the qualities that make us what we are. No wonder is it that men should be brave whose forefathers in their sport took delight in the bloody tournament and whose greatest pleasure was to meet their foes in battle; who could swim for

miles with heavy armor on, and do battle with horrible sea-monsters without weapons (for weapons would have given them somewhat the advantage)—is it any wonder that such a race as this should have been superior to the ease-loving Frenchman, the North American Indian, the African, the Spaniard, the Filipino? We think not, but as long as the inherited qualities of the Anglo-Saxons remain with Englishmen they will be superior, whether a Frenchman, an Indian, an African, a Spaniard, a Filipino, or any other, oppose their onward march.

L. E. W.

———:o:———

A FIGHT IN THE AIR.

In the year 1935 when that great question and dispute over the ownership of the Panama Canal was at its height, I was one of the fortunate members that took part in that strange and decisive struggle. The Germans, for it was he Germans against whom we contended for this great prize, held most of the canal strongly fortified and in such a way that they were almost impregnable. France had conceded all claim in the canal to Germany in payment of a national debt and on condition that she would complete the work. But France had also mortgaged the canal to America for debts contracted during Franco-Russian war of 1915. Thus the dispute over the ownership of the canal arose between two of the foremost nations of the twentieth century. After much debating and diplomacy it was decided to give the matter into the hands of a council of men chosen from two neutral nations, England and Russia, who should state the best remedy for this great national rupture. After some weeks the council decided that as the twentieth century is an age of intellectual and scientific advancement, and not one of warfare and slaughter, this great question should be settled by a combat

between two air ships, each manned with volunteers from their respective countries, thus avoiding the great losses and horrors of warfare by the loss of a few brave men.

About five miles from the gulf entrance of the canal are two lofty mountains of about the same heighth, one on each side of the canal. Here between these and just above the coveted prize was the combat to take place on May 7th. Thousands of people from all over the world came to see this great ærial duel. As I had been for many years in the goverment employ and was at that time in the same office with the United States Master Mechanic, Mr. Montoff, and remembering the example that the hero Hobson had set for all American patriots in the Spanish war of 1898, I readily volunteered my services to Mr. Montoff who was to be commander of our champion.

[The night of May 6th, found our air ship and crew on top of the north side of the canal, eagerly awaiting the coming fray.] Through the soft tropical moonlight I could see the white tents of the spectators down in the valley and the narrow canal crowded with ships and yachts of all nationalities. On top of the mountain just across the valley our foe had also alighted and while I stood looking at it two immense search lights were thrown upon us. There the dragon of my chilhood fairy tales stood before me. It seemed like some great living monster as it turned its great blinding eyes up and down the valley. But remembering that I was also the inhabitant of a great monster my thoughts soon returned to the dear faces that I had left looking so sad over my departure.

[We were up before daybreak next morning and soon had everything in readiness for the fray.] After a few words of encouragement from our captain each man went to his post and patiently awaited one of two alternatives, victory or death. It was a grand sight as I sat there beside my liquid air gun and beheld, as I be-

lieved, the glory and beauty of my last sunrise. There was something inspiring in the surrounding scene and as the sun burst with its flooding light from behind the tops of the distant mountains and the strains of America reached my ear from throats of the thousands below us, I thanked God for the privilege of facing death so honorably. Just then the signal was given and I felt our ship slowly rising and observed that our opponent was making the same manœuvres. My heart beat quickly and my brain began to throb, and I was roused by the report of a shot from the other ship then making a direct plunge for us. Luckily we dodged this frantic onslaught and returned the compliment with a heavy bomb of liquid air on their upper deck, which took off one of their crew and several small wings. Suddenly I was almost stunned by a terrific explosion just behind me, and looking round I saw that a hole about two yards in diameter had been made through the side of the first cabin. I also noticed that some of the splintered timber began to blaze. Turning round I muttered a short prayer and set my gun to work with a will. Deafened by the noise, almost blinded and suffocated by the smoke and heat I suddenly felt myself hurled into space and the next instant plunged into water. Immediately realizing what had happened and rising above the surface of the water I tried to swim, but from some unknown reason was unable to use my lower limbs; so I turned on my back and tried to float. Then a voice cried, "hold out a moment longer, and I will reach you." In a few moments I was taken into a boat and hailed with the words, "Victory for America, Hurrah!" I then closed my eyes and awoke a few days later in a hospital suffering with two broken limbs.

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EDUCATION. It is our purpose in this article to briefly discuss the prent condition of educational matters in our State and among our own people.

While we do not sympathize with the cardinal principle which supports state institutions in the manner in which they are carried out at present, we do not intend that as the basis of this article.

What we need as a people is a higher and more general education. We hear a great deal about colleges raising their standard, but the condition of our public school system is not such as to permit it to be done, unless things get out of proportion. It is just as a house, that when as heavy a top structure has been built as the ground foundation will support, it is generally understood, that if you want a taller and more magnificent top structure, you must make the ground foundation strong in proportion, or else it will be a dangerous and weak building.

My friends, to give you an idea of the state of affairs, we will mention this, that in our commonest common schools, three-fourths of the teachers have never received diplomas from the standard colleges or universities, and, also, at least one-half of them could not put up a respectable paper on the entrance examinations to the Freshman class.

We have in mind an instance where a man stood the examination required by the regulations under the South Carolina laws existing at the time and received a first grade certificate from the school commissioners of his county, and that man taught a public school for six years before he ever entered the Freshman class, and he gave perfect satisfaction, and his scholars increased greatly in wisdom and in stature.

Now imagine the extent and nature of the education of these people. In the first place, if they had been able to do so, they could have gotten a good teacher. But if a whole community at large are not able to afford one good teacher in their midst, how can they think of being able to afford to give their sons and daughters a thorohgh collegiate education. But still, my friends, these are the people who are paying the taxes to support our State colleges. And, as to that matter, nine-tenths of the scholars in State colleges could get a collegiate education if there weren't a single government college in the State. Why should we legislate to make the well-to-do prosperous?

Our State will always be behind and fickle, as a State, until we change our educational system, and instead of appropriating one hundred thousand dollars to educate (?) the people who don't bear the brunt of our taxes, we should turn it into public school funds and place a highly educated and cultured man in each community to ably instruct the children of the poorer people of our land who are most burdened by our taxes, since they are not able to send their children off to colleges and get the benefits of the taxation, and this should be done in

order to help those whose who are not able to help themselves. We should do this because if we are to live and be strong and respected as a State, we should have, not a highly educated few, but an intelligent and liberally educated mass as a base and foundation of our organized society. "The Democratic idea of government * * * has been, that if you legislate to make the masses prosperouf, their prosperity will find its way up through every classs that rests upon them."

And in our State at least,the present condition of affairs has stimulated the growth of towns and the decay in every respect of the country and of country society. People who are able to do so, are moving from the farms, mostly in order to get the benefits of town and city advantages in educational matters, and in that way the country is becoming weaker, and hereafter this country will be governed to suit the interests of the towns and cities. But these things shouid not be so, because "the great cities rest upon our broad and fertile prairies. Burn down your cities and leave our farms, and your cities will spring up again as if by magic; but destroy our farms and the grass will grow in the streets of every city in the country."

This state of affairs and how to remedy it, is the problem for the class of '99, the rising generation, and all our people, to settle,as early as possible, and in that way which will be to the best interest of all concerned.

THE PAST. Under this head it is by no means our purpose to go into details. We admit we have made many errors. And we also know we have been right on different occasions.

Wherein we have been wrong we are sorry for it, and gladly admit it; most of the things wherein we have succeeded, we are sure of your final approval; wherein we have failed, we are sure you will give us credit for honorable intentions.

We have made many mistaks, but we have tried to be sinsere in our positions, and our mistakes have been made in an effort to do something. It has always been our aim to do onr duty and be worthy of any reasonable commendation, and wherein we have failed, we hope it has not been intentional.

But, boys for all our faults, let us love one another still.

In whatever branch of life we engage, we believe our experiences and observations and reflections in our college days will serve as a help and guide in our after life.

We believe we all are stronger for our experiences and having been thrown together, and we shall leave you all with many pleasant recollections.

? ? ? What? In leaving the college with only ten men in the Senior class, our mind naturally goes back to the beginning of our Freshman year. When we came here in October of '95, we had about fifty-six in our class. It is a splendid illustration of the ups and downs of life, and especially as they effect college relations.

The class historian can narrate some of the things that happened, and do it more fully than we will here do, but we mention a few facts that seem to invariably work against the Freshman's becoming a Sophomore. Some die,some have parents or guardians to die,some lose health, or some one very closely related to them loses health, crops are bad, means are limited, home debt is increasing, accidents happen, and so a great many are not able to return, or at least do not. Also, one great factor is this, that a great many are badly trained and not prepared to enter, and they consequently get discouraged and finally drop out.

We had twenty-eight to thirty-two in the Sophomore year; eighteen in the Junior; began the Senior year with thirteen, and we now end it with ten. Perhaps there are

other reasons still, but we mention these things to show how a class may be thinned out till it becomes only about one-sixth as large at the end as it was at the beginning. But this is a falling off more than the ordinary.

THE FUTURE. Here in college we have tried to run a good race, to fight a good fight, and, henceforth, we leave our places for those who come after us. We have turned the bend in our college course, and we are now only commencing our real lives. "After graduation, what?" "Beyond the Alps lies Italy." We tugged and struggled upon the mountain side up which our college course did lead, and from the top of the mountain, we can see down into the valley beyond. Will that valley be gloomy or will it be bright? It will be just what we make it. But let us remember, that it is harder and more difficut and more dangerous to go down a steep and rough mountain side than it is to go up it. Our troubles have just begun. Boys, as Mr. Speaker Reed recently said in a magazine article, "it is either a very foolsih man, or a very silly man, who expects there to be any genius in the world except the genius of hard work." Boys, can you content yourselves with being ordinary men, men who do nothing more than the ordinary? Will you hide your talents and say that you know the Master was a hard Master, reaping where he had not sown? Do you expect to be anybody or amount to anything, unless you work without ceasing, unless you work honestly in the sight of the Lord? Boys, with increased opportunities come increased responsibilities, and those who can most successfully fight the battles of life, will be those who are the most fully prepared before they begin their fight. Therefore, boys, let us urge that all of us take a thorough and rigid university course. Of all the detestable sights in life, about the most deplorable is that man whose opportunities were

such as to enable him to be a great and worthy man, while the truth of the matter is, that he has hidden his talent and become a slothful servant. Shall we be weak enough to allow opposition and reverses to discourage us? In the closing sentence of one of the speeches made by Abraham Lincoln during a campaign for the State Legislature, and which was the only campaign he ever lost, he said: "If the people of Illinois, in their infinite wisdom, see fit to keep me in the rear, I will not feel disappointed, for I have been used to disappointment all my life."

Boys, fellow classmates of the class of '69, and to all others whom it may concern, we must work hard, unceasingly and honestly, if we would rise to the top in any line of life whatever we may pursue.

Must I be carried to the skies
  On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
  And sailed through bloody seas?

Are there no foes for me to face?
  Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
  To help me on to God?

Sure I must fight if I would reign;
  Increase my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
  Supported by thy word.

Again, let us of the class of '99, and all the rest of us so live, thrt when our summons come to die, it may be truly said of us, that the world was brighter and better for our having lived in it.

THE JOURAL. As each year rolls round it rolls in another set of editors. We welcome the staff-elect, and sincerely hope they will keep the JOURNAL on its usual high plane, even if they do not raise its standard. We think we hope this not in vain, because we believe them to be well qualified for their work, and we think

that next year's record will fully confirm and justify our belief.

Let us, your older editors, urge upon every member of the student body, the necessity of contributing freely to the JOURNAL. You may (?) put in a set of editors who are in themselves able to write "Red Rock" or anything else, but remember this, that the editors have plenty of writing to do to keep up their own departments, and the real success of the JOURNAL depends upon your own efforts. And we ask you to remember this fact when you come back here in September.

We have tried to do our duty towards the JOURNAE, and while we have fallen far short of our duty, we believe we have the JOURNAL in a better all round condition than we have ever seen it before. We hope we are not exaggerating matters.

This is the last issue we shall edit, and that is a sad thought.

Men may come, and men may go,
But the "JOURNAL" goes on forever.

On behalf of the entire staff, let us again thank you for these honors, and begging leave to assure you all of our high esteem, and with "pleasant memories for our past, which" we "shall always cherish, and with best wishes for your future, which" we "shall always entertain," we now bid you, one and all, a most affectionate farewell.

Among Our Exchanges.

C. W. WATSON, EDITOR.

With this issue we end our connection with the COLLEGE JOURNAL, as frieud with friend, rehearsing the expressions and thonghts found in the different publications. And it is with some reluctance that we give up our place to others, who will, we hope do more for journalism in this capacity than wehave done. Suffice it to say, that our successor will find we believe without doubt, this work very pleasant and profitable.

We believe that this can be made one of the most helpful and important parts of college magazines. It certainly can be one of the most fruitful sources of progress and improvement. It should be made to answer to no small extent, journal conferences and newspaper meetings.

We have certainly enjoyed reading what the other students of other colleges have thought and lived, as expressed in print. And again I say it is with a sigh that we say good-bye to our fellow editors and readers, and yield our work into other hands.

CLIPPINGS.

POEM ON SPRING.

When earth fell from the great Creator's hand—
  And mists were scattered over every land—
He bade the angels separate the year,
  Spring, Summer, Autumn, and the *Winter drear.*

"Let us," said he, "fill full the bounteous Spring
  With trees, and flowers, and birds upon the wing;
Let nature soothe man's sorrow and despair,
  And works of God full vanquish every care.

Thus the King spoke, and straight the host descends,
  And o'er the earth on hovering wing depends;
They well obeyed all their great Lord's commands;
  And Spring, the green, fell from the *angel's* hands.

When winter dies, with all his cold and gloom,
  The Spring's sweet blossoms shower on his tomb;
The glorious sun bestows his gentle beam;
  And fleets of crimson blossoms flood the stream.

The juicy peaches bloom at every turn,
  While gracious earth uphold the trembling fern;
The ancient elms throw down their dingy flowers,
  The kingly oak the grateful earth *embowers*.

The lark, affrighted from his native ground,
  Pours forth his melody in silvery sound;
The tim'rous quail pipes out her whistling cry,
  And answering song fills all the places nigh.

The gentle moon darts down her lightsome kiss
  To youthful lovers, filled with heavenly bliss;
Beneath the trees; the dark dim shadows play,
  But fly afar at the approach of day.

Hail, glorious Spring! Whose smiles so sweet
  Make glad our hearts, and guide our wandering feet;
Remain fore'er to bless and cheer mankind!
  And leave no mark but joy and peace behind.

—*The Millsaps Collegian.*

IF WE COULD KNOW.

If we could know when others' hearts are sad,
If we could know by what to make them glad;
Could we our brother's tenderest feelings read;
And, reading, speak the soothing words they need,—
The world would be relieved of half its woe,
Could we but know, could we but only know.

If we could know the times when griefs annoy,
As well as when the heart is full of joy;
If we could feel the griefs our fellows feel,
Could know the loads 'neath which our fellows reel,—
Our souls in streams of sympathy would flow,
Could we but know, could we but only know.

If we could know. The day may sometime be,
Whed we can loook around and know and see
Each other as the other really is,
Each make the other's joys and sorrows his,
Our hearts with fullest, purest love will glow,
When we can know, when we can only know.

—*Clemson College Chronicle.*

WOMAN.

From The Central Collegian.

Woman, woman, winsome woman!
Tell us are you saint or human,
Or a toy, Beelzebub has sent us from afar?
We've thought about you, sighed about you,
Stayed up nights and lied about you, puzzle that you are.
Just ween we dream we've got you
Figured out, as like as not you
Leave us topsy-turvy, guessing what to say or do;
Now we hate you, then caress you,
Now berate you, then we bless you,
But our lives are stale unless you keep us in a stew.
Some there are who really dread you,
Some who long to woo and wed you,
Some would banish you forever to a distant land;
Artists paint you, poets verse you,
Bishops saint you, cynics curse you,
But "for better or for worse" you still are in demand.
There are times you sadly vex us,
Puzzle, plague us and perplex us,
Till we wish you were in—Texas, very far away;
But although we sadly doubt you,
You've such winsome ways about you
We can never do without you, so we let you stay.

—*The Nebraskan.*

HAPPINESS.

Where is happiness?
Tell me, merry breeze;
Thou hast been o'er the earth,
Thou hast kiss'd land and seas.

Where is happiness?
  Tell me, mighty wave;
Thou dost roar and surge,
  And like a madman rave.

Where is happiness?
  Tell me, modest flower;
Blooming meek in the shade,
  Unconscious of thy power.

"Where is happiness?"
  Comes back in low and gentle sound.
"Where is happiness?"
  Happiness with God alone is found.

—*The Carolinian.*

Alumni Department.

W. RIVES CRUM, EDITOR.

Olin D. Wannamaker, '96, after graduating held the superintendency of the St. Matthews Graded School for several years. But filled with a desire to further his education went to Vanderbilt University where he has taken a prominent stand. Olin is fast making his reputation as a poet and scholar.

J. C. Klugh, '77, after leaving college was for several years Master of his county, his efficiency in this sphere won for him distinction and popularity and he was, in '96, elected to a circuit judgeship. While in college Mr. Klugh was held in high esteem by faculty and students.

Mr. Ellie D. Smith, '80, is very popular in his county and has been a member of the House of Representatives for a number of years. It was through his untiring efforts that Wofford has a journal today. He is a man of fine business qualities.

Rev. Robt. Truesdale, '97, is in the Theological Seminary at Vanderbilt.

W. A. Law is president of the Central National Bank of Spartanburg, S. C.

Prof. J. A. Wiggins, '95, has recently been re-elected principal of the Denmark Graded School. Mr. Wiggins has held this ever since graduating. As to his success and popularity his re-election speaks well for him.

J. E. Warmock, 95, after having attended the Charleston Medical College for three years was recently licensed to practice medicine in this State, by the board of medical examiners.

J. F. Lyon, '95, is merchandising at Abbeville, S. C.

J. L. Glenn, '79, is one of the most prominent lawyers at Chester.

M. H. Moore, 84, is one of the strongest lawyers at the Columbia bar. He will deliver an address before the Alumni Association at the coming commencement. As a speaker he has a forceful delivery.

H. B. Carlisle, '85, has been practicihg law at Spartanburg since '89.

J. W. Nash, '90, is a noted lawyer of the Spartanburg bar. He possesses the qualities, pluck and push.

T. B. Thackston, '80, a lawyer of this place, is running the *Free Lance*. Under his management the paper is meeting with unprecented success.

J. C. Evins is cashier of the Centrel National Bank. He is a courteous and obliging gentleman.

H. H. Newton, '68, is an influential member of the Marlborough bar.

C. S. Walker, '69, is a member of the bar of Alabama.

J. M. Rushton, who spent several years with the class of '98, graduated at the Augusta Medical College last April. He recently passed the State examination and is now a full-fledged M. D.

———

J. C. Smith, '97, is running a confectionery store at Waterloo, S. C.

———

J. W. Fairey, Jr., who finished the Freshman year with the present Junior class, was first sergeant in Company C, Second South Corolina Volunteers.

———

Jim Brown, who finished the Junior year with the class of '99, is merchandising at Gaffney, S. C.

Local Department.

G. EMORY EDWARDS, EDITOR.

THE CLASS OF 1899.

There is, I am sure, a strange mixture of pleasure and sadness in each of the ten Seniors who constitute the class of 1899—the pleasure of feeling that they have at last gained the object of their steady work, blended with the pain of leaving the old college and the associations of four years.

Below is a brief sketch of each one of them, and a hint of his future.

Henry Jasper Brabham, of Bamberg county, entered the class in the Sophomore year. His work in the class room, society, and as editor of the JOURNAL has shown great ability and we are confident that he will be a success in his chosen profession of law. This he expects to study next year in Washington. There he will locate, and even now he is pictured in my mind's eye ermine-robed, robed, administering the oath of office to future presidents.

William Rives Crum entered this world of sorrow on the 26th of February, 1878, and the class of '99 in the Junior year. He has stood with the best men of the class and has shown particularly a talent for the study of the languages. We predict that he will go into the banking business in his native town. After remaining quietly there for a few years, he may suddenly locate in Canada or Mexico. What his business in either place will be it is impossible to say, but it is safe to assume that he will combine housekeeping with it.

George Emory Edwards, born in Mar[illegible], Nov. 16, 1874, is the ladies' man of the class. [illegible]ough not an intentionally cruel or selfish f[illegible] very thoughtless and many are the hearts he [illegible]ken. His eyes are black—his soul is in his eyes. [illegible] and graceful carriage he wears a number nine [illegible]. After a great display of his lady-killing propen[illegible] during the summer months, he will turn his attentio[illegible] teaching. He will wield the rod effectively enough [illegible] marry the richest girl of his first graduating class and they will make thoir home on one of her father's farms.

Jonas Perry Gray was born on the third of August in Greenville county. He has taken an active part in all affairs of the students and has given us a right to predict for him a prominent place in public life. He too will spend the next few years quietly studying law. Then he will enter into politics—gradually at first but more and more rapidly he will come to the front and gain the love and confidence of his fellow country-men. With his powerful mind and grand faculty for organization he will govern the nation as it has never before been done.

A growing fear, however, has dwelt in the minds of the class in regard to the future of the United States. It is that the mere managing of our country will become a source of *ennui* to our class mate and that he will throw the whole world into confusion for the intellectual pleasure he will derive in putting it to rights again.

William Tell Magness, known familiarly in college circles as "Duche" hails from Grassy Pond, near Rabbit Ridge. Endowed with a lively appreciation of the ludicrous and strong common sense he is a great favorite with the students. He intends to go into the brokerage business. This business it is said affords many opportunities for swindling. But in spite of this, no doubt "Duche" will do well. His bearing toward

the ladies is dignified and reserved and he never expects to marry until one of them proposes to him. "Duche" will probably be a bachelor all his days.

Homer Sylvester Parnell was born on the twenty-fifth of October, 1876, in Darlington county. He has shown himself to be an earnest student and a congenial calss-mate. His chosen profession is that of teaching—indeed it is whispered that he has already been selected to fill the only chair in the Pine Woods Institute, a position to which many of us aspired.

Hickman Virgil Stribling, of Spartanburg, is not only as the middle name suggests, a poet, but is also a musician and an artist. The class has shown their recognition of his talents by electing him class poet. Already his drawings have attracted attention and certainly no member of the class has more promising future than he.

We predict that he will form a Stribling school which far and near in the world of art will be recognized, and his model woman be more famous than the well-known Gibson girl. He will probably be employed the whole of next year in illustrating the annual of the Pine Woods Institute.

Ernest Wiggins is from Berkely county and is "of the first water" of that section. He is recognized as one of our best speakers and writers, having always taken an active port in the JOURNAL and society work. He will study medicine and locate in his native town. After practicing patience a number of years he will have his first patient on the twenty-ninth of February, 1913.

Clarence Wells Watson was born January 5, 1875, in Saluda county. During his college course he has shown the qualites of a good man. We feel sure that in life he will command the respect of the community in which he lives, as he has that of his class while in college. He too will teach a school which will rival Parnell's in retirement and and exclusiveness.

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———:o:———

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Chi Phi.
Kappa Sigma.
Kappa Alpha.
Sigma Alpha Epsilon.
Pi Kappa Alpha.

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Vice-President, H. V. Stribling.
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Prophet, ————

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Secretary, A. Morrison.
Treasurer, M. W. Gary.
Historian, H. P. Burbage.

Wightman Hall.

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CLASS POEM OF '99.

There comes a voice from out the far
Of nations weary, worn in war,
A cry that speaks its message clear,
A voice to banish hate and fear,
That hails a new diviner star—
'Tis "Peace."

And hark a cry midst tropic glare
Of misery groaning in despair,
A cry made weak by tyrant's might,
A cry in darkness for the light,
Bespeaks a nation's answer fair—
'Tis "Save."

And lo! on sunny slopes of green
A mighty armed host is seen,
A thousand tongues of cannon rave,
A thousand streaming banners wave,
Uplifted high the mottoes gleam
"We Save."

Sleeps peacefully a nation's sons
For freedom freeman's work was done
Sayest thou their work was wrought in vain?
Sayest pity's call not worth the pain?
See'st not new dawn, a rising sun
Of Liberty?

A plea for peace, a cry for aid,
A nation's answer not afraid,
Shall't clasp as friend in warm embrace,
As friend who goads an humbler race?
Shall galling chains on weakness laid
Be sundered not?

Lord God that holdest in thy hand
The destinies of every land,
A cry, O Lord, for righteousness,
On humble knees in helplessness,
A world steps forth upon the strand
Of wondrous centuries!

A cry, O God, from out the depths
Of humankind that counts its steps,
And wavers halting on the brink
Of wondrous time, Lord, ere they sink
Hear Thou a cry, O Lord "Thy Peace"
"Thy Holy Light,"

—H. V. STRIBLING.

ELECTIONS.

The following have been elected to take charge of the JOURNAL for next year: J. A. Norton, of the Calhoun Society, Editor-in-Chief; Calhoun Society: E. M. Lander, Local; E. P. Miller, Exchange; C. P. Still, Assistant Business Manager. Preston Society: L. L. Hardin, Literary; E. C. Major, Alumni; C. D. Lee, Business Manager.

The Calhoun Society elected the following officers for next year: E. M. Lander, President; L. E. Wiggins, Vice-President; J. A. Norton, 1st Critic; H. T. Shockley, 2d Critic; J. B. Gibson, 3d Critic; C. E. Peele, Secretary; C. P. Still, Corresponding Secretary; F. H. Hudgins, Censor Morum.

The officers for the Preston Society are: W. H. Fields, President; W. T. Googe, Vice-President; C. B. Burnett, 1st Critic; L. L. Hardin, 2d Critic; F. K. Lake, Secretary; F. F. Watkins, Corresponding Secretary; R. W. Pegues, 1st Censor; M. W. Gary, 2d Censor.

ON THE CAMPUS.

Examinations are about over.

The Seniors have finished their examinations and are getting ready for commencement.

Mr. W. A. Mason, who spent a while with the present Sophomore class. was on the campus for a short while Wednesday, June 1st.

On Tuesday night, May 18th, Prof. Blake of Mathematics, delivered in the college chapel a lecture on "The Fallacies of Perpetual Motion." It was illustrated with steriopticon views, and was quite a success.

Mr. J. B. White, '01, was called home a few days ago on account of the illness of two of his brothers. We are glad to hear that they are improving.

Mr. E. M. Lander, class '00, left the last of May to accept a position as surveyor on the Black Diamond R. R. Lander is with a corps which will work towards Port Royal.

Messrs. O. W. Leonard, M. V Bennett, J. C. Moore, all of the class of '98, are on the campus and will remain over until after commencement.

The gymnasium exhibition Saturday night of commencement promises to be a great success. A number of skilled gymnasts are practicing daily, and a real treat is in store for those who attend.

Rev. M. L. Carlisle, pastor of Central Methodist, conducted chapel exercises June 9th. Mr. Carlisle made a few very appropriate remarks and wished the students a happy and pleasant vacation.

Prof. Gist Gee, class of '94, now professor of English in Columbia Female College, was on the campus for a short while June 6th.

Wofford professors have been in demand of late. Profs. Snyder, Cooke and Rembert have made educational addresses at several points in the State.

Mr. J. H. Bennett, who spent the year with the present Sophomore class, was on the campus for a few days the first of the month shaking hands with his many friends. Bennett was on his way home from Poughkeepsie where he has been pursuing a business course.

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